THE American

MAGAZINE SEPTEMBER 25c



WINNERS OF THE AMERICAN YOUTH FORUM AWARDS

★

A SHORT NOVEL BY ALBERT TREYNOR

★

JIM FARLEY'S OWN STORY

BEGINNING:
FIREBRAND
A POWERFUL NEW NOVEL
BY TOM GILL

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New light on whiskey, from two cigars in the dark

Black Tie: "Ah-h-h—a good cigar and a Four Roses highball—what a combination!"

White Tie: "Yes, and there's a very special reason why they go so well together, old man."

Black Tie: "Nothing mysterious about it, is there?"

White Tie: "No, it's perfectly obvious. You see, both Four Roses and these excellent cigars are, in themselves, a *combination* of virtues."

Black Tie: "That's true of cigars, of course. The best cigar is always a combination of *several* choice tobaccos. That's how it gets its fragrance, mildness, and flavor. But what's that got to do with Four Roses?"

White Tie: "Well, if a combination of tobaccos makes a better cigar, doesn't it stand to reason that a combination of *several* selected straight whiskies ought to be better than any one of them could be alone?"

Black Tie: "Say—that makes sense! By combining the best qualities of *several* whiskies, they get *one* whiskey that's got *everything!*"

White Tie: "Right you are! And that's the very reason why Four Roses is just about the grandest whiskey that ever gleamed in a glass!"

FOUR ROSES

A blend of straight whiskies
100% straight whiskies—90 proof

Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated
Louisville and Baltimore

"What cleanliness! What luster!" with the NEW LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE!"



"Never anything like Luster-Foam," says glamourous Athalia Ponsell, lovely New York Model.

supercharged with

LUSTER-FOAM

(C_{14} H_{27} O_6 S Na)

Luster-Foam's dainty, gentle "bubble bath" surges into tiny cracks, pits, and fissures seldom properly cleansed, where various dental authorities estimate between 75% and 98% of decay starts. Women's Consumer Jury crazy about Luster-Foam.

Think of a tooth paste that may reduce dental troubles amazingly . . . that cleanses danger areas where even water seldom enters . . . that swiftly combats dangerous decay-causing acids and sweeps away germs that accompany them.

These are the benefits you get with the new, *energized* tooth paste . . . the New Listerine Tooth Paste supercharged with Luster-Foam (C_{14} H_{27} O_6 S Na).

Luster-Foam detergent is not a soap yet it has penetrating power far beyond that of soap . . . beyond that of water.

That is why it gets into those tiny danger areas between the teeth, at the gum line, on bite surfaces, and cleanses them so effectively. You yourself can see what such super-cleansing might mean, over the years, in reducing dental troubles.

At the first touch of saliva and brush, this magic Luster-Foam detergent foams into a dainty, fragrant "bubble bath" (20,000 bubbles to the square inch), faintly perceptible, but, oh, how effective! Surging over and between the teeth, it performs an *unfelt*, but none the less *real* miracle of cleansing.

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Now Luster-Foam reaches them . . . and because it does, dental trouble may be reduced.

Get the modern, new Listerine Tooth Paste at any drug counter. In economical 25¢ and 40¢ sizes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

WOMEN'S CONSUMER JURY CRAZY ABOUT LUSTER-FOAM

With all brand names concealed, a large Women's Consumer Jury voted as follows: Against one leading brand, the NEW Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam was a two to one favorite. Against the next two, a decided favorite. Against a fourth, a very slight edge. The verdict of the men's consumer jury was essentially the same with the exception that the fourth paste reversed the women's results slightly. The comments below are typical:





supercharged with

LUSTER-FOAM

(C_{14} H_{27} O_6 S Na)

FOR *Super-cleansing*

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100 WATT
G-E BULBS
now down to
15¢



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THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

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Contents—September, 1938

SHORT NOVEL

Dancing Co-Ed — Albert Treynor — 51

SERIALS

Firebrand—Part I — Tom Gill — 9

For Beauty's Sake—Part III — Clarence Budington Kelland — 36

STORIES

If You Want Me — Natalie Shipman — 16

Remember the Night — Rita Weiman — 22

The Jilting — Lenora Mattingly Weber — 28

Let's Celebrate — Gladys Taber — 32

They Walked Behind Him — Borden Chase — 42

All of My Life — Dale Eunson — 46

ARTICLES

American Youth Forum Awards — John Dungan — 14

Patronage and the New Deal — James A. Farley — 20

Churchmen Crusade Against Capitalism — Arthur Bartlett — 26

The Kid from 43rd St. — Beverly Smith — 35

Six Men in Sneakers — Stanley Frank — 40

What! No Square Wheels? — Joseph Q. Riznik — 49

Expression—Editorial — Lauritz Melchior — 156

FEATURES

Vocab-O-Gram 60

It Tekes All Kinds 64

It's the Lew! 72

Interesting People 83

The House Detective 106

Why Don't They? 112

Does It Pey to Be Thrifty? 152

Along the Wey 158

Cover — Netural-color photograph by Victor Keppler
Model: Florine McGuire. Clothes and Accessories: Abercrombie & Fitch

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"This explains it— I'm letting 'Pink Tooth Brush' spoil my smile!"

Protect your smile! Help your dentist keep your gums firmer and your teeth sparkling with

IPANA AND MASSAGE



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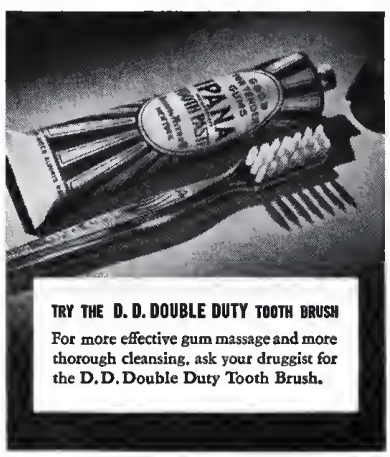
But now you're wiser! Now you're going straight back to your dentist! And this time when he stresses special care for your gums as well as for your teeth you're going to listen. And if he again suggests the healthy stimulation of Ipana and massage—you're going to follow his advice.

No Wise Person Ignores "Pink Tooth Brush"

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Absorbine Jr. 97
Alka-Seltzer 133
American School 155
American School of Photography 140
American Telephone and Telegraph Co. 157
Artistic Card Co. 153
Asthmador 131

Beech-Nut Chewing Gum . . . 99
Bluebird Studios 143
Bowes "Seal Fast" 101
Bristol-Myers Company . . . 3, 73, 77, 115, 127, 145, 155
Brookline Chemical Co. . . . 143
Brown, Inc., Wallace 127

Calvert School 149
Cardinal Greetings 155
Carter's Little Liver Pills . . . 131
Champion Spark Plugs 81
Chesterfield Cigarettes 58
Chicago School of Nursing . . 133
Chilton Greetings 145
Colgate Ribbon Dental Cream . 105
College of Swedish Massage, The 153
Colonial Studios, Inc. 140
Cuticura Soap and Ointment . 140

Directory of Schools and Camps 5, 6, 7
Doehla Co., Harry 133
Duo-Therm Heaters 65

Eastman Kodak Company, Ciné-Kodak Eight 67
Edison Mazda Lamps 2
Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books, Dr. 7

Fleischmann's Yeast 79
Forhan's Tooth Paste 155
Four Roses Whiskey . . . 2d Cover
Friendship Studios 140

General Card Co. 131, 155
General Foods Corporation . . 91
Glenmore Whiskey 109
Glover's Mange Medicine . . . 149
Goodyear LifeGuard Tires . . . 111
Greyhound Lines, The 95

Heinz Spaghetti 103
Hygienic Products Co. 143

Ingram's Shaving Cream . . . 127, 145, 155
International Correspondence Schools 4
International Trucks 63
Iodent Tooth Paste and Powder 145
Ipana Tooth Paste 3

Janes Art Studios, Inc. 137

LaSalle Extension . . 127, 137, 153
Lavoris 131
Lewis Hotel Training Schools 7, 131
Listerine 69
Listerine Tooth Paste 1

Maybelline 140
Metropolitan Life Insurance Company 61
MMM Studios 133
Mum 115

O'Brien, Clarence A., and Hyman Berman 137
Olson Rugs 155
Oxydol 4th Cover

Page-Davis School of Advertising 140
Palmolive Soap 75
Pennzoil Motor Oil 121
Pepsodent Antiseptic 117
Prince Albert Tobacco 71

R C A Victrola 8
Reynolds Tobacco Company, R. J. 71

Sal Hepatica 73
Sani-Flush 143
Sanka Coffee 91
Schick Injector Razor 123
Scholl's Foot Balm, Dr. . . . 153
Scholl's Solvex, Dr. 145
Schwer, Chas. C. 149
Southern Greeting Card Co., The 140
Standard Brands Incorporated. 79
Standard Business Training Institute 153
Stenotype Company, The . . . 131
Stephenson Laboratory 140

Terry Studios, Thomas 149
Texaco Motor Oil 3d Cover
3-In-One Oil 153

United Brewers Industrial Foundation 82
Universal Photographers . . . 127

Vitalis 77

Waltham Art Publishers . . . 145
Wetmore & Sugden, Inc. . . . 153
White Rock Water 93
Woodstock Typewriters . . . 127
Wrigley's Double Mint Chewing Gum 57

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A flaming novel of the redwood country . . . where hate lashed out at a brave man and love eluded him

BEGINNING . . .

firebrand

BY TOM GILL

SAVAGELY he sank his ax deep into the heart of the blazing pine.

Myriad sparks swarmed upward from the dead, whitened branches, then drifted down about him in a glittering shower. They fell upon his neck and wrists, stinging his wet skin, but he took no notice. Feet apart, arms rising in steady rhythm, he buried the bright steel deeper, until like a great torch the tree came crashing to the earth, and, mounting the trunk, he lopped away the burning branches. Hurling them out into an open space, he ground the last spark into the powder-dry soil, then, breathing deeply from the exertion, gazed about him.

Down the long slope no other spot fires were burning. Things would be safe until the wind rose again to whip a thousand brands across the hills in advance of the main fire, nearly a mile away. Leaning on his ax, he wiped the sweat from his eyes and looked out through the rolling smoke to the far-off gleaming Pacific.

Standing high up on the shoulder of the foothills he could see the long slopes of unbroken redwoods, undulating down to the sheer black line of cliffs that marked the meeting of land and sea. North and south that grim rampart stretched without a break, except far to the left where a stream had cut its way to the ocean, forming a small lagoon and a half-moon beach. The town of Noibla huddled there, half hidden in the haze.

His eyes turned eastward to the curtain of smoke that traced the advance guard of the forest fire, and his deep voice rumbled in a savage curse. His timber. Mile after mile of desolation lay behind that leisurely advancing curtain;



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thousands of acres that two short days ago had borne a solid cover of living forest, the finest pine and redwoods on the coast.

A world of fire. For him a world of dimming hopes and ruined dreams. That timber was the very lifeblood of his mill, and now two thirds of it lay behind the smoke pall, how badly burned he dared not even guess. The pine, at least, would be killed outright. Only time could tell about the redwoods.

Laying down his ax, he pulled a bag of tobacco from his pocket, then, with eyes still fixed on the fire, methodically rolled a cigarette. In spite of his angry mood, there was an air of quiet power about him, a sense of unity with himself and his environment. He was robust, and tanned almost as deep a tone as the rawhide boots he wore. His thick brown hair was streaked with glints of gold by the summer sun.

But perhaps the man's most memorable feature was his eyes—brown eyes, tolerant and understanding, etched about with little lines that deepened when he smiled. Friendly eyes, clouded now by that carnage of desolation down below. The mouth, too, was friendly, curving slightly upward at the ends, as if ready to smile. Slowly he smoked, inhaling the cigarette deep down into his lungs; then, picking up his ax, he dropped over the brow of the hill. It was time to be getting back on the fire line.

OUT along a narrow ridge he climbed; then, turning down a dim game trail, he halted before a small cabin hidden behind a clump of redwoods. Once the home of some prospector or trapper, it had been abandoned for years; the door hung open on rusting hinges, green lichens covered the rotting logs. But now piles of axes, shovels, and mattocks lay inside, and heaps of woolen blankets—the fire fighters were using it as a temporary storehouse. From within came the sound of a file scraping against the steel, and, raising his voice, the man called, "Pedro."

In answer a slight, bowed figure emerged from the gloom of the cabin. He was old. His hair, worn long, was snow-white. His frail body was clothed in a khaki shirt and frayed denim trousers. The face was thin but delicately modeled, with the high, broad forehead of a scholar.

Anxiously, Pedro looked up at the younger man. "You are tired, Dane."

The other smiled. "I've been putting out spot fires along the ridge. How goes it down here?"

"Ah, but slowly. The crews, they too are tired. All day they have been cutting fire line, and the timber is heavy." His voice held an unmistakable trace of accent, but more than the accent itself his way of transposing

phrases and a certain hesitation in speech proclaimed his foreign blood. "Now that night is coming on, we have not enough lanterns," the slightly lisping voice went on, "but in an hour the moon will be high. By that time we should finish the fire line. What would you have me do then, Dane?"

"Backfire. I'm having torches sent up to you, and a dozen fire guns. If there's no wind in another hour we can start backfiring your end of the line."

The old man looked doubtful. "It is risky, no? If it gets away from us—"

"A backfire is always risky, Pedro. If it gets away we'll be no worse off than before—and that's plenty bad."

Raising his head, Pedro sniffed the air. "I do not like it," he frowned. "It is calm—too calm—and the barometer, it keeps going down."

Dane's eyes followed the narrow trail. "If the wind starts again tonight we won't hold the line a single hour. God," he breathed, half to himself, "if it would only rain."

Pedro's gentle eyes were on Dane's face. "You have lost much?"

"The whole north range is fire-swept. Our trestle's gone, and the High Bank Camp went up in smoke this morning. We just got the tractor out in time."

"And Leighton?"

"Leighton wears the original rabbit foot. He hasn't lost a stick. He's got nothing to spoil his wedding."

IN SPITE of himself the face of the big man darkened, and, seeing that fleeting cloud, Pedro touched his arm.

"I know, I know." The soft voice vibrated in sympathy. "I would give much if it could be otherwise. No, do not try to hide it, Dane—not from me, who knew you both so well. Beth was very dear to me, and when I heard she was coming back to marry Leighton—" The voice broke off. Then, "I saw her this morning in Noibla."

"You saw Beth? Here? Has she changed?" An eagerness that sprang from an old hunger brought a new resonance to Dane's voice.

"Five years have changed her to a woman. And yet"—Pedro looked up, with his rare smile—"she remembered me."

But Dane was not listening. Memory was painting for him its own picture of that headstrong girl he had held in his arms five years ago, the night before she went away. He remembered a white, upturned face in the moonlight and small fingers rumpling his hair. Then a note saying she was going East—giving no reason—asking him not to write.

Like an echo of his thoughts he heard Pedro ask, "Why did she go away, Dane?"

"I never knew." Forcing a smile, Dane picked up his ax. "But this isn't



Savagely Dane whirled on the pleading girl. "I wish I never had seen you, never known you!" he thundered

fighting forest fires. We had better—"

A breathless voice hailed them, and a man came racing down out of the forest. His shirt, open at the neck, was soaked with perspiration; he was hatless, and his thickly curling hair lay wet and rumpled about his forehead. "Been looking all over the damned line for you, Dane." Exhausted, he flung himself down beside Pedro. "Wait till I get my wind."

YOUNGER than Dane by three years, there was something about the newcomer's eyes that would have told even a casual observer that the two were brothers. But there the resemblance ended. The younger man had nothing of Dane's robust build. Instead there was a slender, almost fragile grace about his small, dark head, small feet, and delicate hands, long, tapering fingers. In repose his face betrayed something akin to petulance, but when animated it held a boyishly engaging quality. The eyes that looked out from behind thick lashes seemed to ask but one boon of life—to be amused. But now fear lay in those eyes, and anxiously Dane asked, "You're sweating like a horse, Vic. What's wrong?"

"Ed Thorpe's been hurt. A snag hit him out on the fire line. Then that ass Gilbert went off half-cocked as usual. Remember you loaned Ed your leather coat last night? Well, Gilbert ran off down the trail spreading the news you had been killed." Vic laid a hand on his stomach. "I still feel all gone here."

"Is Ed badly hurt?"

"Shoulder's broken, and it pains a lot. The boys are bring.ng him down to the cabin."

"We'd better make a stretcher. You get him down to the mill and phone the doctor." With his ax, Dane cut two stout saplings and trimmed away the branches, while Vic brought blankets from the cabin. The rough stretcher was already finished when the injured boy was carried down the trail.

VERY gently Dane laid the pale, pain-racked figure down on the stretcher. "That's better, isn't it, Ed? Does it still hurt?"

"Not so much now, Mr. Avery" The answer came through tight lips. "Just kinda—" In spite of himself he groaned.

"I know—it hurts like hell." Dane's deep voice was soft as a woman's. "We'll have you fixed up in no time, old man." He nodded to Vic. "You and Pedro go with him. Take him up to the sickroom at the mill, then get back on the line. Here, you'll need a lantern when you get into the timber."

Striking a match, Dane stepped back into the cabin, but as he touched a match to the wick of the lantern a faint scream brought him hurrying to the door. Uneasily the men outside the cabin stood listening, their eyes on the darkening forest. Then out of the smoke-haze a woman came running. When she caught sight of Thorpe's huddled form, both hands rose in terror to her throat.

"*Dane!*" The voice was vibrant with fear. She flung herself down beside the stretcher and reached out with trembling, groping arms. Slowly, painfully, Thorpe turned toward her. Their eyes met and, gasping, the woman started to her feet. Wildly she stared at the silent, wondering men; then, catching a movement in the doorway, she saw Dane standing there. She stumbled toward him, wide eyes fixed as on a ghost.

"Dane, Dane—I thought—they told me—Oh, thank God!" She reeled just as he caught her in his arms. Hastily he handed the lantern to Vic, and at his nod the others passed down the trail, bearing the stretcher between them.

Dane carried the girl into the cabin and seated her on a pile of blankets He smoothed back her hair. "Beth." His voice was almost a whisper.

Her hands went out to him. "Oh, Dane. It's you—you, and you're not hurt. I couldn't—" She was crying now, hysterically, great, racking sobs shaking her, while he held her close to him, calming her as one would calm a frightened child.

"I'm not hurt, Beth. It was Ed Thorpe."

Still trembling, still not sure, her fingers passed over his face, and the man pressed them tight to his lips, the blood throbbing in his throat. Again he felt her sob, and now she held him from her to look at him. "It's Dane, old Dane." With a broken laugh she reached up and drew down his face until his lips lay upon hers. He kissed her strongly.

In the dim silence of the cabin he held her, while outside the blue smoke of the fire went drifting past. To the kneeling man it was as if the five years of their separation had been blotted out. He could forget the fire, forget he had not slept for two nights, even forget that she had come back to marry Leighton. All that was wiped out in the warm softness of her lips, in the arms that tightened about his neck, and the long-remembered fragrance of her hair. His heart was singing.

HE TOOK her head between his hands, and through the cabin's dusk his eyes dwelt on the dim triangle of her face. Five years—yet nothing had greatly changed. The thick dark hair pushed back from the forehead, the high cheekbones and clear skin, and most of all the great blue eyes. It was his Beth again.

"Beth, you're back! I thought I'd lost you, dear." The resonant voice filled the cabin. "It's been so long. I'll never let you go again. I've never been so happy." He drew her to him, but this time he felt her body grow rigid.



"You know why I came back?" Her voice had fallen to a whisper "I came to marry Ollie Leighton."

He laughed. It was a laugh of sheer relief. "That's done, dear. Over and done with. You love me, and nothing else matters. Thank God, we found that out in time. Nothing else is important. It took an accident to make us both realize—" Something in her face halted him. In sudden uneasiness he leaned closer. "Say it, Beth. Tell me that you

do love me. That you'll marry me."

Her level eyes searched his. Her lips opened, then closed. At last, as if by sheer force of will the words came. "Dane, all this—all that's happened here in this cabin—it can't really change anything. You know it can't. I'm going to marry Oliver."

With a sudden gesture, fierce and animal-like, his hands closed on her arms "Say that again," he commanded.

"I'm going to marry Oliver. Dane, that's why I came back."

"But after this?"

"Dane, you're hurting my arms."

Still he did not release her. "Why did you come up on the fire line?"

"I was on my way to meet Ollie at the upper camp. Then they told me you'd been hurt."

Abruptly he thrust her from him. As if all strength had left her, she sank back on the blankets. The light that a moment ago had made her eyes burn like stars was wholly gone.

"Listen, Dane," she began; "sit down here close beside me—closer. You've got to understand. . . . No; please let me talk. Five years ago, when you told me you loved me, I went away. I never told you why. Perhaps I'll never tell you But partly it was because I was in love with you then—terribly in love, terribly happy to be in love, and terribly afraid. I was seventeen, but even then I could see the whole pattern of our lives was so different."

"YOU mean that you were rich and I wasn't?"

"I don't mean that at all. Dane, dear, remember you used to call me a pampered brat? I was. I am still."

He interrupted, his voice cold as steel: "Beth, there's only one thing I want to know. Are you being forced in any way to marry Leighton?"

"Forced? No."

"You're doing it of your own free will?" (*Continued on page 132*)



"We're right in the path of the fire," he said despairingly



ARTICLE $1000 Award: Leon G. Lenkoff, Louisville Male High School, Louisville, Ky. *Sponsor, Mr. Arch R. Gerhort.* $500 Award: George A. Emerson, Cambridge High and Latin School, Cambridge, Mass. *Sponsor, Miss Mory P. Bligh.*

GRAPHIC ART $1000 Award: Honoré Sharrer, The Bishop's School, La Jolla, Calif. *Sponsor, Miss Caroline S. Cummins.* $500 Award: Sante Graziani, West Tech School, Cleveland, Ohio. *Sponsor, Mr. Poul V. Ulen.*

POEM $1000 Award: Richard Bacon, Monroe High School, Rochester, N. Y. *Sponsor, Mr. W. E. Hawley.* $500 Award: Boyd Muncie, Varnum High School, Seminole, Okla. *Sponsor, Mr. L. L. Bernet.*

SHORT STORY $1000 Award: Max Hampton, Grand Island Senior High School, Grand Island, Nebr. *Sponsor, Miss Lorine Johonsen.* $500 Award: Nance Freeman, Cody High School, Cody, Wyo. *Sponsor, Mr. Fronk G. Kraus.*

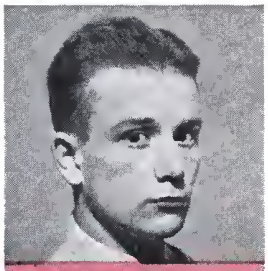
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GRAND AWARD $1500 additional to Leon G. Lenkoff for the most original and constructive entry in the entire competition.

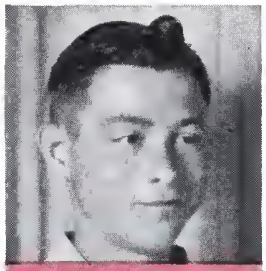
For 100 additional awards see page 92



GEORGE A. EMERSON



SANTE GRAZIANI



BOYD MUNCIE



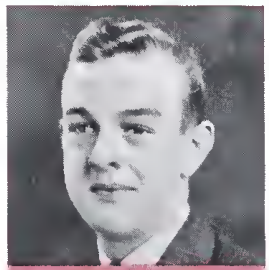
NANCE FREEMAN



HONORÉ SHARRER



RICHARD BACON



MAX HAMPTON



LEON G. LENKOFF

AFTER months of toil and searching inquiry into itself and the nation of its hopes and dreams, American Youth has just completed a colossal and revealing document—a book about itself containing 250,000,000 words and more than 21,000 illustrations.

This gigantic volume, too large to be conned by any single reader, represents the 231,384 entries in The American Youth Forum's 1937-38 competition for the high-school students of the United States and its territorial possessions. It consists of 143,000 articles alone, and a vast number of poems, short stories, paintings, and other art forms, all created around the common theme, "Myself and America."

This mass of material — the expression of average teenage youngsters — is without doubt the most important and significant report on the state of the *nation-to-be* that has ever been produced. And the report is most heartening. Those who fear for the coming generation and for America of the future can revise their judgments on the basis of this great volume, which reveals unmistakably that the heirs of tomorrow are fully worthy of their inheritance.

From these million pages, written by groping but upreaching hands, there emerges a bright, new concept of American youth, unfamiliar to adult observers and interpreters who have pointed with alarm to the radicalism, confusion, hopelessness, agnosticism, and immorality among high-school students. Youth, in this, its testimonial, has denied every allegation.

Outspokenly, without any urging or prompting from this Forum, Youth has voted almost unanimously for Democracy, and has vociferously denounced both Communism and Fascism. Indeed, the entries which at all expressed these philosophies represent only a few dozen pages in this new Book of Youth. Far from being confused, Youth has put its finger on the enemies of Democracy—failure to vote and to *(Continued on page 93)*



MY VISION FOR AMERICA. BY HONORÉ SHARRER. $1000 AWARD

IF YOU *Want* ME . . .



She wasn't the woman he loved—but it was spring-time in Budapest and there was romance in the air

JOHN FLETCHER left the Dutch Legation before midnight because, as he explained apologetically to Trudi Verhoef, he simply had to get some sleep. "If I don't, I'll lose my job," he said. "There's been a ball every night for a week, and I fall asleep at my desk every afternoon. It's getting to be a scandal. And—oh, gosh!—I'd forgotten that Italian reception tomorrow night—"

Trudi tossed her yellow head. "It won't be as much fun as this. You can't leave now, John, when the party is just beginning!" She glanced at him sharply. "I know—you're going to meet someone! Aren't you, John?"

He shook his head, smiling. "I'm going to bed."

Trudi laughed delightedly. "That," she said, "proves nothing!" She turned to the young attaché who had come up for the next waltz. "Quick, Pieter—we mustn't keep John, because he's going to a rendezvous!" She made a face over the young man's shoulder as she slipped into his arms. "Good night, John—and I hope she disappoints you!"

John watched her swing down the room, looking like a rosy and merry creature that Frans Hals might have painted. He liked Trudi. She was frank and unaffected and earthy, and great fun to do things with, but he wouldn't stay, even to please her. He had done his duty, enjoyed himself moderately, and now he was going to bed.

But, back in his apartment, he lay awake for a long time. The music sang in his head and his room was too hot, and when he finally fell asleep he dreamed of Linda Hartwell—the sort of dream he had had for months. He was

pleading with her, arguing with her. He heard his own voice saying, "But you aren't going to marry that—that stuffed shirt, Linda darling! You can't!"

She looked at him, her blue eyes scornful, and then, just as she had on the June day nearly a year ago, she turned away without another word. He saw her



golden head, the curve of her cheek, and, because he could not bear it, he went on talking more and more wildly and feverishly, on and on, until he woke with a start and lay dripping with sweat, staring at the pale square of the window and wondering where he was.

The early-morning sounds of the city brought him back. He was in Budapest, and it wasn't last June—it was this spring. That was funny, he told himself bitterly—damned funny to find yourself in one of the most romantic cities in the world, in spring, trying to forget a girl you'd loved ever since you'd first seen her. She had been a slim child of fifteen in a blue linen dress and a wide straw hat, coming in the gate of their cottage on the Long Island South Shore and asking shyly, "Does Sue Fletcher live here? I'm Linda Hartwell." Even now, John could feel the sandy path under his sneakers and feel the blood rush to his cheeks as he looked into the girl's blue eyes and stammered, "Yes, this is our house. I'm Sue's brother."

It was young love—calf love, probably—but it had lasted. It lasted during his four years in college, the two years he spent studying and working in Washington. Linda had been surprised when he told her that he was going into the diplomatic service. "But I thought it took lots of money," she said.

"Some," he admitted. "But Aunt Pamela left it to me."

He told her about his aunt Pamela, to whom, when he was still in school, he had confided his dread of going into the family business. "There's no reason why you should," she had replied promptly. "And, if you need arguments, diplomats aren't unknown in our family. Your great-uncle Ethan was once American consul in Paris, and he often told me what an interesting life it was. You needn't go into the mills, Johnny. Leave it to me. I'll talk to your father. I'll arrange everything."

She did, and, though she died before John finished college, she left a substantial sum "to my great-nephew, John Clark Fletcher, to enable him to follow the career of his choice."

Linda, however, did not seem pleased by his choice. Perhaps that was because it differentiated him too widely from her other suitors—the boys at law school, the young bankers and brokers and medical students who had flocked around her ever since she came out. John found his job fascinating and romantic, but to Linda it seemed rather ridiculous, like a musical-comedy profession. For, though Linda Hartwell looked as romantic as a princess in a fairy tale, with her golden hair, her long blue eyes, her exquisite figure, she also possessed a large amount of what most people called common sense. Her young sister Elly called it stuffiness, but then Elly was six years younger than Linda and, Linda said, a brat.

They became engaged when John was a senior in college, but Linda refused to announce it. "Wait until you pass your exams for the service," she said. "It would be ever so much better, darling." And when he passed his exams she wanted to wait until he had got his first appointment.

When he telephoned her triumphantly that he was going to Mexico City in a month and that they must be married at once, she objected. "Oh, darling, we couldn't possibly! And, besides, everyone says that that's the most ghastly climate. I *know* I couldn't stand it!" So he set his jaw and went off to Mexico alone. And eighteen weary months later, when he had pulled every known wire and had succeeded in wangling a tiny post in Paris, Linda protested, "John, dear—Paris in winter? Let's wait until next spring and be married when you have your leave."

So, after a long, wet, lonely winter in Paris, he came back in June and went straight down to Linda's family's place on the South Shore. He had never been so happy; he had six weeks' leave; they would announce their engagement at once and be married as soon as Linda could get ready. And then, an hour after he arrived, she told him, gently but quite definitely, that she couldn't marry him; she was going to marry Walter Mayhew, the son of a manufacturer whose company was much larger and far more successful than the Fletcher mills—a square, smug young man whom John had known in college and had thoroughly detested.

He couldn't believe it; he sat beside Linda at the end of the pier staring out at the blinding blue water and hearing her even voice go on and on: "He's not a bit like you, John, but—forgive me for saying it, dear—he's better for me than you are. We know each other too well." And later, with a little catch in her voice: "Part of me will always love you, John. Oh, my dear, it isn't you—it's the life! I hate queer places, and I'd be horrid and you'd stop loving me—yes, you would! Dear, don't you think it's sensible to face these things before it's too



late? Much better before than after."

It wasn't sensible, he retorted. It was absolutely crazy. He pleaded and argued, and finally he grew angry and said things he didn't mean. He didn't know what he said. He didn't know anything that afternoon, except that the pain in his chest was as hot and stabbing as the sun on the blue water and that nothing made any sense—Linda's words or his own. And later, when he was back in town in the deserted, linen-shrouded rooms of his club, he knew that he didn't want to take the rest of his leave. He must get abroad to his new job as a career vice-consul in the consulate-general's office in Budapest. He must work hard, and meet people and fill every hour of the empty months that lay ahead.

But during those months, whenever he saw a tall, fair-haired girl—and there were many of them in Budapest—his heart jumped painfully and then settled down to a slow, thudding ache, an ache that scarcely lessened at all as the time went by. He could bury himself in his work; he could go to every party and dance until breakfast time; he could laugh and flirt with Trudi Verhoef and talk and drink with Charlie Hendrick, his newspaper friend, but still the ache went on. Linda was gone. She was marrying Walter Mayhew and he would never see her again, but he still dreamed of her and woke with his heart banging out of his chest, as he had tonight. . . .

BUT it wasn't night—it was morning, quarter past six, by his watch. He got up and went to the window. The air, even here in the city, was sweet; he took long breaths of it. Somehow he must clear his head for the day's work. So he went to the telephone, ordered his car, and called the stable near the park where he sometimes rented horses. Half an hour later, after a bath, a shave, and a breakfast of coffee and a great, nut-sprinkled, sugary roll, he was trotting along the springy bridle paths in the magical cool freshness of the May morning. He began to feel much better.

The park was deserted, and he was glad, for it was good to be alone in this world of yellow sunlight filtering through new leaves, and dew-starred grass. He rode absently, looking off between the huge oaks that were like trees in a fairy-tale forest. His horse shied, and he came back to himself. "What's the matter?" he said aloud.

He heard a steady pound of hoofs behind and, turning, saw a horse galloping after him, a horse ridden by a girl. The sun touched her hair to gold, and John's heart contracted. "Stop it," he told himself. "It isn't Linda."

Then she was abreast of him, and she wasn't Linda, of course—but she was slim and graceful and she sat her horse well. She smiled at him, as she galloped past, and raised her hand in a swift, gay salute. Then, partly on an impulse he could never explain, partly because he was having difficulty with his excited horse, he gave the creature its head and cantered after the girl. He overtook her,



Elly was a marvelously gay companion. John found himself seeing Budapest as he never had before

and they swept on together between the chestnuts, knee to knee, while the soft earth of the bridle path flew up under the flying hoofs. At the end, where the path branched off and narrowed, she pulled up and turned to him, smiling.

John smiled back. "Thank you for the race—" he began, and then stopped, appalled. She wasn't Linda—she wasn't, but—

"Well," she said in a husky little voice that he remembered. "Don't you know me, John?"

"Of course," he stammered. His heart was beating hard, and he felt choked with disappointment. "Of course. You're—"

"Elly Hartwell. Does that mean that you've forgotten Linda, too?"

FOR a moment he could hardly speak. Elly, Linda's young sister; Elly, who had teased him and laughed at him for years, who, Linda complained, was spoiled, willful, mad about horses, expelled from one boarding school after another—an impossible child, a brat.

John had found her trying at times, but lately she had been at school and he had caught only glimpses of her. She had kissed him good-by when he went to Paris, nearly two years ago. He remembered her thin arms around his neck, her hoarse little voice murmuring, "Gosh, I wish I were going with you! Have a good time, John."

Then last June, just before he sailed, he had been walking in town when a girl in a small car pulled up at a crosswalk beside him. He glanced at her, thinking that she was rather pretty, and recognized Elly Hartwell. Their eyes met, and a strange little expression crossed her face—what was it? Pity? Embarrassment? Then she lifted her hand from the wheel and said briefly, "Hi, John!" Probably it wasn't pity at all. He had been horribly sensitive, then, imagining that people were sorry for him. And this gay, disheveled young creature didn't look as if she wasted pity on her sister's rejected lovers, especially after that last question—"Does that mean you've forgotten Linda?"

But now she was saying, "Probably you'd rather go on alone—"

"No," he said confusedly. "Let's go this way." They walked their horses on in silence. Then he said, "Tell me what you're doing in Budapest."

Elly smiled at him sidelong. "Oh, I flunked my exams for college last summer and, what with one thing and another, the family were pretty fed up with me. I was fed up, too, watching love's young dream."

His tone was carefully casual: "Is it that?"

"So they say," she said indifferently. "It wouldn't be for you or me."

AN INSTANT later she added apologetically, "That was nasty of me, John Perhaps it would be for you. Anyway, you used to think so."

He did not answer, and she said, scowling between her horse's ears, "He's simply deadly. I can't see how she stands him."

"Probably she sees more in him than you do."

"Lin never saw anything that I didn't," Linda's sister murmured "There I go again!" she said, and added in a tone of polite inquiry, "How are you, Mr Fletcher, and do you like Budapest?"

"I like it," he said. "Everyone said that it would be sad and full of ghosts, but it isn't. It's like an ancient beauty who still insists on being flirtatious—"

"And gets away with it," Elly said.

He nodded. "Budapest never gives up. Where are you staying?"

"At a stuffy and respectable pension," said Elly, "with Miss Fiske, my music teacher. She's studying with Linsk and teaching me at odd moments. That," she added with an impish grin, "is nice, because it gives me time to see the town."

"Do you know many people?" he asked.

"Well," said Elly, "I know an officer named von Gruener who comes to tea at the pension, and a boy I met on the boat, who paints, and the clarinetist from the symphony orchestra at home, whom I used to be in love with. And yourself," she said, as an afterthought.

"Why didn't you look me up sooner?"

"I was going to," she confessed, "but I thought that—well, maybe you wouldn't want to see me. Not," she added hastily, "that I'd flatter myself that I'd remind you of her. We aren't a bit alike."

No, he thought, they weren't. Linda was much taller, (*Continued on page 150*)

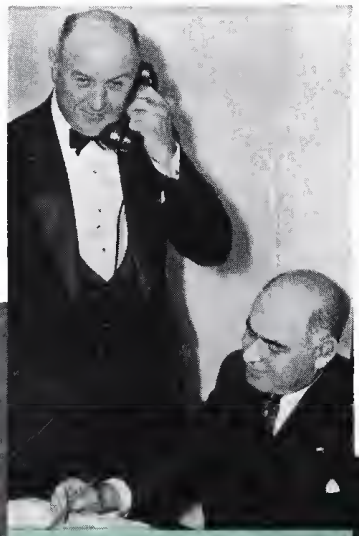
FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN WATER COLOR BY RONALD MC LEOD





HARRIS & EWING

Cordell Hull—"His record will stand out long after the rest of us are forgotten." . . . William H. Woodin—The gatekeeper wouldn't let him in to contribute $10,000 to the campaign



INTERNATIONAL PHOTOS

Farley and Herbert H. Lehman—Perspiration rolled down his face as he bearded the Tammany Tiger in its den



INTERNATIONAL PHOTOS

Huey Long—Heading a third party, he would have been able to poll more than 3,000,000 votes

Patronage and



HARRIS & EWING

Raymond Moley—The first Brain Truster, who had to go to prevent a Cabinet break

★

I HAVE never been a member of Tammany Hall.

Yet it was with the Tammany leaders that I faced an ordeal on my return on the morning of July Fourth from the Chicago convention. I tumbled out of my berth after an unbroken sleep of fourteen hours, the first really untroubled rest after months of constant nervous strain and activity.

Determined to swing a united party behind Roosevelt in his campaign for the presidency, and knowing the importance of capturing the vote of New York State, I made up my mind to smoke the pipe of peace with the Tammany leaders immediately. So I went from the train to a hotel barbershop and then directly to Tammany Hall.

July Fourth has long been the day set apart for the annual patriotic gathering of the Society of Tammany, which, by the way, is purely a fraternal and social organization and is not to be confused with the Democratic organization of the Borough of Manhattan in New York, which is known as Tammany Hall. Most Democratic leaders, however, belong to both organizations, and the Fourth-of-July gathering is held in the Hall.

Friends of mine had warned me against going to the Hall on that particular morn-

The Postmaster General speaks his mind about the Brain Trust, the NRA, the Cabinet, and the spoils system, in a series of never-before-told stories from behind the scenes in the Roosevelt Administration



ACME

The author, jotting down notes for these articles

the New Deal

by James A. Farley



ACME

Hugh S. Johnson—Some called him "ablest of the Brain Trusters"

★

ing, pointing out that the Tammany leaders were still in an ugly frame of mind over the failure of the party to nominate Al Smith at Chicago and were heaping most of the blame on my shoulders.

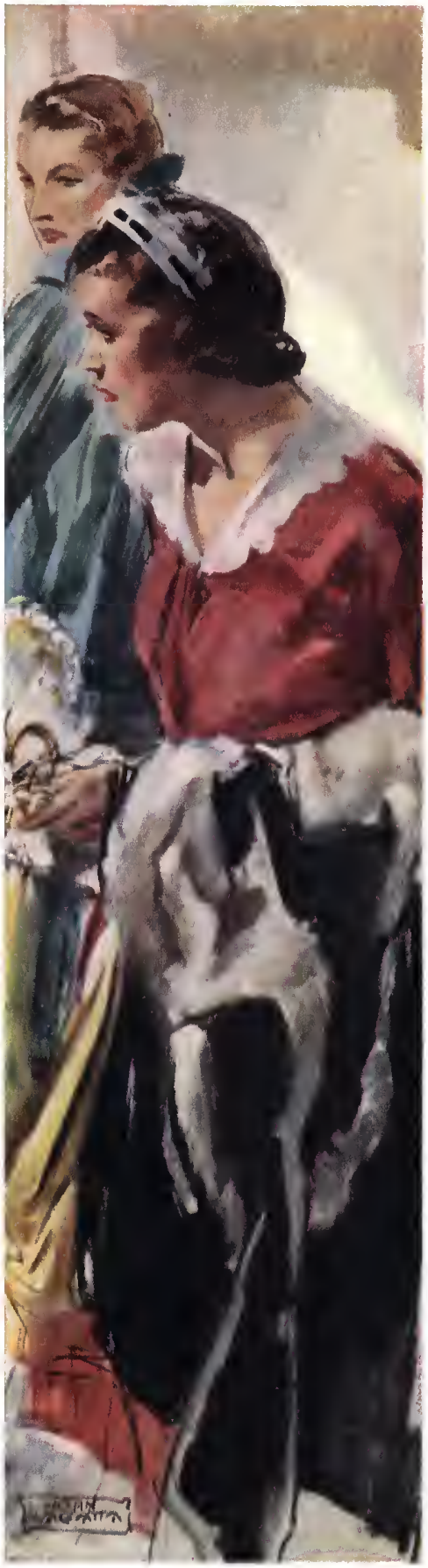
"You'll be hissed and booed," one said. "It will be an unfortunate beginning for the campaign, especially if it gets into the newspapers. You'd better stay away until the ill feeling blows over."

But I determined to see the thing through. The outburst of silence that greeted my entrance into Tammany Hall was really touching. A stranger might have assumed that a wake was in progress and the corpse had just dropped in. Apparently my attendance was wholly unexpected, and not a sound was heard as I moved out onto the platform—an unusual reception for a newly made chairman of the National Committee. The suspense was broken after a few seconds by scattered hisses from the braves in the gallery, but the chieftains on the floor and the sachems on the platform continued to look straight ahead in stony silence.

The exercises lasted a couple of hours, consisting mostly of straight, old-fashioned Fourth-of-July oratory. There was no mention of what happened at Chicago. When the program was over I shook hands with Al Smith and (*Continued on page 59*)



The story of a marriage haunted by the lovely, cruel ghost of a first love



FULL COLOR ILLUSTRATION
IN OIL BY JOHN LAGATTA

"I couldn't stay away from you, Ken." She said it in a husky whisper, while her hot little hands, restless, possessive, crept into his

REMEMBER THE Night..

By Rita Weiman

PHYLLIS LESLIE was little. She was delicately made. She had polished saffron hair, pale skin, eyes that were storm clouds, a mouth like a baby's pouting for kisses. She looked as fragile as a Tanagra figurine. She had the strength of an Amazon.

She lay on a chaise longue in her Paris apartment and read a letter from Centerhaven, Connecticut, U. S. A. She sipped her chocolate, a luxury that took the place of dinner before her performance at the Opéra Comique. Relaxed, lazy, she was vaguely amused by the small-town chatter her Aunt Charlotte's fat, inconsequential letters always contained. Items that made news in Centerhaven had ceased to be of the slightest concern since Phyllis escaped the town's limitations four years ago. Of this, Aunt Charlotte seemed serenely unaware.

The letter was full of nothings. . . . Old Mrs. Cooper had passed on, and fooled all those nieces and nephews by leaving her fortune to charity. There would be a lawsuit. . . . Mark Lodge had very quietly married his secretary, and fooled the mothers who for years schemed to attach the town's choice bachelor for their daughters. . . . On and on went the gossip, somebody always fooling somebody else. Until the final bit of information, Phyllis did not realize thatAunt Charlotte was merely building to a juicy climax:

"At just about the time this reaches you [*she wrote*] Nina Craig will be marrying your ex-husband and fooling all of us who put her in the old-maid class."

Phyllis stiffened, and it was a full minute before she was aware of the cup still within two inches of her mouth. An enchanting mouth which even when it took high C did not distort in the awkward manner of most sopranos. Phyllis Leslie's lips parted over white teeth, forming a surprised and inviting O. She set down the cup. The chocolate went gradually thick and cold.

"Nina Craig will be marrying your ex-husband . . ."

Nina and Ken! Her girlhood chum

and the man from whose tall shoulders she had leaped to a career. Nina and Ken! Both had been her slaves.

It always pleased her to know she was necessary to people, even when she was quite, quite through with them. She had been through with Ken long before she demanded a divorce, but there had been the little matter of her vocal training under the best New York teachers, one after another. She had needed Ken's protection, his influence (Kenyon Leslie was vice-president of the Centerhaven Trust Company, his father was president, and his grandfather had established the bank), the security of his home, until the time came to break loose and go abroad.

She pulled her small body up in the nest of lingerie pillows and read on:

"The wedding is set for April 30th at noon. As you can imagine, the whole town is aflutter. Everybody's talking . . ."

Talking! About her, of course. About the fact that Ken had shaken off her hold in spite of her charm, her glamour, the glory of her voice, which always for him had an inescapable hypnosis. Centerhaven had always believed, as she did, that he was hers. Irrevocably.

Nina and Ken! It was too absurd. Too fantastic. Almost as if those two were laughing in her face! Almost as if they were trying to make her pay.

"The wedding is set for April 30th at noon . . ."

April 30th. That would be today. She glanced at the tinkling crystal clock. Six P. M. That would be now. This very minute. . . .

ALL CENTERHAVEN turned out for Nina Craig's wedding. Centerhaven in flowered chiffons and morning coats crowded the white church to its modest doors, and the populace—the proverbial butcher and baker and candlestick maker, with their wide-eyed little girls and bored little boys—scrambled for places of vantage outside, scattering over the green like an army of ants. They had known Nina from pigtail days, the tradespeople. They loved her. To them this was no ordinary he-carried-her-books-to-school romance, but the operation of destiny.

To those inside the church with a more sophisticated viewpoint it was the culmination of Centerhaven's chief source of gossip when bridge parties went stale and cocktail parties went ripe. Centerhaven's curiosity, clad in a panoply of smiles, marched down the white-ribboned aisle beside Nina. She was as conscious of it as if icicles trickled their cold tears against her spine.

For herself, she would have been happy to hop in Ken's roadster as he begged her to, dash off, and get married without any fanfare. But that was the way Ken had married Phyl. Their careening ride through the night, with Nina as a bridesmaid of sorts and Tod Gallagher as best man, was still a memory that hurt too much to duplicate.

Nina's married sister, Beth, had summed up her status with direct sisterly frankness: "You're crazy! Twenty-six, and no more sense than to take on a man whose first wife is front-page news. Are you a glutton for punishment?"

"Maybe I'm just a glutton for Ken."

"When a man treats a woman like a dog, it's because he's through. When she has the whip hand, he's never through. Don't fool yourself into thinking he's forgotten Phyl."

"I'd marry Ken if he were Bluebeard!"

NINA didn't fool herself. She had a genius for seeing both sides of a question, and a sensitiveness that often was a stinging hurt. She knew that while they murmured she was a beautiful bride, these men and women gathered to wish her happiness were sure she hadn't a chance of it. She understood the cruel curiosity under the mask of smiles.

Head high, no veil covering her face, her deep, night-blue eyes on Ken as she went to meet him, she knew the wedding guests were asking themselves if this sec-



"Your satin shoulders," he said, "have it all over angel wings"

ond marriage of his could be anything but a sop for the fiasco of his first. It was part of her marriage vow to be a good sport about Phyl. While her lips formed the audible, "I do," her heart pledged, "I do promise to face the fact that there is another woman Ken once loved more than he loves me."

VIVIDLY alive at the other side of the world, Phyllis Leslie would be sure to hold Ken's thoughts at times as she had held his life so disturbingly for five years in her tense, ruthless little hands. It wouldn't be human for Ken to forget. Phyl was too spectacular. Too sensational. Impossible to wipe out her image like chalk from a slate. No matter that she had treated Ken as she would have treated a hat, worn while it pleased her fancy, discarded when she had twisted it out of shape. No matter that in those five years of his first marriage he had aged ten. All this logic was of small consequence. Logic was a lightweight balanced against love.

How well Nina knew that! She had loved Ken before he married Phyl. From the days when they were kids and had fought over toys, games, candies; from the days when he had punched her nose and she had retaliated in kind. She had loved him after he had married Phyl. She would always love him. If she meant to share his life now, she must also share his memories.

She saw his eyes come close as he turned to take her. Almost as if he read her thoughts, he whispered, "I love you more than anything in the world." She felt the strength, the tenderness of his arms. She felt his lips. For a moment it seemed that petty, puny human problems must swing far below on a bit of the universe their feet need never reach. For a moment they were gods on Olympus....

Ken caught the sudden shadow across Nina's eyes. There and gone, so brief, so flashing, he might readily convince himself his imagination supplied it. But he knew better.

He understood the varying expressions of Nina's face, fine as an etching under her dusky hair, as he had never fathomed the erratic tempers of his first wife. Nina's mouth, proud as Lucifer, sensitive, coral-lipped. Her blue eyes, deep, clear as crystal night. A child's when serious. A girl's when they twinkled and laughed. A woman's when, after Phyl's desertion, he had gone to her. Now they were troubled. Was it doubt? Of what? Of him? The future? That must never be. At no time, under no circumstances, must she feel either. He must guard her against herself. Protect her against the possible chance that the hectic years she had seen him through might mar one hour of the years ahead.

So dear, this bride of his, so true. There had never been any other wife for him in the real sense.

"I love you more than anything in the world." He whispered it, holding her until the shadow vanished, until the eyes under his shone as though sunlight had sunk in their depths. Then he kissed her. . . .

THEY went to Mexico on their honeymoon, and to southern California, and to Hawaii. There were nights when the huge red moon darted above the Pacific like fire born of water, when the sea turned molten, and the sand took life and rippled hot gold. Nights when neither past nor future but only the moment had life.

It was on one of these nights that yesterday cast its first cloud over the fiery Hawaiian moon. They had gone down to the beach, down a long flight of steps and across the sand. Back of them, and high above, sprawled the popular, fabulously expensive hotel, a recumbent marble beast with a thousand sparkling eyes. Somewhere inside the immense pile restless feet moved to incessant swing-time. The music came softened by distance, carried on the breeze.

"Have I told you, young woman, you're the loveliest thing on earth?"

"Tell me again."

"On earth. And in the waters around the earth. And in heaven."

"I'm in heaven this minute."

"Couldn't be sweeter."

"Golden sand beats golden pavements."

"And satin shoulders have it all over angel wings."

"And your arms, darling . . ."

"And your lips . . ."

"And would you mind kissing me again?"

"Glad to oblige . . ."

"So nice meeting you, Mr. Ken Leslie."

"So nice being an idiot with you, Mrs. Ken Leslie."

"Don't ever let's have any sense."

"Not an atom!"

THEY laughed. Highly specialized laughter. Laughter spinning gaily like a top whipped by happiness. The sea joined in, or at least they thought it did. Slap of waves, swish of foam—every sound was a note of song.

"Honeymoons should last forever," Nina murmured into the collar of Ken's coat.

"Ours will."

"It's five weeks old—not out of swaddling clothes, darling."

"It's old as eternity. Nothing ever happened before."

"You mean that?"

"You know I do."

The Hawaiian orchestra ceased its swing-time. Over the sands swept the low, plaintive wail of the singing quartet. Notes with the rhythm of a tom-tom, notes with the aching beat of a broken heart.

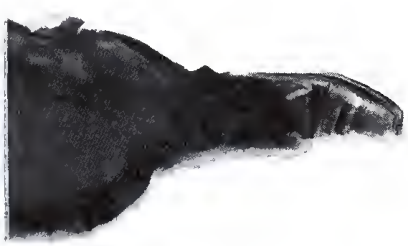
As if lightning suddenly crackled in the perfect sky, the tune hit Nina:

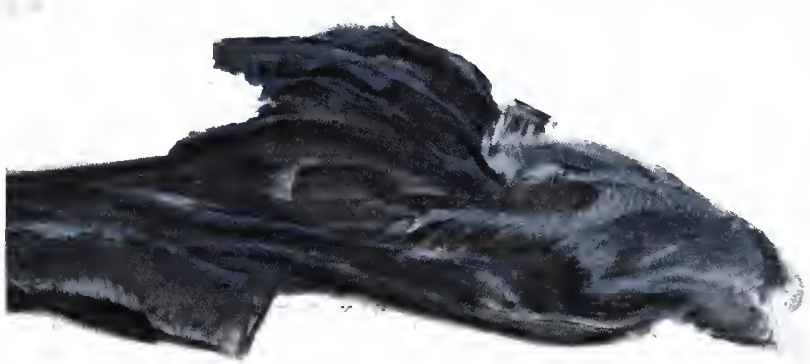
"Moanin' low—my sweet man—I love him so,
Though he's mean—as—can be,
He's the kind of man—needs the kind of wo-man like me.
Gon-na die—if sweet man should pass me by.
If I die—where'll he be?
He's the kind of man needs the kind of wo-man like me."

She stole a glance at Ken's face. Did he recognize it? Did it bring the vision of Phyl, sheathed in green spangles and wading through the basin of a fountain, mounting a bronze dolphin, swaying under the spray while she sang the same song? Did he see himself splash in, plant his mouth on Phyl's, and stop her song?

Vintage stuff, *Moanin' Low*. They must be playing it by request. But why tonight when everything was perfection? Why these memories like ghosts at a feast? She brushed aside the vision, not realizing that her hand brushed her eyes and came away moist.

Ken pulled (*Continued on page 138*)





CHURCHMEN Crusade

Communism hovers over our churches as a million members prepare to vote on the question: "Does Christianity oppose the Profit System?"

By

ARTHUR BARTLETT

MY CHURCH is going to take a vote. We aren't going to elect a new minister, or decide on a plan for lifting the mortgage, or change our form of worship. We are going to decide whether or not the profit system is Christian—whether America ought to keep on under capitalism or scrap it and start over again.

That is the question—though the exact phraseology has not been decided as I write this—which the million members of the Congregational and Christian Churches in America will be asked to answer in November. In cities, villages, and crossroads all over America, sober, solid church folk—members of a church which grew out of the Puritan congregations of the early pioneers—will cast their ballots.

They will be merely expressing their opinions, of course; but it is no idle exercise. For a new crusade has arisen within the Protestant churches—a crusade against capitalism. This will be the first time that the whole membership of a denomination has been asked to vote on it; but in almost every Protestant denomination the battle lines are being drawn.

A few months ago, being in New York on a Sunday morning, I decided to take a subway uptown to hear one of New York's most widely known preachers, the Rev. Dr. Christian F. Reisner, in his skyscraper Methodist church, the Broadway Temple. During the prayer I noticed that Dr. Reisner's vo ce was husky. When he rose to make the announcements he told us why.

"I am sorry to be so hoarse," he said. "But, as most of you know, I have been attending our annual conference this week. It was a fight—a real fight. But we finally won, thank God, even if by only a few votes."

He paused a moment to clear his throat, and I wondered vaguely what ecclesiastical debate could have stirred him to such obvious intensity. Was there some new doctrinal schism in the church?

"The radicals," Dr. Reisner resumed, "wanted us to endorse everything short of Communism itself."

Afterward, I went to see Dr. Reisner, and asked him about the conference. He said that the debate came over a Social Service Commission report which asked the delegates to demand a lifting of the embargo on goods to Loyalist Spain, to protest the extending of credits to "militaristic and Fascist nations," to condemn our economic system as "selfish" and advocate a "sharing" system in place of it, and to go on record that America was not fit to be a moral leader in the world while it remained silent in the face of "outrages" perpetrated by Germany, Italy, and Japan.

"The point is," said Dr. Reisner, "that behind these proposals, whatever their merit and high-mindedness, is a definite, political movement, and I think it takes attention away from the true spiritual nature of Christianity." He said that when he proposed to add, "We also unreservedly condemn the dictator Stalin and his murderous system in Russia," the proponents of the other resolutions were quite reluctant to accept it.

Since then I have made a point of visiting a lot of different churches and talking with all sorts of people in various denominations: alarmists who see it all as a Red plot; moderate churchmen whose main concern is with the spiritual Christianity which they are teaching; and men and women who believe that it is the job of Christianity to change the system under which we live.

I have found little disagreement as to what is going on, but a great deal of disagreement as to whether or not it *ought* to be going on. The fact is that there is a strong, growing, and well-organized minority group in the churches devoting itself to the revolutionary task of abolishing the capitalistic system. A much larger, more moderate group—perhaps a majority, though there is no way to prove it—believes it the duty of the church to look at the capitalistic system with a critical eye and to preach what is called the "Social Gospel," aimed at an eventual Christian commonwealth, in which the motive of "selfish gain" will be eliminated. The rest still hold to the old theory that the church should interest

AGAINST CAPITALISM



itself in individuals, not systems—that you and I, not the setup under which we live, should be held responsible for greed and selfishness.

I call the anti-capitalistic movement new, and yet that isn't quite accurate. Before the World War there was a Church Socialist League, recruited from the Episcopal Church, and it included two bishops among its officers. As far back as 1907 a group of Methodists formed the Methodist Federation for Social Service, which, though not then committed to any revolutionary changes, was meant to move the church into the field of social action, and has since become a leading agency in the crusade. But it was not until the depression that the movement really took hold and began making tremendous headway.

The headway that it has made was impressed on me just the other day. I happened to come home when my wife was having a small tea party. The ladies present were, I should say, representative of the types of families you would find supporting Protestant churches in almost any American community: a lawyer's wife, a school principal's wife, a banker's wife. I asked them what they thought of this trend in the churches. Said the banker's wife: "Well, I suppose, to be a really complete Christian, you have to be a Socialist."

Actually, that lady is one of the most conservative (*Continued on page 147*)

She was sorry to say good-by, but she wanted a man who'd help her become famous



ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

JUD WHITTAKER drew a small stack of mail out of his lockbox. One, a long, orange-colored envelope, was from a newspaper in the city. Above its name printed on the envelope was the scrawled name of the sender, Mary Barth.

It angered Jud to feel an unsteadiness of hands and heartbeat. He'd been so sure he was over that. He'd been able to ride past the deserted Barth ranch and see weeds rank in the corrals and about the windmill and say to himself, "I guess the Barths are a thing of the past in this country." Then the sight of a letter with her scribbled handwriting . . . It was like that jagged, barbed-wire cut on his hand which, long after it was healed, throbbed with an aftermath of pain if he stuck it into hot water or got it cold. He thought helplessly, "Even when I'm married to Clara Goebel, and Mary Barth is married to her columnist and covering news in Washington, I'll still feel this blunt probing of pain."

He saw the postmistress watching him, and he knew that she knew he had a letter from Mary Barth. That angered him, too. Mary Barth ought to know how the town of Topaz and the surrounding community talked. Mary Barth had thrown him over, and the whole country knew it. She'd thrown him over for a columnist on this same paper. There'd been nothing private about it. Mary Barth never thought—never cared what people said. None of the Barths did. And it took a little of the relish out of talking about them, to

THE Jilting

BY LENORA MATTINGLY WEBER

know that they didn't care, anyway.

The letter was poorly typed on gray-white copy paper:

Dear Jud:

I heard that the Bruff boys bought my Zona mare, and you know how high-headed she is and used to being babied. I hate to think of them having her—they're so cussed mean. I wish you'd buy her back from them. And later on I can pay you back what you had to pay them.

Yours, MARY.

Jud said out loud, "Like fun, I will!"

This was good, this was! After Mary Barth threw him over, to write and ask him to buy her Zona mare. As though he cared how the trashy, inhuman Bruffs treated her. Yet before his eyes came the picture of the lean working shoulders of the mare as he and Mary rode together; one lop of Zona's mane always fell over on the clean side of her neck. He used to reach over and flip it back, and Mary's slow smile would come to him out of her humming preoccupation . . .

Like fun, I will!

But his mind kept turning over the possibilities of getting the Zona mare. The Bruff boys would suspect why he wanted her. He doubted if he could pry the mare loose from them. They probably got a certain satisfaction from jerking about and mistreating a high-headed mare that was once Mary Barth's. The Bruff boys hated Mary Barth.

Jud drove into his own farmyard. He tried to tell himself that this flatness he felt was from the sudden heat of the May day, not loneliness. He looked about the nice order of buildings and fields, hoping to wrap about him the satisfaction of owning the most thriving farm in this prairie district. The interior of the farmhouse was orderly, too, with a man's undecorated order. The hired man's wife was willing to keep house for them, but Uncle Ben didn't like the way she threw soggy scraps to his turkeys or left a dripping dishcloth hanging on the spout of the kitchen pump. So the hired man and his wife lived in what was still called a granary, though no one remembered when it had stored grain. And Uncle Ben took care of the house.

Jud left the letter on the table with the mail-order catalogue, the farm journal, the letter from his sister. Uncle Ben, who had a womanish curiosity, would notice that orange envelope, would say something about it, and Jud had an over-full feeling of wanting to talk about it.

Sure enough, after supper Uncle Ben said, "A letter from Mary, eh?"

Jud evened the wick of the reading lamp with a match. "Um-hm-m. She heard that the Bruff boys bought her Zona mare from the doctor's wife. Mary thought I could get her. But you can imagine what a swell chance I'd have—with those Bruff boys."

Uncle Ben's eyes lighted with planning thought. Before arthritis had lain a malicious grip on him Uncle Ben had been a trader. He said, "Maybe *I* could. I'll take a double dose of my medicine to iron the worst of my kinks out. I'll drive over there. I'll tell the Bruffs I've got a trade on for a jack, and that I'm looking around for some mares for breeding. . . . Did Mary Barth give you the go-by, Jud?"

Jud thought he laughed. "I'll say she did! When she came down to the Fair last October. For that Clive Connor, who does a column on the paper."

Uncle Ben smoked his pipe for a minute before he said, "You ought to've married her before she left. Right after old John Barth died. Before she went up to town."

A rush of tender memories surged through Jud. Strange that he should be cool and temperate about everything else except Mary Barth He had gone over to Mary when he'd heard that her father was dead. He'd died in a hospital at Topaz after a fall from a horse ten days previous. A neighbor had told Jud the news, told him Mary was at the ranch. John Barth wouldn't call his place a farm. It was a ranch, by gosh! He was a stubborn, hard-fighting old man who still insisted this country was a cattle country, who scoffed at the "river-huggers" who tilled the bottom land.

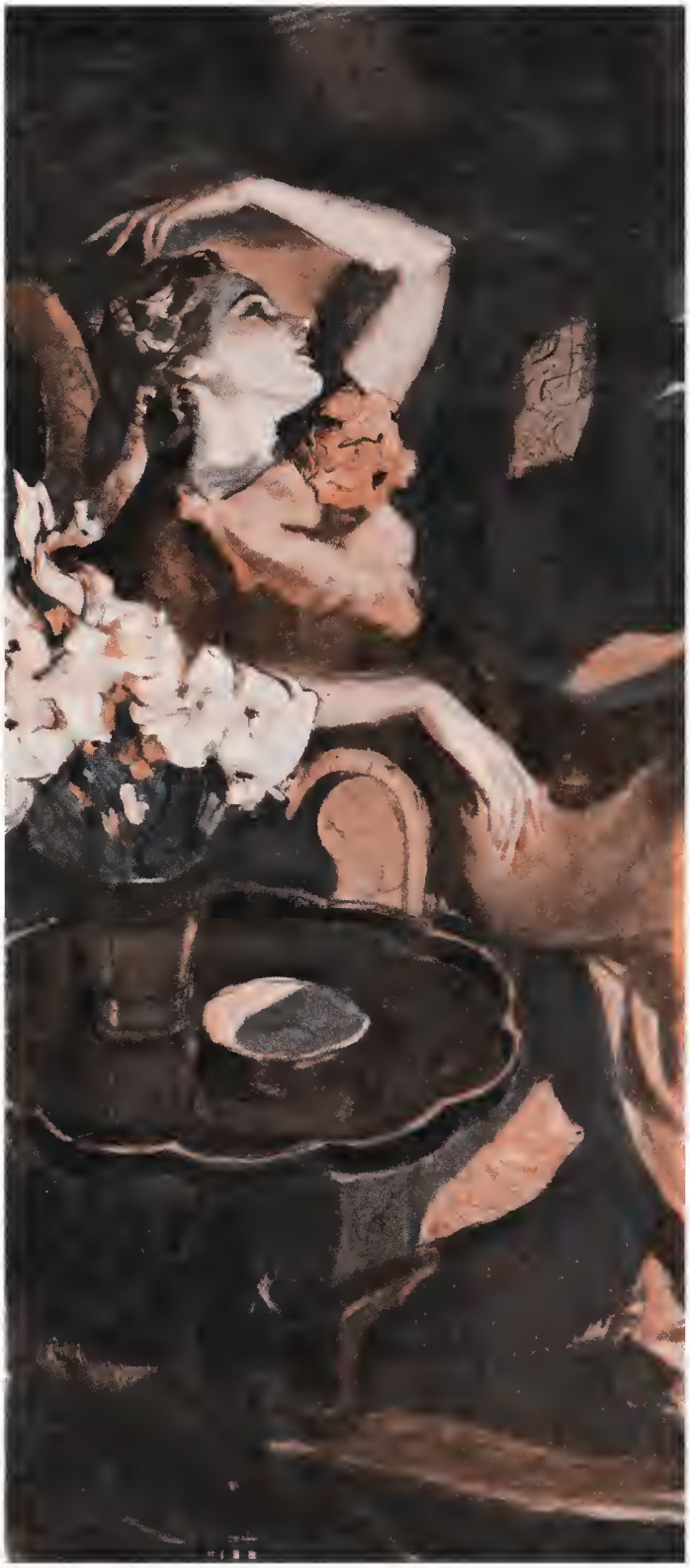
Jud had found Mary in the barn feeding the horses. Even yet that dusty smell of corn chop brought to Jud a queer something like nostalgia. Mary had dropped the tin measure and come to him, and he had taken her in his arms. "Jud," she'd sobbed, "I can't go in our house—not with it empty the way it is."

"But your Aunt Mary's there."

"Take me home with you, Jud, with you and Uncle Ben. I want to be with men that smoke a pipe and don't talk. Aunt Mary said that Dad had no business riding the Storm horse. She has to be talking all the time. Take me home with you."

Wasn't that like Mary not to think of what anyone would say? But when had the Barths thought of that? For a long time in the barn, filled with champing horses and dusk, he had held the mussed-up, sobbing Mary with tight tenderness. He wondered now what life would be if he hadn't been a reasoning, conventional Whittaker. But they'd planned it all. How Mary should go up to the city and take the short-story course, which she'd won as a scholarship with one of her stories. Then in December he'd go up, and they'd be married at his married sister's house. His sister had asked a cousin of theirs to marry them. Jud wasn't the easily adjustable kind.

And so Mary had gone back to the



city with her aunt Mary and enrolled in the short-story course. Once she had written him, "Guess what! I've got a chance to fill in on the paper." They had written back and forth about the Fair in October, and Mary's coming down for it. She had decided to take the noon train.

It was May now, and all the teasing fragrances of a May night billowed through the curtain and into the kitchen where Jud and Uncle Ben sat. But Jud could remember the shivery expectation of the gray October dawn when he had loaded his Angus show heifers into the truck; he wanted to get them in before the sun grew hot.

THE first thing he heard when he reached town was, "Mary Barth is here. She got in about three o'clock this morning with a newspaper fellow. They came in a plane."

Concerning Mary Barth, Jud, the reasoning, had inexplicable unreasoning. Fury, cold and nasty, made that joyous Fair day a mockery. His girl coming down at three o'clock in the morning with some newspaper fellow because an air-pilot friend could bring them down at that time!

Everyone in town knew about it. Mary had told about their sitting on the depot platform with the cream cans till the town woke up. Everyone knew that Mary was going to write up the Fair for the paper, knew that, because she felt shaky about it, this columnist was going to help her.

Some perverse, self-torturing imp had kept Jud from looking up Mary. He waited and let her come into the big stock tent. Even then he pretended he didn't see her, so carelessly, so unstudiedly, so vitally lovely. Clive Connor was with her; he was so slim and sallow and hard-eyed.

Jud hadn't tried to get any time alone with her. But after the big picnic supper, when a tired dusk fell on the cluttered grove, Mary came and laid her hand on his arm. Folks discreetly melted away, called to children who would have clung to Mary.

Jud felt himself toxic with mean jealousy. He said indifferently, "Did you see the dance platform we built here in the grove?"

Mary turned a troubled face to him —now after all these months he could remember that helpless, asking appeal of Mary—like the night her father died and she had turned to him. "We're not staying for the dance. Clive has a nine-o'clock assignment. . . . Jud, there's something I want to talk to you about."

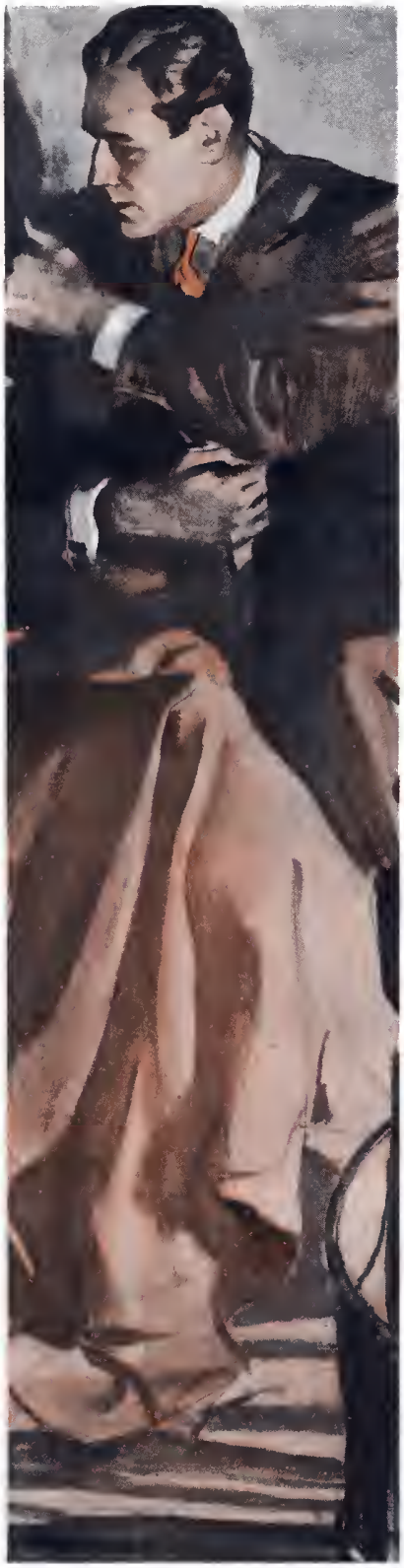
He had dreamed of that dance and Mary and tree-shaded wanderings in the grove. . . . He said harshly, "You mean some*body*, don't you?"

"Well—yes," she admitted, and her laugh fumbled and failed.

"You mean this Clive Connor? You mean you've fallen for him?"

She said slowly, "I don't know. That's what I wanted to talk to you about. You've always had more sense than I have. About everything. You can reason things out—"

But not about Mary Barth, he hadn't sense—not an atom! Not about Mary Barth, he couldn't reason! "What is there to talk about? If you're in love



Mary wasn't sure of loving him, but she liked his praise

with him, you are. And that's that."

"I don't know whether I am or not. It isn't the kind of love I have for you—I mean, where we plan to live together and have children. And yet ever since I've been on the newspaper I think about him and what he'll say. It's—oh, gosh, Jud, he's a wiz at writing. He's helped me so much. He says I ought to click. He says I have a man's directness. And so—"

He says . . . He says . . .

"—I thought maybe if you saw him and talked to him, you'd realize what a keen—what a sort of driving person he is—and could understand."

Jud Whittaker knew that a *man* never belittled his rival. But he had to say it: "He looks like a cocky little consumptive to me."

"He is. He had T. B. He was in a sanatorium for two years, and all the time he was there he wrote. He made himself get better so he could write. It's sort of a religion with him. All his life is just incidental to his writing."

"WHAT are you trying to say with all this beating about the bush, Mary Barth?"

She said a little wearily, "Just that I didn't think it was honest of me to keep on being engaged to you without telling you that I never write anything without feeling Clive with me—I mean, what he'd say about my writing. I even run after him, Jud—because the things he thinks—and says—are like a stimulant."

Jud Whittaker knew that a *man* should let himself be jilted graciously, but his only thought was to pretend that he didn't care so horribly that his ears were thudding and the picnic supper was lying heavy in a sick interior. So he said, "You're probably doing us both a favor. We've never hit it off any too well. We've averaged a fight every two weeks. Look at the time you loaded up some drunken old sheepherder and took him out of town. And then wondered why I got mad about it!"

"Poor old Leggy White! Once when I was a little kid he brought me a lamb."

"And since I've been thinking it over, I'd rather have a wife that isn't so harum-scarum."

"I am a lousy housekeeper," she said thoughtfully, "and you Whittakers are the a-place-for-everything kind." A girl of surprises, this Mary Barth. "Good-by, Jud." She lifted her face and kissed him. "I guess it would be kind of a mess. I want to be a writer. They're letting me sign my stories in the paper now."

Mary Barth had flown out of his life with Clive Connor. And all the Topaz country had chuckled a little about Mary Barth giving Jud Whittaker the gate. Because the Whittakers thought they were somebody.

That was in October. In November Uncle Ben showed Jud a mention of Mary Barth in the paper. It was a column of intimate pitter-patter and under a paragraph entitled *Great Expectations* was this: "An invitation to a wedding supper party from Clive Connor. He and lovely Mary Barth are that way about each other—and how!"

Jud had eaten Thanksgiving dinner with Clara Goebel and some twenty of the Goebel relatives . . . Mary Barth had once said, "Good night! Doesn't anything ever happen to the Goebels? They don't even die."

True, the Goebel circle seemed only to widen and widen. Grandma and Grandpa Goebel still lived. Their three sons each had a thriving farm and family. Now *their* children were marrying. In these Goebel homes you'd always find the best corn in the country, well-washed children, hardy flowers in painted cans, wood cut and piled even higher than the lean-to kitchen.

Yet Clara Goebel and her family were far from old-country German. Each boy or girl was sent away to school for a year—"It does good for them." Clara Goebel's sisters had married well. The country often quoted old Herman Goebel: "When a man comes to buy a cow, I find out first if he has feed for her before he takes her off my place. Well! Should I be more careless about my girls?" So that Jud knew when he was asked to Thanksgiving dinner that his 14 stacks of alfalfa, his 163 head of Angus breeding stock, his being a member of the school board and chairman of County Unemployment, his house with a pump in the kitchen had been passed upon favorably.

CLARA GOEBEL had a glowing skin like a soap advertisement. And a pleasing way about her. It rested and soothed Jud to watch the easy deftness of her hands when she "made a little lunch" or "redd up the table."

There had never been a whisper about a Goebel girl. They were well liked, too. Now, the Bruffs—trash though they were—would never hold such resentful hate against Clara Goebel that they'd relish getting their hands on a slim-footed horse she loved.

Mary Barth wouldn't dance with the Bruff boys. "They're filthy sneaks," she'd said flatly, and loud enough for them to hear. Clara Goebel danced with them with a nice aloofness which explained, "No use incurring the ill will of a sheep-killing dog." No, no one hated Clara Goebel, neither did one run out to meet her with a hysteria of joy like the old woman (*Continued on page 140*)



"Hello, beautiful!" His voice was just right—easy, caressing, convincing

LET'S

ILLUSTRATED BY RITCHIE COOPER

Jimmie was the town's young lover . . . and he had a certain pride in his technique

OF COURSE, he could always take Marta. He hadn't been out with her for a long time. It might be a good thing, now that he definitely had to stop this affair with the Brenner child. Just one more night like last night, reflected Jimmie, and he would be in a jam. These college girls—you couldn't tell how they would take things. . . .

Lying in bed, six feet of not-too-youngish manhood, he reached for the phone. Better get this over with. He never liked this part; he wished women could be reasonable. He got Elaine Brenner at once.

"Hello, beautiful!" His voice was just right—easy, caressing.

"Oh, Jimmie, you woke me up!" She was breathless, excited.

"Well, I just roused from a drunken stupor myself," he laughed. "You see, I wasn't sober last night. Do you follow me?"

"I couldn't sleep a wink, Jimmie!" She was young.

His brows drew together. "Bad for little girls. Especially with exams to think of."

"Oh—exams—" She hated to be reminded that she was a schoolgirl.

"Matter of fact," he said dolefully, "I forgot I'm a workingman myself. It just came to me this morning that I haven't been near the office this week."

She said desperately, "But I only see you at night, Jimmie!"

With his free hand he reached for a cigarette. "I know, beautiful." What was the matter—was he slipping? He couldn't get it said. He inhaled, made his tone regretful. "And the worst of it is," he told her, "I've absolutely got to work tonight. Briefs for a new breach-of-promise suit."

"Jimmie!" The world dropped from under her feet.

"You can't feel any worse about this than I do, dear," he assured her hastily.

"I—oh, Jimmie—" Her voice broke. "Couldn't you take me to the club for just two dances? I could even go out and meet you there so you wouldn't lose time calling for me. I just can't—I mean, of course, it's all right if you can't possibly spare an hour—only—"

"I can't get away from the office tonight for five minutes. Got to interview some witnesses before morning, case called at nine-thirty." He went on hurriedly, "Tell you what, though, I'll give you a ring, anyway. Just to say, 'Hello, how are you?' Will you be at home?"

"Yes, I will, if you'll call me."

She should have more spirit, he reflected. It showed how right he was. "You get your books and study," he said, "and think of a poor businessman grinding away. Or, listen—if you want to go to the dance, I'll find you a man."

"Oh, no, Jimmie. Not without you.



"Oh, Jimmie, you woke me up!" She was breathless, excited, eager, young

Celebrate

By Gladys Taber



He was getting cold feet

I couldn't go without you. Not after—"

"That's fine, then." He spoke heartily. "Be a good girl."

"Jimmie, wait!" Her voice had that quick intensity. "You will really call, won't you? You won't forget? So I can hear your voice?"

"Surest thing you know. You can count on it."

He hung up, frowning. Just in time, he thought. He swung his long legs to the floor. How long had this been going on? A month, or was it two? Running the shower, he tried to remember. Oh, yes, it was the Harvest Dance. He had taken Marta. He was just getting over that unpleasant episode with Sally Jane, the sophisticated young divorcee. Marta had said quizzically, "Back again, Jimmie?" And he had said thankfully, "I'm through with women who want husbands."

He had seen the Brenner child for the first time. She had come with a high-school boy, Rusty Clark, captain of the football team, a big, blond youngster with freckles and a wide mouth. She had blue eyes, a soft, wistful mouth, hair curling gold against a soft young neck, and exquisitely young arms and hands.

"Who's that girl?" he had asked abruptly.

"Elaine Brenner," said Marta, in her cool voice.

"I haven't seen her before." He was staring.

Marta's voice sounded a little tired: "She's just a college girl, Jim. New this fall. She's engaged to Rusty Clark. Come on, let's dance."

Jimmie took his time. He danced with Marta, watching Elaine. He didn't have to concentrate on dancing with Marta; off and on, they had danced together for more years than he liked to remember. Marta was about his height, slim and steady, with dark hair cut smoothly in a boyish bob long gone out

of style. She had dark, level eyes set under a broad brow, a decided nose and chin, and a mouth that curved tolerantly. She had square, capable hands, beautiful, flexible wrists. She had gone to New York while Jimmie was at law school, and succeeded in making a Broadway play that ran six months. She was in a fair way to be famous, people said.

But she had given it up and come home to the little Southern town when her mother had been stricken suddenly with paralysis. She had settled down without any heroics to take care of her mother, run the house, and manage the local Little Theater. She had given up the dazzling Broadway footlights for the uncertain light of bulbs winking in tin cracker boxes, and she never said she minded.

JIMMIE had come back, too, six years ago, after graduating from law school, just to get experience in his father's law firm before a big city job was offered him. With his charm, his smooth good looks and his easy income, he was promptly taken up by the young social set. Once in a while he turned up at the local court and turned a granite jury into wax, but mostly he played golf, rode to the hounds, danced. When the crowd took up Drama, the smart modern movement to bring art to the provinces, Jimmie drifted with them. So he was cast as the hero, the ardent young lover, playing opposite Marta.

The local papers ran a full photo of him, shirt open at the throat, eyes smiling, mouth whimsical. Our rising young attorney gives magnificent performance with local Thespians. Credit is also due to Miss Marta Lane, who not only directed the production but played the engaging heroine with professional ability.. Two columns for Jimmie. After all, everybody knew Marta could act, but Jimmie's love-making affected the lady reporter with something more than surprise.

Jimmie always played the young lover after that. He would stop at Marta's house and say, "Well, where's my part?" And she would give him an amused glance and say, "This one you'll have to work on. In this you are cast as the young lover. Ardent, romantic."

"Do I get the gal?"

"In Act Three."

"That's a long time to wait, darling."

Marta was the first girl he had almost committed himself to. He didn't want to get married, he had a terrible fear of settling down, but Marta was so wise and gay and sweet. She was always there when he needed her. He made love to her offstage until he began to worry because that didn't seem enough.

But just in time somebody's cousin came to visit that spring, and under the apple blossoms he had taken her hands and said, "So this is the answer. Well, this calls for a celebration!"

"What does?"

"That we've met!"

ROMANCE, glamour, excitement, it was like wine in his veins. Then there was the new stenographer at the office, a little slick, dark thing from the wrong side of town. Her folks worked in the overall factory, but she was smart—she had gone to night school. She was smart, and she was new. Leaning on her desk, Jimmie had smiled his easy, caressing smile. "And this calls for a celebration!"

He liked the way she slid her eyes toward his. "Oh, yeah? Celebrate which?"

She had a boy-friend, she said. The boss could do the Big Apple with some other girl. But Jimmie had managed her all right. Until the end. There had been a bad taste in his mouth for weeks after that affair. The girl had cried and screamed and said terrible things. Her boy-friend had married another girl in the meantime. She wasn't at all grateful to Jimmie for saving her from living in a shack and having ten kids in nine years. Not to mention the wrist watch. She had stamped on the watch, as a matter of fact.

"I never dreamed she expected me to marry her," he told Marta. "I just played around with her a little—there was never anything actually between us—you believe that, don't you?"

Marta gave him a strange look. "Sometimes I think I'd respect you more if you weren't always so safe."

He said solemnly, "After this I won't even ask a girl to dance without putting it in writing first that it doesn't mean a bridal bouquet."

BUT when he saw Elaine Brenner he had forgotten again. He was bored; he wanted something new and fresh and sweet in his life, something to give him a lift.

So he turned Marta over to Alan Courtney, who had been crazy about her for years. "Dance with my rival," he grinned, "and don't say I'm not generous." Then, after a decent pause, he cut in on Elaine. There it was again, the swift surge of blood, his voice saying huskily, "Well, this calls for a celebration."

Her lifted face was as open and sweet as a summer day, and her voice was young and breathless. "Celebrate—what?"

He swung her toward the open door. Moonlight, magnolia, dark, cool night air, music ebbing over shadowy turf. He said, "I've met you before. I've always known you. And I've never seen you until this very moment. Now I am speaking to you. Elaine—" His heart beat hard with triumph. He smiled down at her, (*Continued on page 142*)

NEXT MONTH

The hotel manager, Jimmy Fanfare Smith, rushed into Suite No. 21. A man lay face down on the floor. And a girl in pajamas, her blond hair disheveled, knelt beside him. In her hand was a knife.

Jimmy's words sounded harsh: "Why did you kill him?"

"Kill *him?* I didn't kill him."

"Madam, you had the knife in your hand when I entered the room."

"But I—why, yes, of course. I—" Then she became rigid, as if frozen. . . .

MIGNON G. EBERHART

contributes the brilliant short mystery novel complete in the October issue. It's packed with the color and romance of beautiful Bermuda . . . and with the chills and thrills produced by the incredible . . .

BERMUDA GRAPEVINE

BY BEVERLY SMITH



ACME PHOTO

Eamon de Valera, Prime Minister of Ireland

The kid from 43rd st.

"Up, Dev!" shout the Irish people of their American-born leader, who has come through fantastic adventures to be the ruler of a new nation

TWENTY-TWO years ago a bespectacled young professor of mathematics, barricaded in a Dublin flour mill, commanded one of those handfuls of quixotic Irishmen who defied the might of the British Empire in the apparently futile and fantastic "Easter Rising" of 1916.

Today this man, American born, rules the legally independent nation (which includes all Ireland except the six northern counties still linked to England) of Eire. Just recently his position has been consolidated by his trade agreement with England, which incidentally removes the last British forces from the ports of Eire, and by his new democratic constitution, which came into full effect at the end of June, 1938.

His name is Eamon de Valera. His title, in the official Gaelic language of Ireland, is An Taioseach, "the Leader," or Prime Minister. To the bulk of the Irish people he is just "Dev," and when they cheer him it is with the shout of "Up, Dev!"

Today great new opportunities for leadership beckon him. Ireland is one of the most fertile of European countries, and could be one of the most prosperous. In the centuries of strife and oppression she has neglected much of her wealth, and has exported much of the best of her manhood—soldiers, writers, leaders—to other lands. Now at last she has peace, freedom, friendly relations with England, and a chance to cultivate her own garden, develop her own genius at home. De Valera, after twenty-two years of fighting, has been given a clear majority in the Dail, leadership—and responsibility.

In those twenty-two years De Valera has been sentenced to death, and reprieved at the last moment. He has served three prison sentences, two in England and one at the hands of his brother Irishmen. He was hero of a jailbreak which outdid Dillinger. Again and again he has been in hiding, in disguise, his life at forfeit, and many of his followers devoutly believe that his miraculous escapes have been due to nothing less than Divine Providence, while his enemies in Ireland, still numerous and bitter, attribute his survival to the intervention of the devil. To them he is Devil-error.

His career, in the supposedly prosaic twentieth century, ranks in romance with the tales of the heroes and adventurers of the Middle Ages.

In his manner he seems neither heroic nor adventurous, but rather scholastic and clerical. He has none of the supposedly adventurous vices. He does not smoke, drink, swear, or philander. He is a devoted family man, and deeply religious. He is not a fiery, and only occasionally a moving, orator. His speech, because it is so conscientious, is apt to be plodding and overelaborated. As the Irish wit, Jeffries, once said: "De Valera is marching on Dublin at the head of 20,000 words."

Unlike the current Continental heroes, he has no love of uniforms and display. His long, spare frame is clothed almost always in rusty black; he lives with Spartan frugality; his aversion to social life and entertainment (*Continued on page 122*)

What has happened so far:

WHEN I, Bertram Erasmus Dillsome, gave up my promising career as an astronomer to go to New York to take charge of Dimity Sprig, Inc., the country's smartest beauty salon, which was left me by my sixty-year-old spinster aunt, Dimity Sprig, I had no idea that within forty-eight hours I would be confronted with a series of abnormalities. First, the visit to me of Mr. Rodney Blynn demanding that I sell Dimity Sprig, Inc.; second, the claim of the actress, Amy Devore, for a large sum in damages for facial disfigurement; third, a letter for me found in Aunt Dimity's effects which warned me that someone was making use of the beauty salon for stealthy purposes; and, fourth, an unconscionable demand by a Mr. Pike Sandys that I pay a gambling debt of my aunt's to the tune of $37,000.

"You figger somebody's plottin' to put it on your eye?" asked Blimp Moggs, formerly my home-town barber, now my first assistant.

"You put it crudely but concisely."

"And what," asked Dottie Nickerson, Blimp's fiancée and a correspondence-school manicurist, now my second assistant, "are you going to do about it?"

"Make use," said I, "of the scientific



"Your mouth, madam, is not attractive in motion—close it!"

MISS DIAMOND PRINGLE lived, I discovered, in a house on Fifth Avenue across from Central Park. It was extremely imposing to one who had never entered such a domicile, and I was rendered even more ill at ease than I already had been. However, I rang the bell and stated to the servant that I was calling upon Miss Pringle. Whereupon I was shown into a large and pleasant room whose primary use seemed to be that of a library. Miss Pringle came toward me with what I can only describe as vivacity, and commenced to talk.

"You mustn't mind Papa," she said, "because he's always apt to be that way, and if he knows he scares you, then your life will be perfectly miserable, because he will keep on scaring you—"

"Hush your fuss," said a large and deep bass voice, "and get out of the way so I can take a look at it. I never got a good, close-up look at a dimple puncher."

"And maybe," said Miss Pringle, "he never had a peek at an economic royalist."

From the sound of his voice I expected Mr. Pringle to be an enormous man with huge shoulders and a leonine head, but there arose from a deep chair beside a reading light a small, thin, wiry individual with a nose like an owl's and carroty-red hair and an Adam's apple. He was not at all impressive if you should happen to overlook his eyes under

approach. That's the only way to do."

As a matter of fact I was already a victim of the scientific approach. Miss Le Roy, the salon's publicity expert, had changed my name to "Dr. Erasmus," had told the world that I slept on a sheet of glass instead of a bed, and had taught me to diagnose the beauty ills of our clients by a senseless system of quadratics. I couldn't object to Miss Le Roy's methods, though, because the clients lined up at our doors. I was the hit of New York. Nevertheless, I disliked being a charlatan . . . it promised plenty of trouble ahead . . . especially in such moments as when I was blackmailed into taking Dime Pringle, who had known me as Professor Dillsome, the astronomer, out to dinner. Miss Pringle threatened to expose me if I didn't. I thought I'd better listen to her, particularly as she was present when I discovered Miss Sawter, my late aunt's assistant, and Mr. Blynn in Miss Sawter's office hovering over the unconscious form of Miss Long, one of our operators.

"Hysterics," explained Miss Sawter.

Dime Pringle looked at me oddly afterward. "Hysterics," she said, "don't give you a bruise on the chin. It could be a fist."

Do you wonder my head whirled as I approached the Pringle home? . : .



FOR BEAUTY'S SAKE

The rollicking novel of a man who made the beautiful more beauteous . . . and paid for it

BY CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

bushy reddish eyebrows. With these eyes he stared at me balefully, to my discomfiture.

"What d'ye want—hanging around my daughter?" he demanded fiercely.

"Nothing," said I.

"Then," said he, even more ferociously, "you're a blasted fool."

I could think of no proper rejoinder to this observation. I was nonplussed. I wished I were elsewhere; and I do not know what I would have done had Miss Pringle not immediately intervened.

"Always have a comeback," she said. "Never let him get away with anything like that. If you can't think of anything pat and perfectly devastating, just be crude and tell him to go chase himself." She patted my sleeve as if I were some sort of pet animal, and then seemed to remember her manners. "Papa," she said, "this is Mr. Dillsome. I mean Dr. Erasmus."

"Well, which?" demanded Mr. Pringle. "Make up your mind."

"I think," said Miss Pringle, "that in the long run he'll turn out to be Mr. Dillsome. Isn't he just bewilderingly swell?"

"No," said Mr. Pringle categorically.

"He is," said Miss Pringle. She reached up and, with little tapering fingers, turned my head sidewise by exerting lateral pressure on my chin. "Just give that profile the once-over," she commanded.

"Probably," said Mr. Pringle, "he sleeps in a mud mask."

"Some day," said his daughter, "I'll let you know."

"Why don't he sit down? Eh? Can't he? Afraid of spoiling the crease in his pants. Huh. Noble job for a white man—massaging wattles off of fat women!"

I was conscious of a feeling of irritation, not to say outrage. My embarrassment was merging itself into resentment. I had not felt so in a great many years, and before I knew it I was speaking to him as I have spoken to nobody since I

was an impertinent boy of twelve years.

"Listen here, little man," said I; "I didn't want to come here. I don't want anything to do with you or your silly snip of a daughter. I was forced into it. I suppose you have some sort of Napoleonic complex. Most little men have. But Napoleon didn't have a scrawny neck and orange eyebrows. So far as I am able to determine at the moment, the only thing you have in common with the great Corsican is abominable manners."

"Little!" he shouted, bristling.

"Microscopic," I said firmly.

"Wrinkle-duster!" he said.

"Sic 'em," said Miss Pringle with evident enjoyment.

"If," said I to her, "we are going out, let us be about it. So your—parent can crawl into his doll's bed and go to sleep."

It appears that I had touched unwittingly upon an exceedingly vulnerable point—namely, Mr. Pringle's stature. His daughter went across to him and poked a disrespectful finger in his ribs. "You will monkey with the buzz saw!" she said. "You like to ladle it out, darling; now, how do you enjoy just perfectly deliciously taking it?"

Mr. Pringle suddenly chuckled. "I made him mad, anyhow," he said, as if becoming angry were somehow creditable to me. "I suppose those shoulders are all padding."

"My physique," said I, "is my own private affair."

"You just think so," said Miss Pringle softly.

"*Mens sana in corpore sano*," said I.

"Lift something," said Mr. Pringle sententiously.

"I beg your pardon."

"Knew you couldn't," he snapped.

THE whole scene was incredible. I never, even in my flightiest dreams, had envisioned such a situation nor such individuals as Mr. Pringle and his daughter. It was unreal, absurd—but, oddly, it was neither unreal nor absurd, but somehow peculiarly natural, and I was a logical part of it. Psychologists say that in dreams, no matter how bewildering and improbable they may be, we act in a rational sequence from a basis of irrational assumption. This was that sort of situation. It all commenced with an absurdity, but, having accepted that, it flowed onward with perfect reason and aptness. Whatever silly thing one did or said was a natural sequence to the original premise.

There was a small piano in a corner of the library. I walked to it with intention, placed my fingers under the edge of its case, gathered the muscles of my back and shoulders, and heaved upward. I lifted the front of the instrument some eighteen inches from the floor, so that it tilted and spilled off various objects which had embellished its top.

"Diggity!" exclaimed Miss Pringle.

Mr. Pringle grunted. "Sit down," he said, "before you bust something else. What's the idea of a piano mover turning himself into a critter that butters dowagers with vanishing cream?"

"Under the Constitution of this country," said I, "I have a right to embrace any lawful gainful occupation I may choose."

"Don't go leaning on the Constitution too much these days," he snorted. "It's full of termites." He scrutinized me fiercely. "Go to college?"

"Several," I replied.

"Football?" he asked.

"I rowed," said I.

"I'll be jiggered!" he said.

"I told you," said Miss Pringle. "If somebody died and left you a perfectly atrocious side show, that wouldn't make you a snake charmer, would it?"

I was thinking about that business of the piano, and suddenly I was ashamed of it. "I—I mean to say—I shouldn't have done that. Hoisted the piano, I mean. You provoked me. It was puerile. It is absurd that I should allow myself to be goaded into a ridiculous display of—physical competence."

"Papa," said Miss Pringle, "is an expert goader. Anyhow, it clicked with him. He likes people who can lift things."

"Take him out of here," said Mr. Pringle morosely, "before I lose my prejudice against him. Pore polisher! Can't a man get any satisfaction out of despising a he hair bobber without his up and showing signs of what-d'ye-call-it!" He snarled. "Why didn't you wear perfume? Why didn't you mince and sport a lavender vest? Darn it! Git out of here—both of you! I tell you it's plain hell when a man goes and finds evidence to confirm a fool daughter's judgment. Take him away and keep him out of my hair before I find him trying to curl it."

In no time I had bent the iron rod—much to the delight of Miss Pringle

ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED PARKER

As we left the house and stood waiting for a taxicab Miss Pringle asked me, "Where are you taking me?"

"Where do you wish to go?"

"You mean I am to pick the spot?"

"But definitely," I said.

"What was that?"

"But definitely," I repeated.

"Where did you pick that up?" she asked.

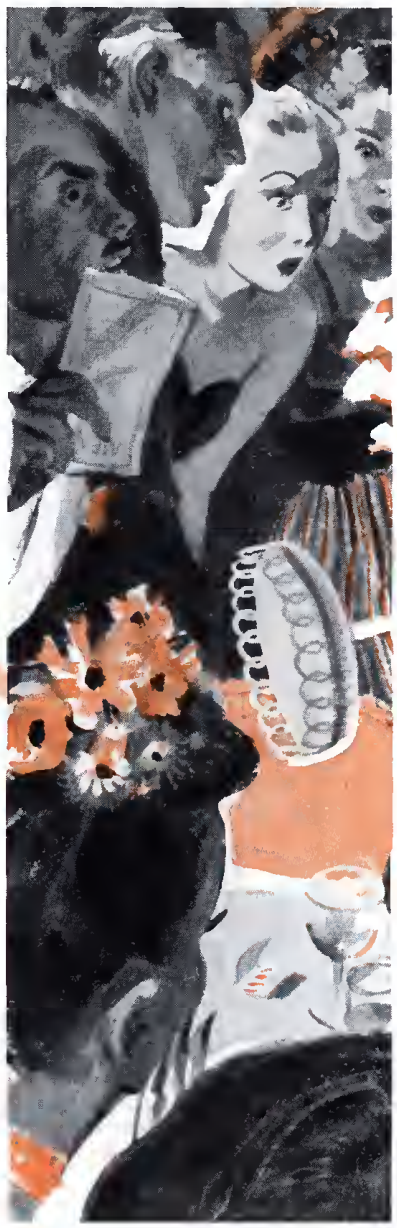
"I understand," said I, "it is the correct modern phrase. I notice that Miss Le Roy makes use of it constantly."

"It just poisonously doesn't become you," she said. And then, "Don't go modern on me. Being sort of definitely stodgy and old-fashioned was part of your elfin charm. Here's a taxi, and we'll go to the Bon Marché."

We drove to the spot she designated, where I found a rope stretched across the doorway to what I took to be the dining-room.

"No table," said a young man with smooth hair. He spoke arrogantly.

I TURNED to Miss Pringle, who at that moment emerged from behind me. The corner of her mouth was crooked upward a little as she tilted her chin toward the ill-mannered person in the doorway. "Says which, Gaston?" she asked.



His face changed swiftly; became gracious, not to say servile. "Oh, Miss Pringle. I'm sorry. I assure you I didn't see you."

"Probably," she said, "a snob blew into your eye. They're very blinding. Now, memorize Dr. Erasmus. He rates ringside."

"Yes, Miss Pringle. Charmed to meet you, Dr. Erasmus." He paused and stared at me. "Not *the* Dr. Erasmus!" he exclaimed.

"We're still standing," said Miss Pringle.

Gaston swiftly lowered the rope and led us to a small table at the edge of a dance floor scarcely larger than the platter upon which my mother used to serve Thanksgiving turkey. As I seated myself I stared about the room. Never before had I been in such a place. It was crowded. At the moment a Cuban orchestra was creating a noise very unpleasant to me, and my lungs revolted at the so-called air that oppressed the room. It was not secondhand air, nor even third-hand. It seemed to me it had always been in the place, to be breathed over and over again, and never to have been refreshed by a draft from outside.

"You are seeing life," said Miss Pringle. "I mean for you to see a great deal of it. Now, tell me why girls in your beauty salon get themselves nicked on the chin."

"If," said I, "the girl you refer to was struck on the chin, it is a mystery."

"Then," said she promptly, "you'd better just dazzlingly solve it."

BEFORE I could make any rejoinder to this a feminine voice spoke over my shoulder, saying, "Hello, Dime. What have you got and where did you get it?"

"I caught it with cheese," said Miss Pringle promptly, "and keep your hands off or I'll just vindictively bopp your eyes out. Dr. Erasmus, the marauder behind you is Edith Curtis."

"Not *the* Dr. Erasmus!" exclaimed Miss Curtis, and promptly she turned to the large table from which she had risen. "Girls and boys," she called. "Come see what Dime Pringle has." She turned to Miss Pringle. "Darling, you're much too young to have a whole man at once. You ought to start with a finger and work up."

"Darling," said Miss Pringle, "when I get to your age I'll be able to be true to a whole polo team, too. Including the substitutes."

There must have been something very funny about this, because everybody within earshot laughed loudly, and Miss Curtis seemed (*Continued on page 126*)



SIX MEN *in sneakers*





Stephen Epler, the originator

WIDE WORLD

A new football game sweeps the country as parents cheer. . . . 2,000 school teams will be playing it this season

By *Stanley Frank*

TWENTY boys were preparing to play their first game of football and the confusion was terrific. The kids thought the shoulder pads were new-fangled breeches or something; they were not quite sure whether the well-dressed gladiator was wearing hip pads inside or outside the pants that season. These were not backward children, though. They were, rather, backwoods boys who had never seen a football game, whose uniforms were borrowed hand-me-downs.

Presently, and in spite of it all, the high-school kids went out and played a whale of a game in the very best blood-and-thunder tradition. With the Hard Chests leading, 19–13, and scant seconds remaining before the end of the game, 140-pound Jack Sloey caught a pass, burst through a tackler, and raced 50 yards for the touchdown which gave Belalex a 19–19 tie. A thousand kids yelled ecstatically and the panic was on.

On this 26th day of September, 1934, at Hebron, Nebr., something was started —something that is today sweeping the country with increasing popularity and with significance for kids in the hills, in the deep bush, on the prairies, and even in large urban communities. For on September 26, 1934, under the arc lights of the Hebron Junior College, the first 6-man football game was played.

Something more than a new game was born when little Jack Sloey brought that undistinguished crowd to its feet. His touchdown run never saw the light of day in a newspaper and his modest heroics did not earn a scholarship for him at a big-time college. But in the broadest sociological sense the game and the thrilling windup were the emancipation proclamation for those youngsters who are not big or rugged enough for regulation football, and for the obscure schools which, by reason of their extreme poverty, never before could equip a varsity football team. Small wonder, therefore, that 6-man football today is challenging the 11-man game, if not in big gates and ballyhoo, then in the sheer number of participants involved.

It is expected that about 2,000 "sixes" will have been organized in schools this year. All this was made possible because Stephen Epler got a bright idea in the spring of 1934. Epler had played four years of right end for Cotner College, a

denominational school at Lincoln, Nebr., and, like every old blue, wanted to coach the team when he was appointed an instructor in physical education at Chester High in southern Nebraska near the Kansas state line.

Then he made the discouraging discovery that football had never been played at Chester or in the Little Blue Conference, which is not the name of a song but the athletic association in which the eight schools of the vicinity held membership. He was told, flatly and emphatically, that football would never be played in the Little Blue.

Dean Moomey, superintendent of schools, said he had no objection to football, but explained that the schools had no funds to buy equipment and the injury hazard was too great. Even if Chester did organize a team, Moomey pointed out, it would be almost impossible to muster up enough players. Of the 35 students enrolled in the school, only 17 were boys—hardly enough for a skeleton squad without discounting those who were too small or unable to spare the time from their farm chores for practice.

Epler was feeling very sorry for himself and the underprivileged kids of Chester High, until casual inquiry showed that the problem was not peculiar to his locality. More than half the high schools in the United States were confronted with identical conditions which prevented them from playing football.

Of the 18,000 schools registered in state athletic associations in the country, 50 per cent had enrollments of less than 100 boys and girls, and 75 per cent had fewer than 200 co-ed students. Although 94 per cent of all high schools in this country were represented by basketball teams—requiring 5 men and a minimum of equipment—only 42 per cent were able to support football teams.

There was, therefore, the problem of personnel and, even more important, the poverty of high-school athletic associations to be considered. Those of us who live in large, populous communities, where a fair proportion of the heavy income from taxes is earmarked for primary and secondary education, cannot fully realize the situation.

We wouldn't know, for instance, that schools in the sticks have athletic budgets of no more than $100 for the *entire* year for *all* teams. How can we be expected to know of such conditions when we see metropolitan high-school teams, tricked out in fancy uniforms which cost as much as $1,000 a year for football alone, perform in surroundings which are modest replicas of elaborate college plants? Nor would we know that our young country cousins hand down basketball jerseys from generation to generation and that some varsity baseball teams play in overalls and are lucky if the kids can chip in a dime apiece for a new ball for each game.

An appreciation of the apparently insurmountable problems frustrating his plans for football at Chester were a stimulant, rather than a deterrent, to Epler. He was promised by Moomey that any practical scheme for making football feasible for small schools would be tried in the Little Blue. Working out the details of such a scheme was something else again, but Epler believed he had the clue in the enormous popularity of basketball, with its 5-man teams. He began to toy with the idea of reducing the number of players on a football team.

The first football game, between Princeton and Rutgers in 1869, was played with 25 men on a side, and it was not until 1880 that the number of players was permanently established at 11. In 1872 Yale played with "twenties," a few years later 15 men constituted a team, and in 1877 Yale and Harvard failed to get together for their annual game because they could not agree on the size of the teams. Yale wanted 11 players to a team, Harvard held out for 15 players Walter Camp, the father of American football, played at Yale throughout this (*Continued on page 117*)



Six-man high-school team of Roslyn, Long Island—two ends, center, quarterback, halfback, and fullback

ACME PHOTO



They walked behind him

He was just an ordinary man—not much afraid of things he could see or touch. But now he was up against men who struck in the dark

SLEDGE DONOVAN always figured there were certain things that had to be done, and you did them. Going to meeting was one of those things. It didn't make any difference if there had been trouble at the job. Nor if men had been beaten. When the secretary sent a card that told you to attend—well, you just went, that's all. You brushed your shoes, brushed your hat, put on a Christmas tie, and went. Of course, a man with sense didn't have too much to say. He listened to the speeches and tried to vote the right way. And that's what Sledge intended to do this evening.

He was packing the bowl of a good brier as he came up the stairs of the Market Place subway station. When he reached the street he put the curved stem between his teeth and glanced up at the traffic light. It was red, and Sledge waited. He was that sort of a man. When it changed he crossed Seventh Avenue and walked toward Grand. The pipe was drawing well, it was a pleasant summer evening, and the union meeting would not start for another twenty minutes. Sledge walked slowly. At Grand Avenue he again waited for the traffic light, crossed when it changed, and walked to the door of Ryan's Café. Sledge always bought one glass of beer before meeting. He always took three pretzels to the hall and broke them into small pieces. He chewed them while he



FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN OIL BY MEAD SCHAEFFER

listened absorbedly to the speeches.

The bartender had set out the glass, taken Sledge's dime, and pushed the bowl of pretzels toward him, when Sledge saw Tom Brubacher sitting at one of the wall tables with Martin Flynn. Sledge nodded, lifted his glass, and said, "'Lo, fellers. How's tricks?" Sledge usually said that when he met you. If you cared to tell him how tricks were Sledge would listen. And if tricks were good he'd say, "Now, that's great—just great."

Tom Brubacher was a big man. Had he been standing he would have measured head and shoulders above Sledge. Seated, he bulged over the edges of his chair and his arms took up a good section of the table. Most of this bulk was bone and muscle. Tom was president of the local. He was also a mighty fine miner.

"Bring your beer and sit down," he said. He pointed to an empty chair beside him.

Sledge glanced at the clock over the bar. "Only ten minutes till meeting, Tom."

"Bring your beer and sit down," said Brubacher again. He added, "Maybe there ain't going to be a meeting."

Sledge lifted his glass carefully and walked to the table. He sat down, placed the glass before him, and said, "Yeah?" He looked inquiringly at Brubacher. Then at Martin Flynn, who was secretary of the local. Both men were being deliberately quiet. Sledge didn't mind a natural quiet, because he talked very little, himself, but he didn't like a deliberate quiet. It usually meant trouble. He found a dry spot on the table and rested one elbow. "Anything wrong?" he asked.

"Plenty," said Brubacher. "They got Eddie Halladay."

Sledge frowned. "Hurt him bad?"

"Kicked in his chest. The doctor

By BORDEN CHASE

thinks maybe he'll lose one eye into the bargain."

Sledge shook his head and reached forward to tap pipe ashes into a glass tray. All these troubles had started a year past when the sand hogs refused to take orders from some gangsters about a strike.

Terry Blake had been delegate then—a nice fellow, Terry, with a record of twenty years in the river tunnels. He'd been killed. The newspapers told a lot of crazy stories about the reason for the murder; the talk at the tunnel shafts had been even wilder. But nobody really knew. As near as Sledge could come to it, a crowd of wise guys had tried to take over the local and run things to suit themselves. None of them were sand hogs—hadn't spent so much as a day in the tunnels. None of them were union men. At one meeting Brubacher had called them a dirty bunch of racketeers. Called them crooks, too. He'd warned the men a fight was coming, and he'd been right.

WHEN Jack O'Conner took Terry's place as delegate, Jack landed in the hospital with a broken back. Two other men had been kicked around since then, and now a third.

"Old Eddie Halladay," said Sledge slowly. "Wouldn't you think they'd pass up a man in his sixties?"

"Not if it keeps them from making money," said Brubacher. "They know Bill Johnston is in a tough spot and they're going to shake him down plenty. They'll go after the Continental outfit, too."

Sledge thought that was a fine how-d'-ye-do, and he said so. Shaking down Bill Johnston! Why, Bill was a good guy—one of the best. He'd been a sand hog himself, once. Worked his way up to own a company and he'd built some of the best river tunnels in the country. Nothing wrong with Bill Johnston. He'd just bid in a big job under the South River. Took a long chance and cut his figures very low. He couldn't afford to have labor troubles or he'd go broke, sure. Nothing wrong with the Continental outfit, either.

"We shouldn't let them shake down Johnston," said Sledge. "It ain't right, Tom."

Brubacher looked at Martin Flynn, and the secretary sniffed as though he had a cold in his nose. Sledge didn't think Martin had a cold. He didn't like Martin's voice when the secretary spoke, either. Sledge wasn't a two-year-old kid, and that's the way Martin was treating him.

"Look," said the secretary. "We don't want Bill Johnston or the Continental to get robbed, and we don't want to let a bunch of racketeers run the union, Sledge. But those guys are tough. And a guy with kids can't afford to get killed. You know that, Sledge—a guy with kids can't afford to get killed."

"That's the way I figure," said Brubacher. "A guy with kids can't afford to get killed."

Sledge had kids. Two of them. Helen was four and Marie was ten. He knew how Martin felt, but you couldn't just do nothing while a bunch of crooks grabbed the union. "I know," he said. "But somebody's got to be delegate."

"Oh, there'll be a delegate," said Brubacher. "Dan Morgan will be nominated tonight, and he'll be elected, too."

"Dan Morgan's a drunk," said Sledge.

"Sure, he's a drunk," said Brubacher. "But he'll take orders from that bunch. He'll pull a strike on Bill Johnston first thing he does—if Bill don't pay plenty. Then he'll get Continental and every other contractor in the business."

"We don't want any strike," said Sledge. "Ain't had a strike for twenty years. What do we want with a strike?"

Martin Flynn sniffed again, and Sledge guessed he'd said the wrong thing. But it was true. The union didn't want any strike. Neither did Sledge. He just wanted to build tunnels and get paid for doing it. But he guessed these fellows knew what they were talking about. They'd both been officers in the local for years. Knew all about the union. But it sounded foolish to Sledge—one man pulling a strike and causing a lot of trouble. "You mean Dan Morgan could do that all alone if he was elected?" he asked.

Brubacher was patient. "He wouldn't be alone, Sledge. He'd have those crooks backing him; see? He'd be running things, and if anyone bucked him they'd get their head handed to them. Get their ears knocked off."

Sledge dipped one finger in the foam of his beer. He made a wet line on the table and watched it shrivel. This was a fine state of affairs. It just meant someone had to run against Dan Morgan and keep him from being delegate. Someone who wouldn't take orders. Someone like Tom Brubacher. Sledge looked at the big man beside him. Tom certainly wouldn't take orders.

"You could stop all that stuff, Tom," said Sledge. "You could be elected if you ran for delegate."

BRUBACHER took a wooden match from his pocket and ran it under a cracked thumbnail. He cleaned the nail carefully. Sledge waited until he had finished, and said, "Couldn't you, Tom?" The match snapped and Brubacher dipped the sulphur tip into a wet spot on the table. He tried to make the match stick to his thumb. It kept dropping off. Sledge remembered that Tom Brubacher had kids. He turned to look at Martin Flynn. The secretary met his eyes for a moment and then looked down at his own hands. Sledge looked, too. They were shovel man's hands. Hooked and bent. Martin could snap a miner's forearm with a twist of those hands. He'd done it once in a fight.

Sledge said, "I guess you could be delegate, Martin—if you wanted."

Martin had found a splinter in the tip of his forefinger. He was picking at it with his thumbnail. He didn't look up, and Sledge knew the man was frightened. On account of his kids. And so was Brubacher. Sledge saw it and felt it. Fear wasn't new to him. A man who works in the river tunnels gets used to fear. It's part of the job. When the compressed air leaks out and the black water of the river bottom seeps in, fear comes with it. An old-timer feels it and usually says a few words to the young sand hogs to quiet them. But Brubacher and Martin weren't young sand hogs.

"It's pretty bad, isn't it?" said Sledge.

SILENCE sat with the men at the table. Sledge lifted his glass and drank half of the beer. He wished he hadn't, because fear had come to him and touched his stomach. Made it shivery. And that was strange, because Sledge really had no reason to be frightened. He wasn't an officer of the local. Never had much to do with union politics. But this strike stuff was bad. It could wreck the union and make lots of trouble. Still, that shouldn't make Sledge frightened. It shouldn't make his stomach shivery. Sledge wondered what was wrong with him.

He twisted the stem of his glass and stared at the table top. Something had to be done. It was just one of those times when something had to be done. Even if Brubacher and Martin were afraid, someone had to run for delegate against Dan Morgan. And that was what was wrong with Sledge's stomach. He knew he just had to offer his name, and he was scared stiff. It reminded Sledge of his kid days—when he'd been sent to the cellar for a scuttle of coal. It was a dark cellar and full of noises. Each time Sledge went into it he was frightened and wanted to run. He wanted to sling a few scoops of coal into the scuttle and run up the stairs to the kitchen. But he never did. Perhaps it was because he was frightened and knew it. That was why he walked very slowly up the stairs while his heart jumped in his chest. It made him hesitate on the last step when there wasn't any reason to stop. Then he'd slam the door and feel better. But the scuttle was always more than full.

"Maybe," said Sledge, "maybe the fellers would elect me." He spoke very slowly. Each word was a shovel of coal falling into the scuttle. "I been twenty years in the union. I got lots of friends in the union."

Martin shook his head. "They'd kill



you sure, Sledge. It'd be murder."

That really filled the scuttle. Sledge could run up the stairs, if he wanted. Lots of people ran up the cellar stairs and nobody thought anything about it. All he had to do now was sit and look at his beer. He wanted to do just that. He wished he could do it. . . . "Guess someone has to run against Dan Morgan," he said. "I'll sort of expect you to nominate me, Martin."

Martin said, "Not me, Sledge. I ain't going to be responsible. If something happens to you what will Sarah think of me?"

Sarah was Sledge's wife.

"Nothing's going to happen," said Sledge. "Do like I ask you, Martin. Nominate me for delegate."

Again Martin shook his head. "They'd kill you before election."

"Martin's right," said Brubacher. "They'd kill anyone who ran against Dan Morgan."

Sledge buttoned his coat across his chest. He stood up and walked toward the door that led into the street. As he passed the bar he took three pretzels from the bowl and dropped them into his coat pocket. The others followed, and at the curb Sledge put a hand upon the secretary's arm.

"Do like I say, Martin. Nominate me for delegate."

FLYNN didn't answer. He walked on Sledge's right side. Brubacher walked to the left. They went through the narrow entrance of an old building and climbed the stairs to the meeting hall. It was hot and smelled of smoke and clothes. Five hundred men sat in long rows of chairs and stared at an empty platform. Some talked quietly. Most were silent. When Sledge and his friends came into the hall all the sand hogs turned to look. Some smiled and nodded. Sledge said, "'Lo, fellers. How's tricks?" One said tricks were good, and Sledge said, "Now, that's great—just great."

He found a seat in the first row and watched Brubacher and the other officers take their places on the platform. The gavel sounded, and Martin Flynn read the minutes of the previous meeting. Sledge put his hand into his coat pocket and took out a pretzel. He broke it into small pieces and put one piece in his mouth. He chewed while Martin read. He was breaking the second pretzel when the nominations started. President, vice-president, and secretary were nominated to succeed themselves. Then Brubacher cleared his throat. The hall was suddenly quiet. "Nominations for the office of delegate are now in order," he said.

A little fellow in the back of the hall stood up. He'd been drinking with Dan Morgan lately "I nominate Dan Morgan," he said loudly.

Another of Morgan's pals seconded the nomination. Sledge put a piece of pretzel into his mouth and chewed. There was some mumbling, and someone called Morgan a crook. Someone else said he was a good guy. Brubacher banged the gavel. "Any other nominations?" he asked.

NO ONE said anything. Sledge knew they were looking at him. They'd seen him come in with Brubacher and Flynn. They knew someone had to give Morgan a fight. So did Sledge. He put another piece of pretzel into his mouth and stared hard at Martin Flynn. The secretary was looking at the floor.

"Any other nominations?" asked Brubacher.

He, too, looked right at Flynn. Kept looking until he caught his eye. Martin looked away. He was rubbing the knuckles of his big hands. His feet scuffed on the floor. He mumbled something, and it sounded like a curse. Finally he looked at Sledge. Sledge tapped a piece of pretzel against his Christmas tie. He nodded at Martin.

"Any other nominations?" asked Brubacher. He kept staring at Flynn.

Martin stood up. "I nominate Sledge Donovan."

A dozen men were willing to second the nomination just so long as Flynn had made it. Soon (*Continued on page 145*)

On a dark, deserted street they struck down their victim—swiftly and viciously



All of my life

Henrietta had a natural talent for doing the wrong thing—particularly when she fell in love

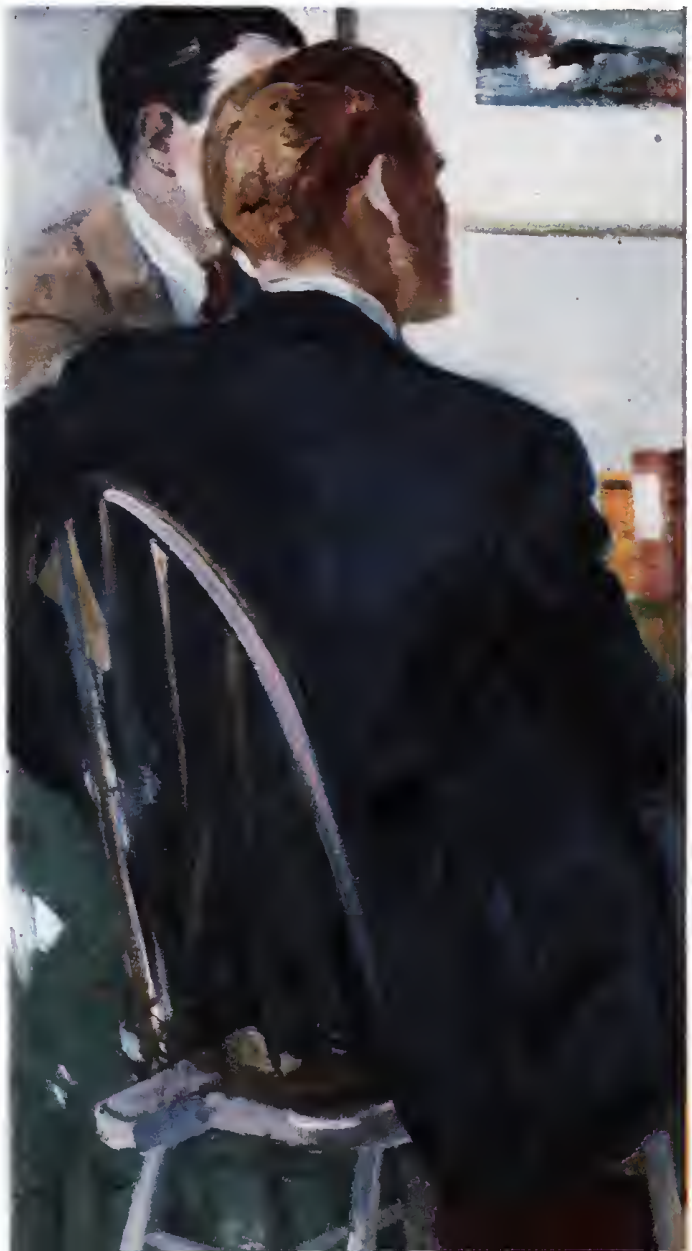
HENRIETTA MORROW, a big-eyed little girl with braces on her upper teeth, sat in the first row of the narrow, low-slung balcony encircling the basketball court of Center High School. Her position was almost directly over the north basket. In fact, on two occasions the ball had overshot its mark and come bounding up toward the first row, while Henrietta's little friends squealed in anticipation.

She had come so early that she had had to wait fifteen minutes for the opening of the doors. Outside, a raw wind was drifting the loose, dry snow. Her mother had insisted that she be bundled up within an inch of her life before she left home. "And remember, Henrietta," Mrs. Morrow had said, "be sure to take off your things when you get there. If you don't you'll catch pneumonia. And do remove your overshoes."

She had remembered. She had remembered, even though her heart was pounding fiercely in her narrow little chest. Her cap, coat, and muffler lay in a neat if somewhat unwieldy bundle in her lap, while beside her, in the adult-size seat she occupied, lay her black overshoes, still glistening with newness. She was an extremely methodical little girl, and not even the flowering of a first unrequited passion could jog her out of thirteen-year-old habits of precise neatness.

But now Henrietta had forgotten even herself. The roar of the crowd pounded at her eardrums, but she did not hear it. The shrill whistle of the referee, blown by her brother Lyle, halted and resumed play, but she did not see him. She saw nothing but one dazzling figure weaving in and out, wearing the colors of Center High. He was all of five-feet-ten, thin and wiry, and as fleet, Henrietta was sure, as Mercury himself. His hair was yellow, and would have been wavy had it not been so thoroughly saturated with vaseline that it resembled a skullcap. He was sixteen years old, a senior, a forward, a Greek god, a medieval knight, and a prince. Otho Briggs was the name of this conglomerate paragon, and to Henrietta he was wonderful.

Henrietta did not intend that her friends should ever know how she felt about Otho. If they did, they would think she had a case on him, that she



"I swore I'd take some of the conceit out of your pretty blond head," Henrietta said wildly

wanted to go to the movies with him and hold hands the way Angela Carter did with that sawed-off Harry Adams. The mere thought of Otho's touching her sent a flush from the neckline of her dress to the roots of her black hair. No, Henrietta's emotions with reference to Otho Briggs were not so tangible.

She scarcely knew what she wanted of him. A look, perhaps. Maybe a word as they passed in the hall. If she were only a little older, so that she could help him with his lessons. "No, silly," she could hear herself saying; "that's not the way to do it at all. It's like *this*."

"Henrietta, you're a brick to do this for me," he'd say. "Gosh, you're smart!" And she'd say, "Oh, you flatterer, you!" Then she would run away and he would try to catch her, but she would run into another room and lock the door, and stand with her back to it and her eyes shining mischievously like Norma Shearer's, while Otho pled with her to let him come in. So that he could thank her more, of course. . . .

The game was drawing to a fast and furious finish. Otho was running, weaving, dribbling the ball, then leaping high into the air to shoot at the basket. His blond head looked as if it had a spotlight on it.

She wrenched her gaze from Otho to look at the board. It read:

West End	29
Center	28

There were two minutes to play. It was just like the movies.

Henrietta did not very much care whether Center beat West End or not, but Otho would care and she did not want him to be disappointed. If he only had something—some *one*—to sort of inspire him. If he could only wear *her* colors as well as the school's.

"Otho!" she cried fiercely. "Give it to 'em! Give 'em the ax, Otho!"

This somewhat barbaric plea was drowned in the general tumult, but Angela Carter, who was sitting beside her, heard.

"You're keen on him, aren't you?" Angela said.

"On who?" Henrietta asked, sharply and ungrammatically.

"Don't give me that," Angela sneered. "Everybody knows you're just crazy about Otho Briggs."

"I am not," Henrietta flared, but the telltale blush was creeping out of her collar again.

"Why don't you do something to attract his attention?" whispered Angela. Angela was always on the side of romance.

"Yeah," said Jeanne Saunders from the other side. "Let him know you're up here!"

"Go on!" Angela taunted. "I dare

FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN OIL BY PRUETT CARTER



BY Dale Eunson

you! I just double-dare you to!"

Henrietta looked from one to the other. She was breathing hard, her mouth open, showing her braces. There was a wild look in her big eyes. Suddenly, instead of wanting to conceal her emotion from the world, she wanted everybody to know. *Henrietta Morrow loves Otho Briggs! She's his girl!*

SHE leaned forward and sought him out. He was coming toward her, dribbling the ball before him. If she shouted he wouldn't hear her, because everybody else was shouting, too. In a minute the game would be over. She might never have another opportunity to let him and the world know. He was close now, raising the ball before him. For a moment Henrietta felt possessed, half mad, half inspired. Great ladies must have felt such exultation when they tossed favors to knights-errant.

She was clutching something in her hand. Otho was directly below her, looked up triumphantly, not at her, but at the basket. The ball was poised, ready to shoot. There was no interference. Then suddenly something large and black and shining plopped him right between the eyes.

Otho staggered and dropped the ball. Immediately it was whisked away by the West End guards. Otho alone of his team remained staring down at the object that had struck him. It was—and Henrietta was almost as amazed as he—Henrietta's right overshoe. . . .

Henrietta would probably be victimized by occasional nightmares during her life, but none of them could ever compare for sheer, unmitigated horror with the next few moments. Five hundred of her schoolmates were yelling at her, booing, screaming, howling. The other five hundred, from West End, were cheering. West End carried the ball to the opposite end of the court and made an easy basket. The score stood West End 31, Center 28 when the whistle blew, ending the game. Worst of all, Otho picked up her overshoe (oh, dreadful object!), hurried to her brother Lyle, and stood talking to him, gesturing and pointing angrily toward the spot in the balcony whence it had been flung.

In a trance Henrietta donned her outer garments, even the lone left overshoe. Somehow she got through the mob and out of the building, and home. She tried to let herself in quietly and sneak upstairs to her room, but her mother heard her and came out into the hall.

Inside of five minutes, Henrietta was hopelessly involved in an untruthful and unconvincing explanation of the loss of her right overshoe. Mrs. Morrow had worked herself up to the point of launching into a diatribe about money not growing on trees when the door opened. It was Henrietta's brother Lyle. He held the horrible overshoe in his hand. He was doing his best to suppress a grin.

"Here," he said, handing the black object to Henrietta. "I think you dropped this." Then he leaned over and whispered in her ear, "Young Briggs said to tell my kid sister never to throw an overshoe at him again, especially when he's trying to shoot a basket."

Henrietta grabbed the thing, ducked under her mother's arm, and tore up the stairs. Mrs. Morrow started to call after her, but Lyle laid his hand on her arm. "Not now," he said softly. "I imagine the kid's had about all she can stand. Come on into the living-room and let me tell you about it." . . .



She caught up with Otho under a street light, and threw herself against him

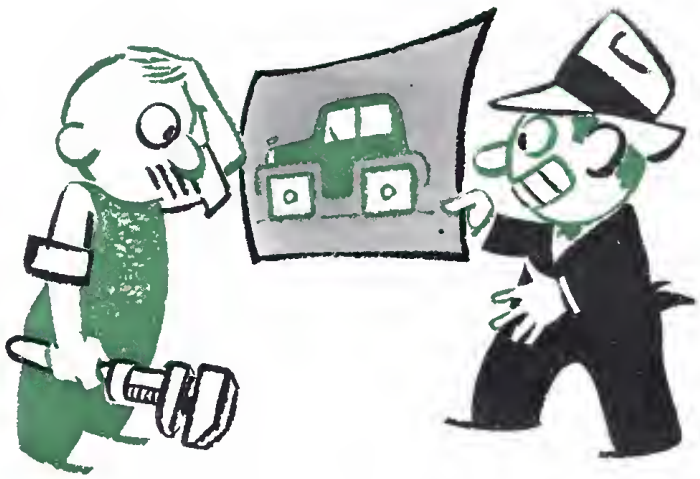
A NUMBER of significant things happened during the next two years. *Item:* Otho was graduated in the spring of 1929 from high school. His grades, however, were those of an athlete rather than a student, so he spent a year with a tutor before entering college. *Item:* Lyle Morrow married Beatrice Appleton, and the attractive young couple rented an attractive cottage out on the shore. *Item:* Henrietta gained twenty pounds, grew four inches; and, *Item of Items:* The braces came off her teeth.

In the summer of 1931 Henrietta was spending a week with Lyle and Beatrice. Bea had discussed her with Lyle: "Henrietta's getting to an age when she ought to be seeing some young people socially. A girl as pretty as she ought to be having some fun. I know Mother Morrow means well, but I do have the feeling she suppresses Henrietta too much. Let's have her down for a while—and have some young people in."

"Do we know any of Henrietta's friends?"

"We can round (*Continued on page 119*)

What! no SQUARE WHEELS?



And what about unbustable fenders . . . whistling speedometers . . . rear window wipers? Motorists ask thousands of questions and the auto makers have all the answers

by Joseph Q. Riznik

I AM a motorist. For twenty years I've thought myself unique among fellow car drivers, felt that there was something wrong with my thinking when it came to motorcars. To put it a little inelegantly, I thought I was slightly screwy.

"Why don't they," I recall muttering, "put unbreakable isinglass in the curtains of my auto?" That was in the days when I drove a touring car and found my flapping curtains invariably riddled with cracks, usually during heavy rainstorms.

Later I drove a car equipped with a "trouble" light which fastened to a gadget on the instrument panel or what we then called the dash. That "trouble" light was okay as far as it went, but when the battery went dead during a night drive the gadget was of no use. "Why don't they," I muttered on that occasion, "put the trouble light on a separate battery connection?"

Then came another new car and I thought it was the tops in automobile perfection. But every time I had to have the battery watered the service man would sweat blood until he pried loose the trappings covering the battery. "Why don't they," I muttered then, "put the battery in an accessible spot on the car?"

For years I kept picking at small items like that, finding myself buying a new car with full confidence that it was perfection and within a few months discovering myself dissatisfied with some detail or other. I did not hear other car owners muttering and squawking about their cars. That's why I thought of myself as some sort of creature unique.

But now I feel much better. Recently I had an exhilarating experience, in which I discovered that I am not unique but just an average motorcar owner. I had the opportunity of reading several thousands of the *Why Don't They?* suggestions received each month by THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE from people all over the United States. In one batch of contributions I spotted nearly 200 questions about automobiles. Many of those I found to be practical suggestions; others bordered on fantasy.

There was the one from a man at Nook, Pa., who asked: "Why don't they put a heavy kind of watch spring on automobiles, the spring to be wound up going down hills and acting as a brake? Then, when the car started to go upgrade, you could release the spring and it would propel the car and save gasoline!"

I found scores of automobile owners asking why fenders couldn't be made of some composition which wouldn't buckle and mash up into twisted metal. More than a hundred others asked why wipers weren't mounted on rear windows. The suggestions were endless in their variety.

It was inevitable that out of this experience there would arise a series of questions in my mind.

Do the makers of our automobiles know that the customer asks so many questions? Do they pay attention to suggestions made by the man who drives their products? Do the factory moguls in Detroit build a car *they* feel is perfect and tell the customer to go fly a kite if he isn't satisfied with what he is getting? Do the car dealers listen to "why don't they?" comments of their customers? Do the engineers and research men realize what kinds of improvements people want on their cars? If so, what do they do about it?

I got my answers in Detroit from the executives of our leading motorcar factories; from chief engineers, world-renowned research men, from experts on new devices, from advertising directors, and from sales officials. I discovered that in America's great automobile plants are hundreds of serious men spending millions of dollars and countless hours of study and labor to give the motoring public what it most desires—better cars for less money. Now, when I sit at the wheel of my automobile, I know many things behind the scenes

which I never knew before and which I believe millions of motorists would be glad to know.

That suggestion of a wry grin on the face of the man I saw in my first interview in a Detroit auto plant should have tipped me off to what I was going to find. He was sitting in a paper-strewn office, the door of which bore no identifying lettering. When I outlined the reason for my visit, he peered intently at me through his horn-rimmed glasses and I caught the fleeting grin on his face.

"So you want to know what we do about questions and suggestions of motorists? And you've actually seen thousands of these questions? Very interesting, very interesting indeed," he said, with a slight drawl. "You know, of course, that's my job. Sometimes we see, not thousands, but tens of thousands of customer suggestions in one day."

"You mean that all you do is read 'why don't theys?'" I asked.

"Exactly," the man replied. "That's my job in this organization. All large enterprises intent on seeing their business flourish are today lending attentive ears to public opinion. We are not only listening but we are asking to hear more. Every minute of the day we are trying to find out just what the customer prefers, and then trying, through our research laboratories, to give him more and more of that stuff. Just as we strive constantly to give him more and better quality for his money. We also try to find out what the public doesn't go for, and then try to give them less and less of *that* stuff."

HE MENTIONED the armrest for the driver, the built-in tire carrier, more convenient locations for the battery as typical of the countless improvements which have grown out of the deluge of letters sent to automobile companies by car owners.

"Drivers clamored for an armrest, and we did something about it," he said. "People wanted the spare tire enclosed in a compartment to keep it free from mud and grime and guard it against deterioration. We did something about that, too. General refinements in body design made it possible to meet many such demands. For example, with the streamlining of cars there came to be more room. Engineers utilized this extra space by fitting the battery in a spot where it can be gotten at. The spare-tire compartment was developed because of streamlining, too, since enclosure of the tire made the streamlining of a car more streamlined."

"Suppose," I asked, "you were to find thousands upon thousands of letters sent in by the public clamoring for a rear-engine automobile? Just suppose . . ."

"The rear-engine car would then have to become a fact," was the reply, "because a deeply rooted public opinion is just as important a fact to us as the scientific findings of our research men."

In other motor plants I encountered men like this one, whose special job it is to listen to public opinion about automobiles. There is nothing spectacular about their work. They are, they told me, trying to get the public conscious of the kind of automobile it prefers to drive. Any new or original ideas from the public which seem to have useful possibilities are passed on to another group of men, engineering specialists in new devices. These men go over every submitted drawing, plan, model, or suggestion.

In one organization a black-haired, youngish-looking engineer told me that an average of about 10,000 inventions from all parts of the country is cleared through his office each year. During the last ten years, he said, the number of inventions submitted each month has risen from an average of 300 to about 900. Of these, of course, only a very small proportion are found to be of immediate practical value, for the reason that many of them are sent in by persons who are not actually familiar with the technical details of building motorcars.

"People who think they've come across a new idea," said this expert, "sometimes forget that there are thousands of engineers who every day are doing nothing else but trying to develop improvements. These engineers are often associated in the public mind in some way with superhumans. As a matter of fact, they are just as human as you are. They go driving on Sunday. They own no better car than you or I do. Did it ever occur to you that an engineer might hear his wife muttering in the back seat and asking, 'Why don't you invent something which will give Junior more room to sprawl out on in this back seat?'

"These engineers do not see an automobile in blueprint only. They drive cars and they get hundreds of new ideas each year."

I HAD believed that whatever improvements appear on the latest models jump full-grown from the engineer's drawing board onto the car.

"That might happen in some instances," I was told, "but let's take the case of the windshield wiper. Not so many years ago there was no such animal. Then came a wiper you worked by hand. Then, some years later, came the automatic wiper. But you didn't get that as standard equipment right away. Originally, that wiper was an accessory. Then it became optional equipment and you paid extra for it, and now, of course, you'd just as soon accept a car without tires as one without wipers. If automobile companies hadn't realized, when wipers were offered as optional equipment, that the demand was tremendous, you might still have to pay extra for that gadget. But we sensed the public demand at once and incorporated wipers as standard on all cars."

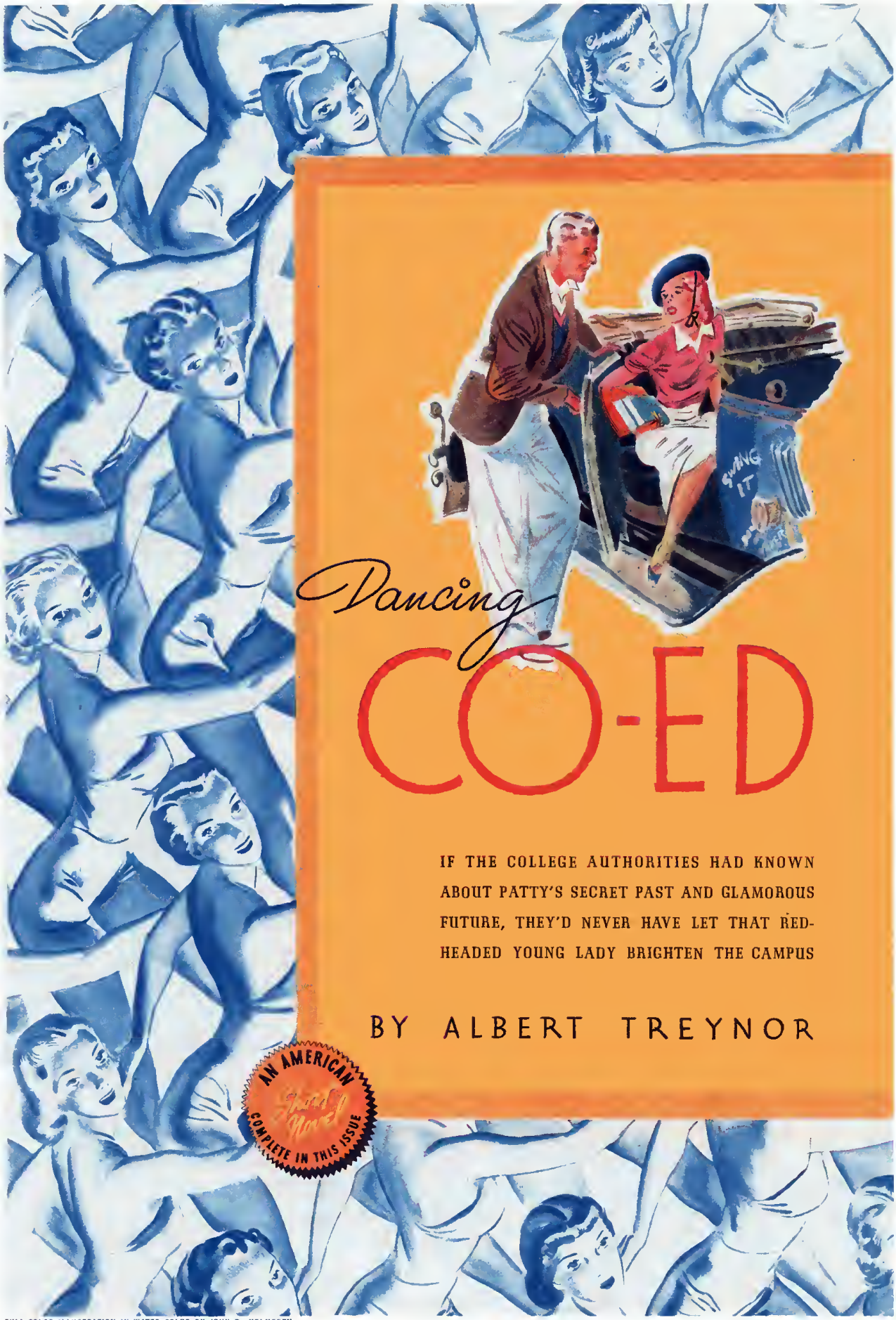
The biggest job of the automobile maker, I learned, is not to develop new inventions but to find those things which will enable him to give the customer the best car he can for the least money. After he finds a new device which can be put on the car without directly hitting at the buyer's pocketbook, he must be sure that the device works without hitch. Then he must be sure that every car buyer really wants it. That want has to be nearly universal, because, if it isn't, then those who feel they have no use for it have to pay for something which they can only consider superfluous. If a car manufacturer installed a toaster in the tonneau of your car as a standard equipment and expected you to pay for it, what would you say if you were a person who detests toast and never eats it?

At this point in my quest for information I wondered if there were any possible wants of the motoring public which had not been suggested to or considered by the manufacturers.

In one (*Continued on page 153*)



"Why not a speedometer that whispers at twenty and squawks at seventy?"



Dancing CO-ED

IF THE COLLEGE AUTHORITIES HAD KNOWN ABOUT PATTY'S SECRET PAST AND GLAMOROUS FUTURE, THEY'D NEVER HAVE LET THAT RED-HEADED YOUNG LADY BRIGHTEN THE CAMPUS

BY ALBERT TREYNOR

AN AMERICAN Novel COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN WATER COLOR BY JOHN R. HOLMGREN

IT WAS a knockdown blow. Maxin Wurlitzer sagged in the depths of his huge leather chair, all the two hundred pampered pounds of him gone sick with shock and hurt and outrage. He goggled at his dancing lady. "Toddy—no!" he expostulated wildly. "You can't do this to me!"

"I can," said Miss Toddy Tobin. "And I'm going to."

Mr. Wurlitzer lurched up across his beautiful mahogany desk. "I'll sue you!" he yelled.

"Sorry, boss; it's no soap," said Joe Drews. Joe was the brilliant young publicist who supervised the Wurlitzer press stuff and tried at all times to keep the old man decently shushed. "The supreme court has handed it down in a test case. Everything else is null and void in case the party of the second part wants to have a—"

"Pooh for the supreme court!" raged Mr. Wurlitzer.

"—bundle from heaven," said Joe.

"Why, the little double-crossin'—"

"It comes under the same category as fires, riots, and earthquakes." Joe heaved a sentimental sigh. "A baby, Mr. Wurlitzer, is an act of God!"

"What's the matter with suing me, too?" asked a plaintive voice at Wurlitzer's elbow. "Toddy and I like to figure things fifty-fifty."

He looked like a nice fraternity boy, blond and trig and self-effacing. Yes, it was Freddy Tobin. Toddy's dance partner. Toddy's husband. These two had met in a weak and failing show, years ago; had teamed up professionally and maritally, on stage and off, and had gone on from there, stepping it up together, for weal or woe, or, as Broadway said, for better or for Wurlitzer.

"I can stick with *Co-ed*," said Toddy patiently, "as long as you can pull an audience out of your sleeve. Which won't be much longer."

"Whatta I care how much longer we run?" Wurlitzer moaned. "But look! Just look at these!" His hand batted a pile of legal-looking papers and fluttered them across his desk. "Contract. A tie-up with Major Pictures. Henry Zobel himself—I'm expecting any minute right here in this office."

"Zobel?" Toddy breathed the name and looked across at Freddy.

"Zobel!" repeated Wurlitzer with grimness and importance. "All ready to sign. He agrees to make a picture out of *Co-ed*. He wants to feature you in it. For what? Ask me. I wouldn't know. Maybe he thinks you got box office. So I say 'yes,' just to give you a break, and what do you two do to me and Mr. Zobel? Like we were a couple of nobodies—"

Mr. Wurlitzer was working up a nice case of hysterics, and didn't hear, or else didn't heed, the discreet knock that sounded on the outer door. "I hope you get *quintuplets!*" he shrieked.

THE door opened, and Mr. Wurlitzer's prim little secretary looked in. A gentle, soft-spoken girl, who tiptoed around among Wurlitzer's private affairs like an angel of mercy in an emergency ward. Eve Greeley was her name, and how she ever found her innocent young way into show business was something to wonder about. "Mr. Zobel is here," said Miss Greeley, and let the door swing wider.

Henry Zobel was almost exactly what you would expect the head of Major Pictures to be. A leonine figure, with a shock of black hair.

"Did somebody say *quintuplets?*" asked Zobel, as he thrust his way into the private office. He glanced at Wurlitzer and then gave Toddy a shrewd, measuring stare.

"You don't want to listen to me," flustered Wurlitzer. "I hardly ever mean half what I say! Hardly ever!"

"I was just notifying Mr. Wurlitzer," Toddy said, "that I—that I'm sort of booked up for a supercolossal production of my own."

"I get you," said Zobel.

"And Mr. Wurlitzer seems to think—well, he thinks I'm crabbing the show."

"What America needs," stated Zobel, "is bigger families. I'm happy to hear your news, Mrs. Tobin."

Zobel shoved his sleeve away from his wrist watch, gave a sharp exclamation, and started to walk out of the place.

"Wait!" Wurlitzer flung himself after his departing visitor.

Zobel paused, polite but uninterested.

"Our contracts!" Wurlitzer gasped. "Look, Mr. Zobel—are you and I the kind of men to take things lying on our backs?"

"Maxin," said Zobel, "I'm ashamed of you. Such a fuss about nothing. One picture, more or less—we don't have to make them. But a baby? My friend, that is something we all stand aside for



CAST OF CHARACTERS

PATTY MORGAN
Chorus Girl

SAMUEL "POPS" MORGAN
Her charming father

MAXIN WURLITZER
Broadway producer

JOE DREWS
His press agent

HENRY ZOBEL
Motion-picture producer

TODDY AND FREDDY TOBIN
Dance team

EVE GREELEY
Wurlitzer's secretary

PRESIDENT CAVENDISH
of Midwestern University

PROFESSOR LANGE
Who taught poetry

GENEVAH MAY
Dance instructor

PUG BRADDOCK
College newspaper hawk

T. P. BRADDOCK
His father

in reverence. And so that is that."

"We could have both!" Mr. Wurlitzer was desperate. "Look. Toddy says she can work for quite a while yet. How about that? All we have to do is to shove up our shooting schedule."

"*Co-ed*," Zobel said, "is pretty skimpy. It would take four or five of my best writers two or three months to build up a script. Then we have to budget and cast and costume, and build sets and break down the script—"

"I got an inspiration!" Wurlitzer broke in frantically. "We'll get another partner for Freddy!"

Zobel began to look pained. "Yes?" he said. "Who?"

"Well, I, *uh*—we—could—maybe somebody—"

"When I said we wanted Tobins," said Zobel, "I meant the *two* Tobins. Box-office names. How about it, Freddy? You know any girl you could team up with? I mean one who would *draw?*"

"Not me," said Freddy.

"So what does that leave for billing? 'One Tobin and One Klunk.' That would look great on a marquee!"

Zobel started for the door again.

THERE was a brisk movement across the room, and Joe Drews, the publicity expert, suddenly blocked the doorway.

"Listen," said Joe. "What does 'co-ed' suggest to you?"

Zobel looked blank.

"To me," said Joe brightly, "it suggests college girl."

"That's keen," said Zobel, and started on his way. His face was impassive.

But Joe by now was beginning to fulminate. "No—wait!" He actually was holding Zobel by the sleeve. "Visualize! Think of all the college girls in the United States, cutting classes to practice their torch songs and tap dances! From coast to coast—thousands going whacky! And suppose, on Major Pictures' radio hour, you were to broadcast the fact that Freddy Tobin wants a dance partner? A co-ed to star in *Co-ed!* Picked by a competent jury. Would that be a prairie fire? Or wouldn't it?"

"Please!" said Zobel, and plucked Joe's hand from his arm.

Joe caught his breath and stood with his mouth wide open. For, instead of beating it out of Wurlitzer's offices, Zobel turned back into the room and picked up the desk phone.

"You ask for a *name*, Mr. Zobel—" Joe gulped for air. "Well—how about this girl, chosen above all other co-eds in the United States? Is that a build-up? Why—why, her name would be blazoned in sky-writing—"

"Please—" said Mr. Zobel. Then he spoke quietly to Wurlitzer's switchboard operator. "This is Mr. Zobel," he said. "Get me my Hollywood Offices . . . person-to-person for Mr. Gracey. . . . Yes." He hung up the receiver and looked coldly at Joe. "What makes you think that you could find a co-ed good enough to jump out of college into Major Pictures?"

"Good enough?" exclaimed Joe. "Why, my dear sir—have you ever made a tour of the colleges? Beby! Are them gals sumpin!"

Joe at least was selling an idea to himself as he paced the floor and flourished his hands. "Little Miss Question-Marker! A klunk today, but tomorrow a comet streaking across the U. S. A. Tapping on the hearts of America!"

He showed them how, breaking into an idiotic shuffle across the rug. Then he yanked Freddy Tobin to his feet and grabbed Eve Greeley, and shoved her into Freddy's arms. "Tobin and Co-ed!" Joe enthused.

Freddy Tobin laughed and caught a tighter hold on Wurlitzer's pretty secretary. Then he danced her across the floor. Flushed and breathless, the girl managed to follow him in a crazy weaving of feet and legs.

Zobel was pacing the floor. "Rotten phone service," he muttered.

AT THAT instant the telephone buzzed. The embarrassed Miss Greeley stopped the nonsense and sedately answered the phone. "Mr. Wurlitzer's office—" A sudden hush fell over the room as she passed the receiver to Zobel.

"Yes?" said the picture magnate. . . . "Gracey? . . . Here it is. That tour we booked for Tad Horton's swing band. . . . Yes? . . . Cancel it. . . . Yes—we're going to cut out the big cities. Instead, I want you to route Tad across the country, barnstorming all the college towns—"

Wurlitzer started forward, then caught himself, and froze like a pointer dog on the scent of game.

"College towns," repeated Zobel. . . . "Right. You remember this show *Co-ed?* . . . Yes; well, Toddy Tobin's out. She's going to have a baby. Now, I got an idea, a whiz! I'm going to team him with a real college girl. . . . That's right—hot off the campus. We want to smear it. . . . What? . . . Thanks—I felt you'd like it. . . . Yep, that's fine. Hop to it, Gracey. It's a prairie fire!"

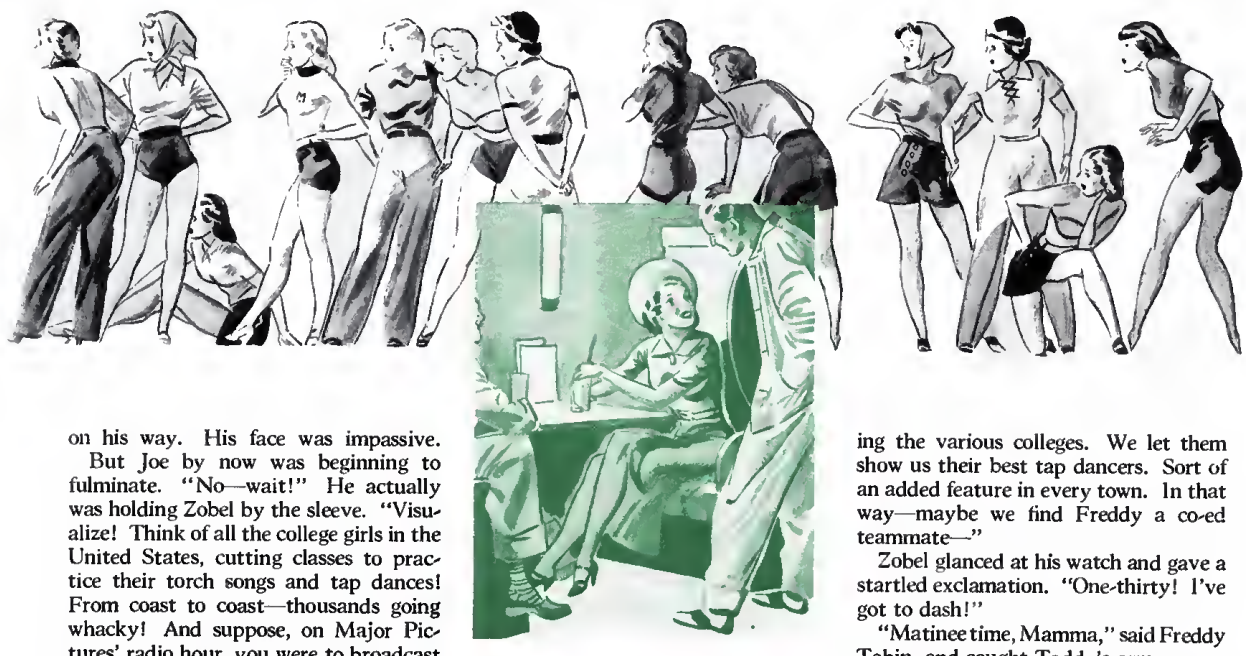
Zobel put down the phone, ran his fingers through his hair, and shook his head moodily. "Tad Horton is a god to the college kids," he said. "Maybe we'll let him be the jury. Or no—I guess I'd better be. Tad can be one-night-standing the various colleges. We let them show us their best tap dancers. Sort of an added feature in every town. In that way—maybe we find Freddy a co-ed teammate—"

Zobel glanced at his watch and gave a startled exclamation. "One-thirty! I've got to dash!"

"Matinee time, Mamma," said Freddy Tobin, and caught Toddy's arm.

"These contracts—" said Wurlitzer.

"They'll need revising," said Zobel. "Send 'em back to our legal depart-



Her classmates called her "Cub" and fairly flocked around

ment." He waved a negligible farewell and hurried away behind Toddy and Freddy.

Wurlitzer and Joe and Miss Greeley were left in silence, gaping after their departing visitor. Then the girl softly closed the door.

"It's good, in a way," muttered Wurlitzer, "and in a way it's not so good."

"I already thought of that," said Joe.

Miss Greeley was looking at Joe with shining eyes. "I thought you were wonderful, Mr. Drews," she said impul-



"Ann Atomy," she heard one bright lad remark

sively. "I mean—" A delicate color touched her cheeks. "Your idea, I mean. Only—only—" She suddenly looked indignant. "Mr. Zobel seemed to think it was his."

"All ideas are Zobel's," said Joe philosophically, "if they turn out to be any good. If not"—he drew a finger across his throat and made a rasping sound—"they belong to the guy who thought them up."

WHAT I'm wondering," said Wurlitzer darkly, "is there such a girl in the United States? Those amateurs! Some of 'em sing and dance pretty good, maybe in front of their papas and mammas. But did you ever know of one that could jump on cold and wow a big theater audience?"

"The best of them take a lot of seasoning," said Joe.

"Freddy's tough to work with. He's got ideals." Wurlitzer shook his head gloomily. "Zobel—he's got ideals, too. I bet he wouldn't like anybody we would find!"

Joe shoved his hat on the side of his head. "I already thought of that," he said. "Just depend on Joe." He leered at his boss, and then galloped out and slammed the door.

Miss Greeley seemed to remain in a state of chronic astonishment whenever Joe Drews was in town. "Such efficiency!" she gasped. "My! How would we get along without him?"

"*Pooh!*" said Wurlitzer. "In a pinch we could get along maybe even without me." Then he sat heavily in his chair. "Take some letters, m'dear."

Eve got her pad and pencils.

"*Messrs.*—" Wurlitzer cleared his throat, hesitated. His glance strayed to the unsigned contracts on his desk. "Wait—we better send those over to Major Pictures' offices."

"Yes, sir." The girl gathered up the papers and left the room.

When she came back Wurlitzer resumed his dictating stance. "Where were we?" he asked.

She consulted her notes. "*Messrs.*—"

"Oh, yeah!" he said. "*Messrs.*—ah—ah—"

The door burst open. Joe Drews came in. He had someone with him. A girl. A crazy-looking redheaded girl. A half-dressed girl. A girl with laughing eyes and a tangle of curly hair.

"This is her!" said Joe, and kicked the door shut.

"I'm dictating letters," said Wurlitzer severely.

JOE rushed across the room, tore the dusty cloth off the grand piano which Wurlitzer sometimes used for tryouts, propped up the cover, sprawled his lank body on the bench, and slammed his hands across the keys. He hit the opening two chords of Toddy Tobin's "Co-ed" song.

"Hey!" yelped Wurlitzer. "This is a business office!"

"Yes," said Joe. "And this is Patty Morgan."

"I'm rushed for time—"

"She's in the dancing chorus of *Co-ed*," said Joe. "You've got her buried under some blondes."

"Well, why ain't she getting ready for our matinee?"

Joe hit the keys again, and rambled through the vamp of the show's hit number. "All right, Patty—take it from there."

The girl flung off her disgraceful old make-up kimono, revealing a lithe young figure in a pair of panties and a bra, and not much else. As to her face . . . At first glance you'd think she was a homely little thing. But if you looked again you'd decide, no, she's anything but homely. And you'd look again, all right. There was that about her.

Patty picked up the number, her voice low and sultry, with that strange creepy timbre of saxes and wood winds. Then she started the taps. Toddy's routine. Intricate patterns, done without fuss or effort. A scamper of sound on Wurlitzer's floor. The old piano was out of tune, and Joe played something terrible. But nobody noticed. Nobody cared. The girl was Toddy Tobin all over again, only more so. She not only had all of Toddy's stuff, she had stuff of her own.



With grim determination Babe gave her all

Wurlitzer sat straighter, his eyes more protuberant than usual. Eve Greeley perched on a desk, thrilled to the quick. Show business was new and exciting to Eve.

Joe stopped banging the piano. It was silly to oversell a bill of goods. He looked around at the boss, and the boss looked right back at him. Joe tossed the kimono over Patty's smooth shoulders, while she grinned impudently at Wurlitzer.

"So what?" Wurlitzer asked.

"It makes me think of a parable," said Joe. "Let's say you're a farmer and have ambitions to grow truffles. But you know how tough they are to raise. So what do you do—in case your truffle crop's a flop?"

"*Huh?*" said Wurlitzer.

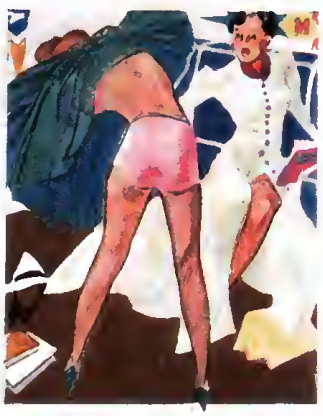
"You'd want to plant some potatoes, too!" said Joe triumphantly.

"Maybe *you* know what you mean," said Wurlitzer.

"Gee, boss! Let's nutshell it and have done. You want something to fall back on, if worst comes to worst." Joe wrapped an arm around Patty's waist. "You're sending this kid to college. Miss Potatoes. We plant her where she'll do the most good. This little schoolgirl."

"Oh!" Eve Greeley couldn't help putting in her two cents' worth. "I don't think that's sporting!"

Patty had just four minutes to change her clothes



"Stop right there!" said Joe. "I didn't say we were going to foist Patty on anybody. Why—why, we'll be tickled to death if one of our native campus products crops up and knocks Zobel in the eye. This child is merely our ace in the hole! Our shot in the locker! Stooge!"

"You get me confused," complained Wurlitzer. "A minute ago you said potatoes."

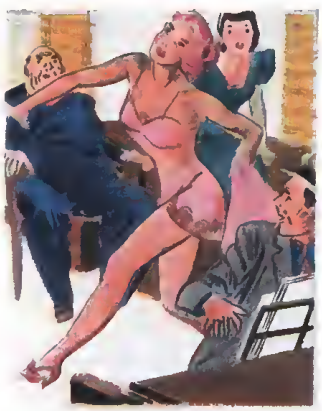
"Mr. Wurlitzer has a hundred-thousand-dollar stake in Freddy Tobin and *Co-ed*," said Joe. "Wouldn't you want to protect his interests, Miss Greeley, honey?"

"Well, yes—I suppose—" Eve Greeley frowned, wavering a little as she struck middle ground between ethics and loyalty and between right and wrong. "Yes," she conceded, "if you first give the college girls every chance there is!"

"Why, we're scouring the four corners of the United States, just for that!" Joe declared.

A GLIMMER of light was beginning to show through the fogged look of Wurlitzer's eyes. "It's a business," he put in virtuously. "Sure—it would be so much nicer if Mr. Zobel would put his finger on a genuine college girl. *Ah*—but

She started dancing right there in the office



suppose such a one don't grow!" He was stealing sly glances at Patty Morgan. "Where'd you learn your stuff, m'dear?"

"From Pops," the girl told him brightly. "Sam Morgan. I guess you'd know of him. Used to be the best song-and-dance man in the business, before vaudeville busted up on him. My dad."

"That old souse!" snorted Wurlitzer, and tried to catch himself. He was never wantonly unkind.

Patty didn't seem to mind. "I know. I guess maybe he just gets thirsty."

"Ever been to college, m'dear?"

"Well, I wouldn't fool you, Mr. Wurlitzer. Once I had six months in a Kansas City grade school, and another time in Frisco." The girl smiled gaily at her own shortcomings. "Four a day and no sleeper jumps—that's how I went to college."

"Don't you care," said Wurlitzer benevolently. "Uncle Maxin's going to put you in college."

"Pardon me, Mr. Wurlitzer," interrupted Eve Greeley. "But how's she going to get in?"

Wurlitzer stared at his secretary. "Why, didn't you hear me say—I'm going to put her in."

"I know," said Eve, unsmiling. "But the colleges have entrance examinations. They might prove a bit stiff for Miss—" She glanced shyly at Patty.

"I already thought of that," Joe interposed.

HE RELEASED the dance girl, and beamed at Eve. "Did you imagine I could be around here without noticing everything cute about you, including those ankles and teeth and pansy-brown eyes, and, oh, yes—" His finger reached to touch her dress. "The hardware—that Phi Beta Kappa key."

Eve made a soundless "O" with her lips.

"Where'd you graduate, honey?" asked Joe.

"I didn't," said Eve. "The funds ran low, and I had to quit college in my junior year and take a secretarial course, and—" She gave him a wispy smile. "And here I am."

"Why, so you are!" said Joe heartily. "Boss, we're in luck!"

"I know," said Wurlitzer. "She's a good girl."

"Her brains and Patty's legs! Is that a team?"

Miss Greeley blinked at Joe.

"You go to some college," Joe explained, "and register under Patty's name. See? That entrance quiz—a soft touch for a Phi Beta—eh? You crash the gate, Miss Greeley. Then you ease out, and Patty eases in."

"But—" Eve was startled, a bit shocked. "But, really—"

"She's a smart girl," said Wurlitzer proudly.

"Don't I know it!" said Joe. "And full of fun! But not an ounce of harm in her! Pranks—yes. But she wouldn't do anything to hurt God's tiniest creature—"

"Stop it!" Eve's mouth twitched, half smiling, and then grew serious. "I'll tell you," she said at length. "It would have to be one of the big universities, where there are so many co-eds nobody would notice which girl was who."

"We got plenty," chortled Wurlitzer. "Just take your pick—California, Alabama, Nebraska, Minnesota, Pittsburgh, Fordham—"

"Were you thinking of sending her out for a football squad?" Joe asked over his shoulder.

"Midwestern would be the place," said Eve coolly. "Hundreds of freshman girls, and—" She paused and sighed. "They say the campus is simply beautiful." . . .

Midwestern University. Ivy-clad buildings nestled in the lush hills of northern America. On a Sunday in autumn when the beeches and elms begin to change color and there's a snap in



One girl after another did her stuff

the air—what a place for a girl to be!

Patty Morgan thought it was swell. She had driven across the country from New York in Joe Drews's car.

Now, this was not an item for the raised-eyebrow department. Patty wasn't a girl to take expensive presents from men. Or, anyhow, Joe wasn't that kind of sap. He only lent her the automobile. A simple and innocent transaction. It seems that Zobel had sent word to Joe to hop the mainliner for Hollywood. So, when he kissed Patty good-by at the airport, he merely pointed his thumb at the old boat and said, "While you're sampling the higher education, kid, you might as well have something to hoist yourself around in."

WELL, there it was. Funny, but it was precisely the kind of automobile that you would expect Joe Drews to choose for his personal use—a low-slung, top-down roadster, the body painted a beautiful maroon.

Patty's new dress almost matched the tint of the car. She had lots of other new things, in the luggage behind and on her own person. She wore a bobbed little red fox jacket, and she had on a dark, high-peaked hat, meshed by a flowing veil. As she navigated the main street she knew that people were looking at her. And she looked back, much interested in everything and everybody.

The men looked rather unkempt. As for the girls—a few wore tweed fall ensembles, but the greater number slouched past in socks and sweaters and clumping

flat heels. But, anyhow, they all acted as though they were full of vitamins, even if they did lack style and flash.

"Whoa, horsie!" a boy in spectacles hailed Patty from a cigar store doorway.

Patty's knowledge of undergraduates, gleaned from casual stage door encounters, was academic and not reassuring. She wanted to ask directions, but figured it'd be safer to watch out for a nice, infirm old gentleman.

A couple of blocks farther on a traffic light stopped her. There was a news and magazine stand on the corner. Near the curb stood a man with one of those new high-brow digests in his hand, an austere green pamphlet. He had the pages open and was reading.

Patty looked him over, her powers of appraisal sharpened by nineteen years of whetting on rough surfaces. He was youngish, and yet she knew at a glance that he was not one of the underclassmen. The tip-off, perhaps, was in the clothes he wore—a suit of gray English bags, a clean shirt, yes, and even a necktie. He was definitely the gentleman type.

"Hi, mister!" called Patty.

The stranger raised a quizzical eyebrow.

"You must be on the free list," Patty said, with a grin.

"Oh!" The man looked guilty, and put the magazine back on the stand.

A dozen people started to loiter on the sidewalk, in humorous anticipation, it almost seemed. But Patty ignored them. "I only wanted to ask— How do I get to Rudd Hall?"

THE man's casual glance flicked her over, and she knew that he had missed nothing worth while about her, from the maroon heels of her pumps to the nubbin on her hat.

"Are you one of our freshman girls?" he asked.

"And how!" said Patty, and dimpled companionably.

He smiled back at her. "Midwestern University," he said, "is getting to be quite some place, I'm beginning to think." Then he nodded down the street. "Four blocks ahead, and five to the right. You can't miss it, because Carolyn Mary Rudd Hall is a building that will sock you right in the eye."

Patty waved a gauntleted hand and let in the clutch and went on her way.

As the gentleman had promised, Rudd Hall was something magnificent. It covered a full block on the outskirts of the campus. Patty found a place to park her car, and went into the hotel-like lobby.

Yes, she was expected. The house mother at the ornate desk promptly found her registry card. Patty's slip went into the big directory board, which showed the names and room numbers of the hundreds of co-eds who occupied the dormitories. Then the house mother took her up in the elevator, and left her at Room No. 424 on the fourth floor.

Eve Greeley was there ahead of her, waiting. "Hello there!" said Eve.

"Hi, kid!" said Patty.

The house mother left them, and they paused uncertainly, neither quite knowing how to take the other or what to say.

"Well," Eve finally said, "we got you matriculated. You passed your entrance exams with flying colors."

"Did you wear false whiskers?" asked Patty.

"Anyhow, you're in—a duly accredited freshman."

"I don't feel so fresh," said Patty. "I feel scared."

"You needn't. You'll be safe until the end of the semester anyhow. Look solemn in classrooms and scribble up your notebooks and say nothing."

"Keep the trap shut. That's going to take doing."

"I'LL be here to coach you. A college girl once more." Eve smiled softly. "That was another of Mr. Drews's ideas."

"So you can keep me from stubbing my toe."

"It sounded crazy, like most of his schemes, but it worked beautifully. After we got you in all I needed to do was to use the college credits I already have, and affiliate at Midwestern. I left town for a few days, and then came back under my own name—so we could room together."

Patty looked across the pleasant little study, on into the bedroom with its flouncy twin beds. "Gee! And when I think of the dumps I've lived in!"

Eve's dark eyes kindled with friendliness. "I've been wanting to tell you, Miss Morgan—that afternoon in Mr. Wurlitzer's office—I never was so stirred in my life. Your voice—your dancing! And to think you never had a chance! It's criminal! But you're going to have it now. And I just wanted you to know that we're pulling for you, every one of us, as hard as we can!"

Patty drew a long breath and started to sniffle. "I'd go to hell for any one of you," she sobbed. "Any time!" . . .

BE IN THE SWISH—
THE JELLY JAR

The sign hung out over the main drag of the town, a multicolored blaze of light. It served as a beacon in the night for all those who felt social cravings or suffered the pangs of hunger or thirst.

Eve and Patty had come out after their evening dinner in Rudd Hall cafeteria to slum the town.

"After that rice pudding," said Eve, as they strolled past the Jelly Jar, "how about an ice-cream soda?"

"I think you got something," said Patty.

The Jelly Jar was beginning to fill with roving stags and twosome dates and co-eds ganged up on a safety-in-numbers basis. Eager young faces, feverish laughter and talk, the endless blare of radio music—it was the evening jam session.

Eve and Patty went in through a wreathing of cigarette smoke. They tucked themselves away in a small corner booth and ordered sodas. Seven unescorted young women at a near-by table spotted the two new girls and instantly went into a closer huddle.

Eve had noticed the Greek-letter jewelry in passing. "Zeta Lambdas," she whispered.

"Who?" asked Patty.

"Sorority girls. And, if I read them correctly, they like your looks. The first thing you know they'll be inviting you places." Two troubled lines gathered between Eve's fine eyebrows. "And then, sure as anything, they'll try to pledge you."

"What are they—temperance pluggers?" Patty mashed the ice cream in her soda. "They pledged Pops once, but it didn't take."

"I meant they'll probably be asking you to join their sorority and live in their house."

"What house is that?" asked Patty.

"Their chapter house. It's like a boy's fraternity. You know—a crowd of girls buy a home, and they live together and run around in a tight little gang and swear by all that's holy not to wolf each other's boy-friends, and they crab at each other, and give marvelous house parties; and after college they think back on the fun they had and try to keep track of each other's babies."

"Gee!" There was something in Patty's eyes that Eve had not seen there before. "I want to join!"

"No."

"Aw, Eve! I mean both of us. We'd like that fat one, I'll bet. And the one in overalls."

"PATTY! Get this straight." The tone sounded strangely severe, for Eve. "To those girls, there's something sacred about their sorority. And let's not forget—you're here under false pretenses. It would be mean if you let them take you in. You couldn't do that! Not to a nice crowd of girls!"

"Oh!" A small gulp in Patty's throat. "I get it. Funny—how it is about college. Kind of makes you forget. It makes you almost forget you're nothing but a sewer rat."

"Patty!" Eve turned a stricken face. "I didn't mean—oh, my dear!" She reached contritely to touch Patty's hand. "Why—why, you don't realize. Those girls over there—any girl—would sell her soul for what you're going to be!"

"Yes." Patty smiled thinly. "Maybe me too before I get through."

"And right now," said Eve hastily, "we're not so badly off at Rudd Hall—you and I. The Wurlitzer group."

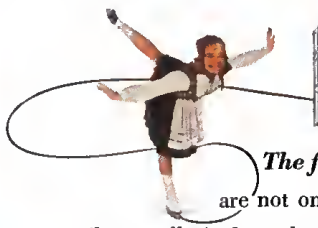
Patty lifted her chin. "I wouldn't trade you," she said, her eyes misty bright, "not for (*Continued on page 96*)

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Double Mint gum

keep you cool and *doubly lovely*







The fickle male has an eye for girls who are not only good dressers but who have a taking smile as well. And now healthful Double Mint gum gives you both — style and smile. Millions enjoy this double-lasting mint-flavored gum. It helps assure sweet breath, relaxes tense nerves, makes your mouth feel cool and refreshed—whereby your whole self seems lovelier. Then too, chewing is nature's way to wake up sleepy face muscles (promoting young contours) and to brighten your teeth so that your smile reflects a new loveliness to attract friends.

However, it is ***smile plus style*** that wins. A perfect example is lovely Sonja Henie, acclaimed world famous artistic skater and distinguished Hollywood star. Asked by Double Mint gum Sonja Henie has designed for you this delightful, cool looking dress, *left*—adapted from her applause-getting Norwegian skating costume which she also designed. Smart. Becoming. And by Double Mint made available to you in a Simplicity Pattern. ***SO,*** you see how delicious Double Mint gum keeps you cool and doubly lovely. Daily enjoy this non-fattening sweet. Also remember it aids digestion. Sold everywhere. Buy several packages today.



Left, Sonja Henie Double Mint gum dress. Designed and modeled for you by enchanting, lovely **SONJA HENIE** *whose flashing grace made her 10 times World Champion and 3 times Olympic Champion. Photographed in Hollywood by Hurrell. Made available to you by* **DOUBLE MINT** *gum in* **SIMPLICITY** *Pattern 2849. At nearly all good Department, Dry Goods or Variety stores you can buy this pattern. Or, write* **DOUBLE MINT** *Dress Pattern Department, 419 Fourth Avenue, New York City.*

9-154



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Patronage and the New Deal

(*Continued from page 21*)

all the other Tammany leaders who were on the platform. They were friendly enough, and I got the impression that it helped considerably for me to extend the olive branch first. A news writer, describing the incident, said the good will of the Tammany sachems was won over when I remarked, "Aren't we all Democrats?" It was a great line and I certainly would have used it if it had occurred to me.

Before plunging into the campaign, I slipped over to Atlantic City, N. J., for a week or so of badly needed rest. There, I received a telephone call from Frank Hague, the Mayor of Jersey City, who had acted as manager for the Smith forces and field marshal for the entire anti-Roosevelt forces at Chicago.

He said that he had been whipped in a fair fight, and that if Governor Roosevelt would come to New Jersey to open his campaign, he would provide the largest political rally ever held in the United States. The Governor agreed, and went to Sea Girt, N. J., in August to address a monster outdoor rally.

Frank Hague kept his word. If it wasn't the biggest rally in history up to that time, it must have been close to it. In view of the turnout, the recollection of Frank's threat at the Chicago convention that Governor Roosevelt couldn't carry a single Eastern state if nominated, brought a smile to some of us.

THE campaign setup of the Democratic National Committee in 1932 was whipped into shape with a speed that amazed veteran political observers. Headquarters were established in New York City.

Our first step was to collect at headquarters a complete list of county and precinct workers for every state in the Union.

The fellow out in Kokomo, Indiana, Kalamazoo, Michigan, or Kankakee, Illinois, who was pulling doorbells night after night and respectfully asking his neighbors to vote the straight Democratic ticket, got a real thrill when he received a campaign letter postmarked Washington or New York, and we made sure that this pleasure was not denied him.

Perhaps the most effective innovation of the 1932 campaign was the expansion of the women's division into a major unit. Fortunately we had a group of women workers who had long experience in political organization work in New York State. Among these were Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, who had taken an active part in many previous Democratic campaigns, and Miss Mary W. Dewson, the head of the Women's Division.

The successful cultivation of the feminine vote was a large factor in the 1932 presidential election and in subsequent national elections. The Roosevelt administration has remembered the lesson by appointing more women to really responsible positions (including one member of the Cabinet) than any previous administration.

We had one tremendous advantage even at the very beginning of the 1932 campaign. Mr. Hoover, despite well-meaning efforts, was rushing from one mistake to another in his attempt to grapple with the depression, and it was apparent that public opinion had turned against him. In the East, the straddling plank of prohibition adopted by the Republicans was a great handicap for the Hoover–Curtis ticket to overcome, while in the agricultural sections the depth of bitterness against the administration in power at Washington was well-nigh unbelievable. At Democratic headquarters we knew that Roosevelt's election was a foregone conclusion.

NEVERTHELESS, it was wise to avoid the danger of overconfidence, and, since national campaigning was new to me, I drafted an able corps of assistants. One of these was Senator Claude A. Swanson of Virginia, one of the shrewdest hands at practical politics in the United States Senate. Whenever I asked his advice on one of those ticklish personal problems which are constantly bobbing up in a campaign, I always got a clever suggestion on how to escape without offending anyone.

I brought in Joseph C. O'Mahoney, now a United States senator, a good organizer, who was intimately informed on the mining, farming, and livestock problems of the Western states. Many previous Democratic campaigns had faltered badly because the officials at headquarters had known nothing about those problems. That was a notable blunder of the Smith campaign in 1928.

Also, our publicity department had a great advantage in the presence of Charles Michelson, the wise old fox who had the Republican spokesmen thrashing about in a fury because of his clever exposures of the ineffectiveness of the Hoover administration.



INTERNATIONAL PHOTOS

Mayor Frank Hague of Jersey City—"Whipped in a fair fight"—he staged for Roosevelt the biggest political rally in history

Taking the Stump

During the summer I went to Washington to get the views of a number of senators and representatives on the kind of campaign Governor Roosevelt should conduct. Should he stay at home on the front porch, mumbling a few homely platitudes, or should he take to the stump and fling bold challenges at the foe? That question always has been and probably always will be a plague to harassed managers and strategists.

The senators were almost unanimous in recommending that Governor Roosevelt should stay in his own back yard. They argued that since the campaign was won anyway, why take a chance on a trip which might prove disastrous? The refrain ran something like this: Bryan stumped the country, while McKinley remained at home and was elected. Cox toured the country, while Harding sat on his front porch and won. Wilson remained in the White House, while Hughes went to California, snubbed Senator Hiram Johnson, and lost the election. Davis stumped the country, while Coolidge remained at home, and the country kept cool with Coolidge.

A few days later I went to Albany to talk with Governor Roosevelt himself on a possible campaign trip to the West Coast, with several major addresses at strategic points on the way. It was a sultry August day and we sat in our shirt sleeves on the front porch of the Executive Mansion. I told him of my trip to Washington and the advice I had been given. When I finished, F. D. was sitting there looking off into the distance, rubbing his hand on his chin, a characteristic pose when he is turning something over in his mind.

"Jim, what do you think, yourself?" he asked.

"I think you ought to go, and I know you are going anyway," I replied.

He grinned and nodded his head. "That's right. I have a streak of Dutch stubbornness in me, and the Dutch is up this time. I'm going campaigning to the Pacific Coast and discuss every important issue of the campaign in a series of speeches."

The trip appealed to Roosevelt because it was a daring thing to do. Once he had made up his mind, after long consideration, the fears of other people would not influence him. He went to the Pacific Coast and back, and lined up state after state. Later on he defied tradition again by going on a campaign tour into the states of the Solid South, something that no Democratic presidential candidate had done since the Civil War. He was sure of that territory, but he wanted to build up a feeling of good will.

There is nothing in politics—or out of it—that has the lure and fascination of a presidential candidate's special train. An invitation to go along is considered a high honor, and we were extremely cautious in making preparations for Roosevelt's swing to the Pacific Coast and return. Men like Senator Thomas J. Walsh of Montana went along to make sure that the responsible party leaders in every state met the presidential candidate and that gate-crashers were kept out.

VOCAB-O-GRAM

HOW'S your vocabulary? The following ten pairs of words all have three letters in common. You are to fill in the blank spaces to make 20 different words according to the definitions below. No. 1 on the left, for example, is MANILAS. Now go on from there. The answers are on page 74.

1.	----LAS	SAL----
2.	---LAS-	-SAL---
3.	--LAS--	--SAL--
4.	-LAS---	---SAL-
5.	LAS----	----SAL
6.	LAS----	----SAL
7.	-LAS---	---SAL-
8.	--LAS--	--SAL--
9.	---LAS-	-SAL---
10.	----LAS	SAL----

LEFT	RIGHT
1. Cigars	1. Outstanding
2. A curved, protective hair	2. Devoutly lyrical
3. Map-books	3. David's wayward son
4. Creative masterpiece	4. Feudal tenants
5. Scourging	5. Rejection
6. Roped	6. Reading
7. A rubber loop	7. An Italian wine
8. Famed playwright-manager	8. Through the nose
9. Loosen	9. Prayer book
10. Domes	10. Rescued shipwreck property

I started a couple of days after the train left New York, and joined the party at Salt Lake City. Louie Howe gave me last-minute instructions to tell the Governor that his speech on the need for a balanced federal budget should be one of the first to be delivered. F. D. has a strong sense of the mischievous, and I think, knowing how worried Louie was on the subject, the Governor put off the speech just to have some fun with Howe. Anyway, the budget speech was delivered much later in the campaign, at Pittsburgh, and it came back to trouble Roosevelt more than any other speech he ever delivered.

The Case of Jimmy Walker

Before going West, Governor Roosevelt was called upon to act virtually as a trial judge in the removal proceedings against Mayor James J. Walker of New York, an opponent at the Chicago convention. The dapper Jimmy, always jaunty and happy-go-lucky, was under serious charges as a result of investigations conducted by the dour but thorough Samuel Seabury. Under the State Constitution the Governor was required to clear Jimmy or remove him from office.

The "trial" was headline news and there was a feeling that the outcome might prove to be one of the key factors in the presidential campaign. G. O. P. leaders were gleefully hoping that the presidential nominee would get himself all tangled up with Tammany Hall. A number openly predicted that he would lack the courage to oust Walker, thus causing the country to lose confidence in his character.

I was the center of a fierce tug of war all during the trial and it caused me plenty of grief. I had known and liked Walker for many years, and friends of his assumed that I could call up Albany, tell the Governor to call off the hearings, give Jimmy a clean bill of health, and the whole thing would be over—just like that. Then there were others with a little more breadth of vision who felt that the New York Mayor had a big following in New England and in New Jersey, and that his removal might cause us to lose a number of pivotal states, in addition to New York State itself.

I told those people as patiently as possible that if the evidence warranted such action, Roosevelt would remove the Mayor, and that no power on earth could stop him. And I added that courageous action of that kind would help him, and not hurt him, in the estimation of the voters throughout the United States. On the other hand, I pointed out also that there was no disposition to use Walker to help the Governor politically, and that if he were entitled to be exonerated he would be.

I mentioned the case to Roosevelt personally on two occasions only. Early in the summer Jimmy Walker telephoned and asked me to meet him at a restaurant in New York's Central Park. There, John F. Curry, leader of Tammany Hall, was with him. The Mayor pointed out that the Governor had announced the selection of Martin Conboy as special counsel to help him. Walker wanted his attorney, John J. Curtin, to have a talk with the Governor or Conboy, so that he could be informed on the procedure to be followed, the witnesses to be called, and so on.

I laid their request before the Governor. Roosevelt said he would see that they were properly informed and given their rights in every respect. I can truthfully say that Walker never asked me to intercede with the Governor on his behalf. As a matter of fact, at the Chicago convention, a few weeks earlier, he had voted against nominating Roosevelt for president, even though he knew then he was going to face removal charges before him.

However, after the hearings had been going on for a few weeks, Mayor Walker resigned. The resignation ended the entire controversy. A lot of people got the impression that the case was "prejudged;" that the Governor had determined to oust the Mayor anyway.

I did not discuss the matter with F. D. R. again until several months later when he was president-elect. Motoring from Albany to Hyde Park, he spoke of his personal fondness for Walker and expressed regret that he had got himself into such a mess.

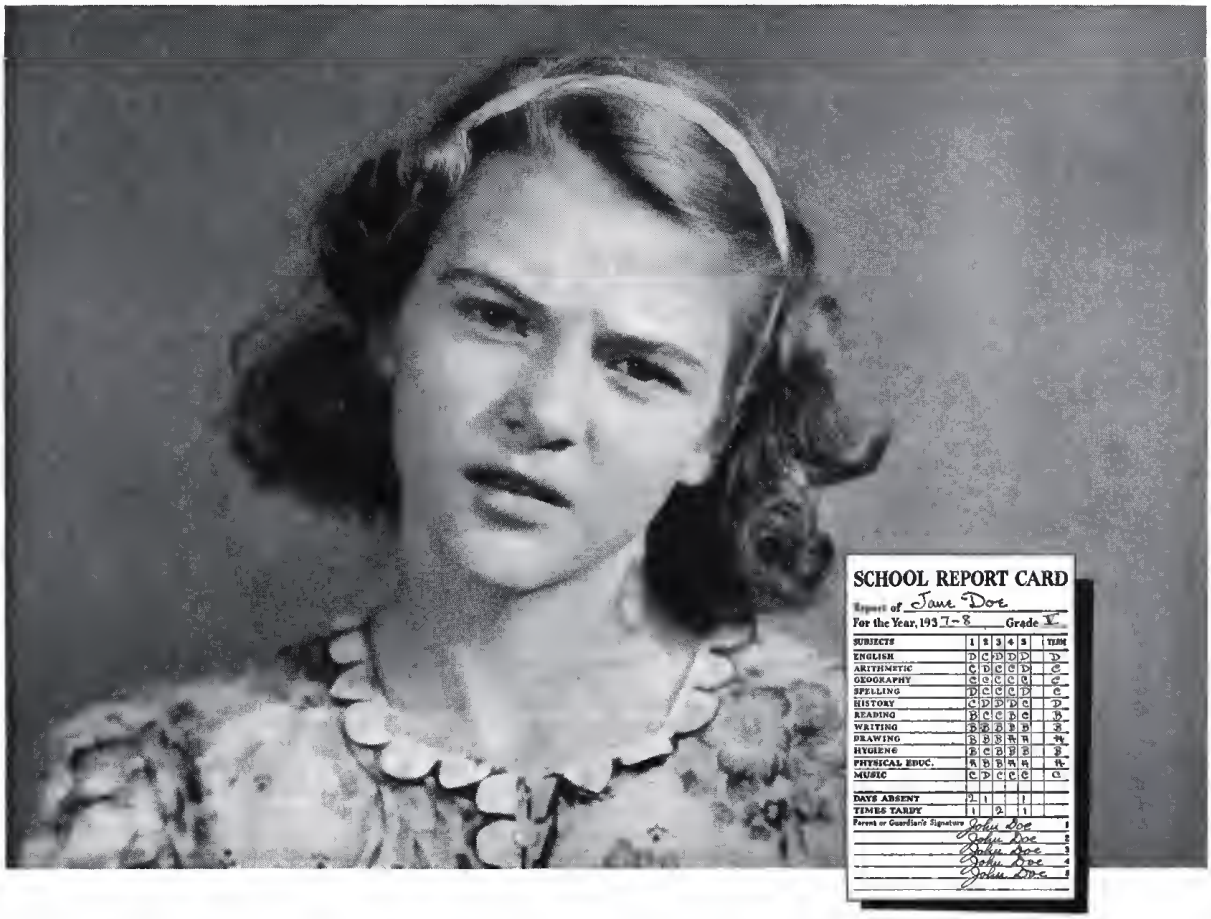
One day during the summer I had a visit from Norman E. Mack, of Buffalo, who had been active in the party for years and at one time was chairman of the National Committee. Mack was deeply agitated over Al Smith's refusal to come out openly for the party ticket. He said, "I'm going down to the Empire State Building and tell Smith that he should come out for Roosevelt, and I'm going to talk right up to him." Until he started out the door I never noticed that, in his nervous excitement, the grand old man had kept on his bedroom slippers instead of putting on shoes. What with his well-tailored clothes, walking stick, and general air of dignity, I didn't have the heart to tell him. About an hour later he returned, still wearing the slippers and still agitated.

"No one can talk to that man in the frame of mind he's in now," he said, obviously disturbed over the failure of his mission.

Huey Seeks the Spotlight

Some time before the big guns of the campaign had really begun to boom, we had a call from another visitor. Huey Long was in again. The Louisiana senator wanted to steal the national spotlight, and there is no doubt on earth that he was already looking forward to the day when he, himself, would be a candidate for the presidency. When he telephoned to ask about an appointment, a secretary promised to

NOT DULL—*But Hard of Hearing*



IF your child's report card repeatedly shows a low average, it may indicate an unsuspected physical handicap. Ten out of every hundred American school children have defective hearing. Many of them are unfairly charged with heing dull.

Inattention, disohedience, a far-away expression, any one of these may point to ear trouble. Once this has been overcome, the school work of these children improves.

Hearing defects often start in childhood, as a result of neglected or undiscovered ear and throat troubles. If detected and treated in the early stages, many cases can he relieved.

Warnings of Ear Trouble

Signs of ear trouhle in children should never he disregarded. Such symptoms are moisture or a discharge in the outer ear canal; pain, tenderness, itching in and about the ear.

Deafness is often caused hy infections in the middle ear, as a result of prolonged head colds, diseased tonsils, enlarged adenoids, or diseases such as scarlet fever, measles, influenza. The child's ears should he examined hy a competent physician after recovery from any such infectious disease.

Temporary hearing difficulties caused by wax in the outer ear, or hy foreign hodies—for instance a pea, a bead or a paper pellet—disappear when the ohstruction is removed. This should usually be done by a doctor because the ear is a delicate mechanism. Home treatment may cause injury.

Hearing Tests in Schools

Partial deafness causes so many children to fall hehind in their school work that many schools are now providing periodic hearing tests. These tests are made with the aid of scientific equipment which reveals even a slight impairment of hearing.

When medical science cannot restore a child's hearing, instruction in lip reading will help the child keep up with classes and have a fairer chance in later life.

In the Metropolitan hooklet "Hearing" you will find a wealth of additional information. May we send you a free copy? Address Booklet Department 938-A.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, *Chairman of the Board* • ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. • LEROY A. LINCOLN, *President*

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let him know right away, and asked where he could be reached.

"I'm at the Waldorf-Astoria," replied Huey. "In Rooms 1220, 1222, 1224, 1226, 1228, and 1230," leaving the impression that he had taken over at least one floor of the hotel for himself and his retainers.

A short time later he came to see me and outlined his plan. He wanted the National Committee to provide him with a special train, equipped with loud-speaking devices and the other paraphernalia. In this he would travel and speak in every one of the 48 states, promising immediate cash payment of the soldiers' bonus. He fairly beamed as he outlined the scheme. The prohibitive cost of such a venture never troubled him; and, of course, he didn't bother to inquire whether Roosevelt favored cash payment of the bonus.

The scheme was unthinkable, but it would have been the blunder of the year on my part to say so bluntly or to hurt his feelings in any way. I promised to take the plan up with advisers at headquarters, and a day or so later I explained to Huey that we had modified his original plan and had worked out a substitute speaking schedule for him.

He knew that he was being given the run-around, and he received the news with a mixture of disgust and disappointment and rage. He paced up and down the room in swift strides, stopping every now and then to pound his fist on my desk, all the time voicing very unflattering remarks about the "pinheads" who were trying to run Roosevelt's campaign.

"I hate to tell you, Jim, but you're gonna get licked," he finally wound up. "Yes, sir, Jim, you're gonna get licked. Hoover is going back into the White House. I tried to save you, but if you don't want to be saved it's all right with me."

After a while Huey calmed down and agreed to fulfill the speaking tour we had mapped out. At the time there was a disposition to regard him as somewhat of a freak who was far more likely to hurt the cause than to help it. So a schedule was carefully worked out which would take Huey into states believed lost or so firmly committed to Roosevelt that Huey couldn't possibly do any harm.

I don't hesitate to say now that we underrated Long's ability to grip the masses with his peculiar hodgepodge of buffoonery and demagogic strutting, cleverly larded with shrewd common sense and an evangelical fervor for the underprivileged. He put on a great show, and everywhere he went, especially in the larger cities, we had glowing reports of what he had accomplished for the Democratic cause. If we had sent Huey into the thickly populated cities of the Pennsylvania mining districts, the electoral vote of the Keystone State would have gone to the Roosevelt–Garner ticket by a comfortable margin. We never again underrated him.

Reconciliation with Al Smith

New York State, with the largest electoral vote in the Union, is always looked upon as pivotal in a national election, and for that reason it gets from both Democrats and Republicans a degree of attention usually out of proportion to its actual importance It was so in 1932. The factional hard feclings engendered at Chicago gradually subsided as the campaign wore on, and Democratic prospects of capturing the state looked good. We decided that Lieutenant Governor Lehman was entitled to succeed Roosevelt as governor. The Tammany Hall leaders were sincerely supporting the national ticket, but their pride had been injured in Chicago, and they decided to reassert their independence and show their power by backing a rival candidate, Mayor John Boyd Thacher of Albany.



HARRIS & EWING

Senator Carter Glass — He and Roosevelt realized their conflicting views on financial questions would lead them far apart

I WAS a registered voter in New York City, but was denied the right to attend the Albany convention as a delegate—perhaps the only time in history that a national chairman and state chairman combined failed to make the grade. This petty gesture was maneuvered by John F. Curry, the Tammany Hall leader, whose blundering and shortsighted leadership laid the groundwork for the subsequent downfall of the Democratic organization in New York City and the loss of the mayoralty to Fiorella LaGuardia, the Fusion candidate.

Tammany really controls only a part of New York City, and there was no reason under the sun why that organization should have opposed the Roosevelt gubernatorial choice. Even Al Smith supported Lehman. But Curry seemed to get a lot of satisfaction out of putting his own neck in the noose, a habit that finally cost him his political head.

After considerable discussion we finally decided that Lehman himself should beard the Tiger in its den, and serve notice on Curry straight from the shoulder that he had enough votes to nominate him for governor and that he intended to go through. Lehman refused a suggestion that Al Smith and I accompany him on his call on the Wigwam chiefs. Perspiration rolling down his face, he made the call, and a little later word came that Tammany had yielded and was willing to support Lehman for governor. The stage was set fo the great drama of reconciliation between Roosevelt and Al Smith—the big event to which everyone had been looking forward.

The affair took place after dinner in the vast old armory where the state convention was in session.

Governor Roosevelt came in, and proceeded at once to the platform. Al Smith was in his seat as a delegate. He strode up the aisle to the platform, pushed out his hand, and said, "Hello, Frank. I'm glad to see you."

The Governor responded, "Hello, Al. I'm glad to see you, too—and that's from the heart."

Immediately, the armory hall was in bedlam as the crowd went to it with a whoop and a holler that almost blew the roof off. There was a dramatic touch in the reunion of these two, whose close association had been broken by the bitter struggle for the presidential nomination. Al and Frank stood there grinning like schoolboys for several minutes, with hands clasped together, while the photographers took picture after picture.

Smith made only a brief reference to the national ticket in his speech nominating Lehman for governor, but it was apparent that the breach was healed and he intended to remain loyal to the party.

Later Smith took the stump for the Roosevelt–Garner ticket, but his first speech in New Jersey soured a lot of people in the South and West because he raked over the unpleasant issues that had led to his downfall when he ran for the presidency four years before. His other speeches, especially the one in Boston, were very effective and helped us considerably in New England.

The reconciliation at Albany helped us more than anybody could have foreseen, thanks to a flight of fancy on the part of Fred Storm, a newspaperman, who was covering the event for one of the wire associations. Fred sent out a bang-up story of the hatchet-burying meeting between Smith and Roosevelt, and in it he said that Smith reached for the Governor's hand, pumped it like a pump handle, and exclaimed, "Hello, you old potato!"

Fred must have had a microphone attached to Al Smith's lapel, because although I was closest to him, I didn't hear him say anything like that. However, a legion of admirers throughout the country were delighted with that version of the meeting, and the expression, "old potato," became a classic of the campaign. It was one of those things that sounded truer than what was really said, and it went a long way toward dissipating ill feeling.

Keeper of the Outer Gate

A presidential campaign organization is thrown together with lightning speed, and ours grew like a mushroom until it attained a size which astonished even those of us in charge. More than 500 persons were employed at headquarters in New York City, and a few hundred more could have been employed without in any way wasting money or engaging in useless activities

From the time headquarters were opened until the ballots were counted, a steady stream of people flowed into the offices, each person apparently anxious to unburden his soul of a stupendous idea that would "positively blow the opposition sky-high and win the election in a walk."

Most such well-meaning zealots are suspicious—they won't (*Continued on page 64*)

AMERICAN TRUCKING ASSOCIATIONS HONOR

"WORLD'S *Safest* TRUCK DRIVER" AND "NATION'S *Best* TRUCK DRIVER"



Hats off to **ALLEN B. HILL,** who has 1,400,000 miles of accident-free driving to his credit. Thirty years ago Allen Hill drove his first International Truck. Today he pilots a big International for the Crocker Transfer & Storage Co. of Corpus Christi, Tex. Though he has driven other trucks in between, while rolling up a mileage equal to 56 times around the earth, the major part of his magnificent career at the wheel has been achieved with Internationals.

The title, "World's Safest Truck Driver," awarded to Mr. Hill by the American Trucking Associations at last winter's convention, climaxed the 1937 safety-promotion work of the nation's trucking industry.



Doff the hats again to **WILLIAM J. FREDERICK** who topped the other experts in a demonstration of skill in putting a truck and trailer through a set of difficult maneuvers, winning the title, "Nation's Best Truck Driver."

In this competition Mr. Frederick and the winners of second, third, and fourth places drove International Trucks with 24-ft. semi-trailers at the convention. Frederick is an operator for the Kentucky Transport Corp. fleet, Louisville, Ky. He has been driving trucks for thirteen years without accident.

INTERNATIONAL

Manpower is the heart of the coordinated network of highway transport. There is no finer group of men to be found than the army of drivers who pilot the nation's trucks.

These two — Allen Hill and Bill Frederick — find the spotlight on them suddenly, but during the years that built their records they have been just like hundreds of thousands of others — keen and capable men doing a man's job day by day and doing it well. All of them together are custodians of a safe-sane driving standard that would do wonders for the nation if it could only be lived up to by the public.

Hill and Frederick, like so many other star drivers, do their stuff with International Trucks. Although there are forty manufacturers in the field, *International Harvester sells one out of every three heavy-duty trucks, 2-ton and up.*

International Truck sizes range from ½-ton up to powerful 6-wheelers. Sold and serviced through International dealers and Company-owned branches throughout the land.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
180 North Michigan Ave. (INCORPORATED) Chicago, Illinois



Driving your car is child's play compared with handling these big truck-and-trailer combinations. Illustration shows the International 3 to 4-ton Model D-50 with semi-trailer of special design.

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

It takes ALL KINDS



DRAWING BY RALPH STEIN

BY ALBERT BENJAMIN

WASSON WILSON, a Hammond, Ind., attorney, tries to get golf players as jurors on all his cases, because, he says, "They can be counted on to display sportsmanship in coming to decisions."

FRED LADD, Salem, N. Y., 63-year-old athlete, is toeing the pitcher's mound this season for his 51st consecutive year in baseball. He also takes part in sampro football games and exhibitions.

JOHN F. PITTS, of Fayetteville, Tenn., was so impressed with the gift of a 20-foot banana tree from a Louisiana friend that he recently built a complete house around it to protect it from frosts.

SAMUEL W. MARSHALL, chief engineer of the Pennsylvania State Highway Department, has fitted out 750 of his road workers with belts and shoulder straps studded with red glass reflectors to blink a night-time warning to approaching motorists.

THOMAS C. WHITLOCK, JR., of Macon, Ga., has built a complete model farm out of 23 boxes of burned matches.

JACOB C. NICHOLSON, 60, wealthy Indianapolis, Ind., resident, recently set out on a 3,000-mile tour of Europe in a taxicab. He agreed to pay the driver, in addition to regular meter charges, $20 a week plus living expenses.

MISS NATALIE GIBBS, of New York, N. Y., earns her living as a "Fingernail Counselor," specializing in broken nails and cuticles that have been molested by mischievous molars.

FORREST EVERGREEN TREES, 48, is a supervisor in the Ohio Department of Liquor Control, Columbus, Ohio.

MARVIN MILLER, 21, a poet, of Abilene, Texas, puts a lilt into his chores by using poetic rhythm in milking his cow. He calls it "Milk Bucket Metronome," and says that by pulling the teats at varying intervals he can get any kind of meter—from iambic pentameter to trochaic dactyl.

JOHN A. SHERBURNE, 50, an Ozona, Texas, chiropractor, amuses himself during his spare time by designing and making all of his wife's clothes.

EDDY LARIVEE, an insurance inspector of Montreal, Canada, recently received as a wedding present from 90 friends a check for $150 made of wallpaper. It is 5 feet long and 20½ inches wide and was honored by a local bank.

MRS. A. W. HARRIS, of Davidson County, Tenn., collects "ten-toed" chickens as a hobby.

JAMES HAMITER, 21-year-old Dallas, Texas, student of the University of Texas, is paying his college expenses with his own circus, which includes a complete dog and pony show and one elephant.

MR. AND MRS. WESLEY HOLCOMB, of Appalachia, Wise County, Va., have named their seven children after seven states: Oklahoma, a son; Virginia, a daughter; Kansas, a daughter; Wisconsin, a son; Nebraska, a son; Montana, a daughter; and Vermont, a daughter.

MR. LOUIS BANTE, a dry-goods store proprietor, of Maplewood, Mo., recently crocheted his daughter's wedding gown, which, because of the full skirt and long train, required 10,000 yards of triple-O thread. The job took him three weeks.

RATHER than slight anybody, Commissioner of Public Property Joseph Patrick Skelly, of New Orleans, La., invited the whole city to his daughter Margaret's wedding reception. More than 12,000 sandwiches, 10,000 cakes, and 100 gallons of punch were served.

CROSBY GAIGE, New York, N. Y., theatrical producer, recently acquired, as one of his hobbies, a collection of 200,000 patent models submitted to the United States Patent Office from 1820 to 1890.

MRS. M. L. FRIEDLANDER, of Los Gatos, Calif., has a contract with a local taxi driver that whenever he finds her prize Irish setter, "Murphy," too far from home he is to drive the dog back home in the taxicab.

TIRING of scraping wax off his show windows after each Hallowe'en, George J. Pfaff, an Itasca, Ill., druggist, now offers cash prizes to would-be waxers for the best pictures drawn on his windows with soap.

VIRGINIA PARYSCH, of Columbus, Ohio, has won a local pie-eating contest for four consecutive years. Her record is downing an 18-inch raspberry pie in three minutes flat.

(*Continued from page 62*) talk about the "colossal idea" except to the head man, which made it a bit awkward and often even annoying. Then there were the people who wanted jobs; and last, but certainly not least, the song writers, each lugging a copy of a new melody that would surely "wow" the populace, and often they sang their songs, like it or not. I recall one occasion when a composer, who brought along a portable phonograph and records, succeeded in getting by the guards and planting the music box on my desk. His song was terrible, but under the circumstances I had to hear it through.

Then there was the Indian chief who said he had hiked all the way from his tribal reservation in the Far West just to do his bit for the cause. He wanted to don his battle regalia and stand around headquarters to show the world that the Indian vote was committed to us. Of course, he was highly indignant when we refused to put him on the pay roll, and he came back again and again. Finally I suppose he gave up in disgust, for, a few days after we saw him last, he appeared on a float in a Republican parade, arms akimbo and dressed in his finest feathers and war paint.

Another steady customer was a stout, good-natured colored woman who wanted us to provide a free steamboat excursion ride around Manhattan Island every day that summer for members of the Negro race.

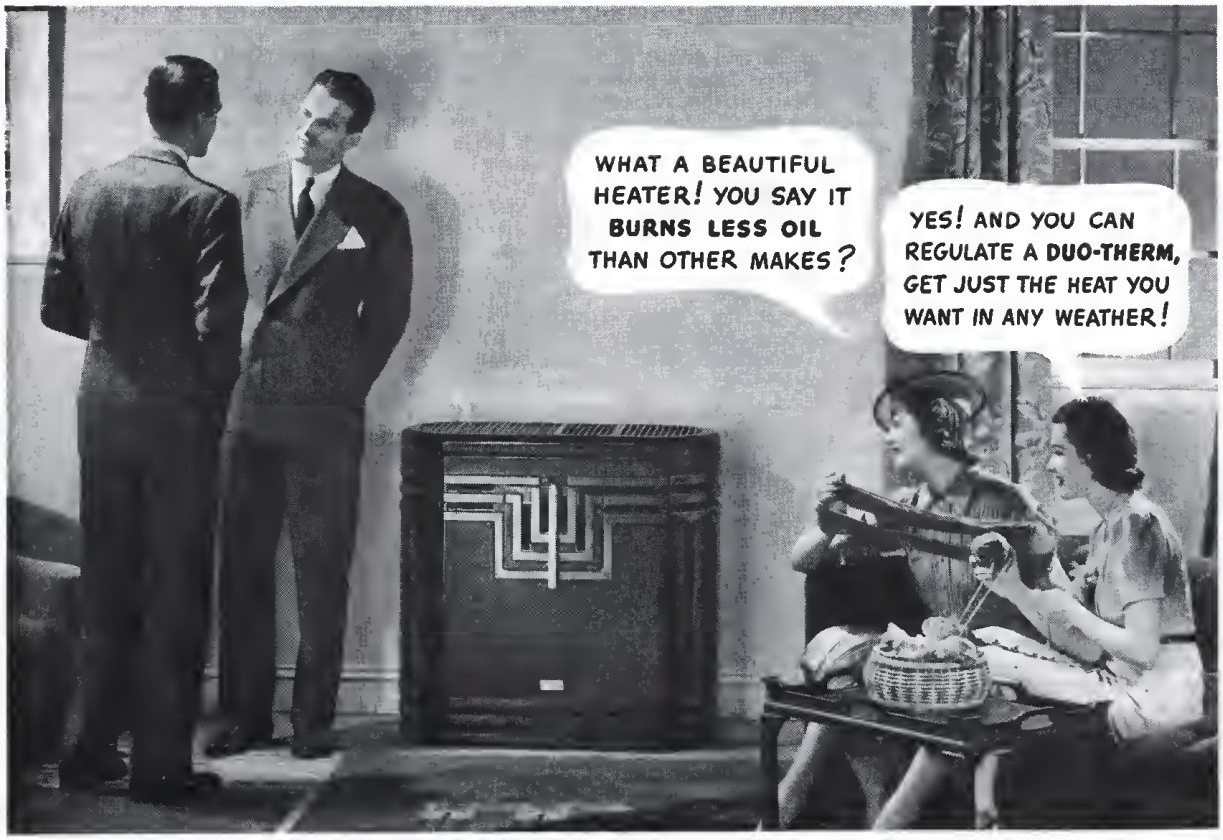
The best way to meet such situations, I found, was to keep calm and to be as good-natured as possible. I recall a few incidents which gave us laughs and helped us keep a sense of balance.

THE outer gate at headquarters in the Biltmore Hotel was under the supervision of "Senator" William C. (Wild Bill) Lyons, of Texas, a lifelong Democrat who won the title of senator by serving in the Colorado legislature—or, at least, running for the job. (Bill's recollection is that he actually served one or two terms, but an impression still persists among his old-time friends that he was merely a candidate.) Bill and I had become acquainted several years earlier and he sort of took over the gatetender's job, appearing at headquarters before we were fully organized and going to work without being asked. Bill had a keen eye for time-wasters and cranks. His favorite way of discouraging an unwanted visitor was to boom: "Mr. Farley ain't got no time to see you. He's busy seeing important people. You're just wasting your time around here, because you ain't going to get in."

Once in a while he varied the formula by saying, "No luck; the Kid is out," a reply that surprised, and perhaps shocked, one or two distinguished visitors who didn't understand that Bill looked upon me as a sort of protégé.

One day Bill was tending the gate when a short, slender man, quiet in dress and manner, approached the rail and asked to see Mr. Farley. Somehow he failed to impress the Senator and was barred. A few minutes later my telephone rang, and a voice at the other end of the wire said, "Jim, how can a man get in to contribute $10,000 to the campaign? That fierce fellow at the gate won't let me by."

It was William H. Woodin, a leading industrialist of New York, one of our most generous contributors, and later Secretary



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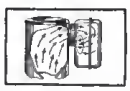
Lower, more modern, and compact, it is the handsomest heater ever created! The new Golden Fleck enamel finish is smooth, easy to clean and polish. This heater can be easily installed in any fireplace!



Heat you can regulate! A Duo-Therm will keep your home "just right" from fall to spring! You get plenty of heat for the coldest winter day—or just enough to take the chill off in mild weather—at the turn of a dial!



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of the Treasury in the Roosevelt Cabinet. Woodin always chuckled over the incident and thought it was a great joke on himself.

On another occasion the Senator met his match—and a little more. Among those who sought admission was the austere and dignified ex-Senator James A. Reed of Missouri. Recognizing him as he approached, Bill sprang forward, slapped him on the shoulder, and said "Hello, Jim! Come right in—you're always welcome." But a slap on the shoulder was too much familiarity for Reed, who growled, "You insolent So-and-So," and pushed his way by. Bill was speechless for the first time in his life.

Roosevelt attended to the duties of the governorship at Albany, and kept informed on the progress of the campaign by telephone and by lengthy reports which were sent to him constantly. Occasionally I went to Albany for a personal chat. Roosevelt is never so happy as when surrounded by a few men who know the business, and when he is figuring out ways of capturing public sentiment and beating off the enemy's attack. On such occasions he keeps pencil and paper handy and jots down his ideas to make them plainer, or draws diagrams and charts outlining the plan he has in mind.

One of these meetings at Albany took place on the night of October 10th, a date fixed in my mind as an important one for me. We were in the small study of the Executive Mansion, which he used for an office, just the two of us. A number of names entered into the conversation, and we mentioned the strong points and weak points of the men and their characteristic little foibles.

Talk of Appointments

Finally the Governor said to me, "Jim, keep an eye on the men around headquarters and those who come in from time to time, and tell me later what you think about appointing them to positions in the administration." This was the first time a mention of federal appointments had ever passed between us. Since he had brought up the subject voluntarily, I took the opportunity to reassure him about a matter that had been on my mind for some time.

I told him that I had been careful not to embarrass him by promising positions or appointments to anyone, either during the Chicago convention or after it. He told me that he appreciated this attitude and that he had pursued the same policy himself. He added that, although he constantly reflected on the grave problem which would be his after he got to Washington, he had definitely determined upon only three appointments—Louie Howe for his secretary, George H. Dern, of Utah, for Secretary of the Interior, and myself for Postmaster General. It was a very nice way of letting me know. All of these appointments were made later, except that Dern was shifted to the War Department.

One night in the early fall I broadcast an appeal for contributions to the party war chest. After the broadcast I went back to headquarters, where I found the dynamic James M. Curley, Mayor of Boston, waiting. "Here's the first answer to your appeal," he said, tossing a large roll of bills into my lap. The roll contained 50 bills of $100 each, a total of $5,000. Curley always liked to do things in a dramatic way.

As the campaign moved down the homestretch it was certain that the American electorate was getting ready for one of its periodic and drastic upheavals. The political pendulum in the United States, once it starts moving, swings faster and farther than it does in almost any other country on earth, a wholesome thing which has a tendency to keep those in office a little bit more on their toes.

Whenever newspaper correspondents asked about the outcome of the election I declined to concede a single state to the Republicans. That, of course, was exaggerating just a trifle. We never had any hope of capturing Maine, Vermont, or Connecticut. However, it is often bad policy to concede a state in advance, because it might contribute to the defeat of the state ticket.

Rewards of the Election

Louie Howe had charge of arrangements for receiving the election returns at National Headquarters on Election Night, and as the crucial time drew near, he became gloomier each moment. It was characteristic of Louie to look on the dark side, and, even when the first returns started trickling in, showing a positive swing to F. D. R., he pointed out that it was always a bad sign to take an early lead.

An Election Night party is always an intimate family affair for a candidate, and that year it was made even more so because of Roosevelt's faculty of cutting away formalities and making other folks enjoy themselves by the simple formula of having a good time himself. All the members of the Roosevelt family, including his wife and mother, were at headquarters for the celebration, and the sight of a mother fortunate enough to see her son elected to the highest office in the land attracted almost as much attention as did the President-elect himself.

When the result was certain and President Hoover had acknowledged defeat, the new President-elect suggested that we let in the hundreds of people who were waiting outside the doors to offer their personal congratulations. Among those who called to wish him well were Al Smith, John J. Raskob, Senators Wagner and Copeland of New York, and Governor-elect Lehman. Kermit Roosevelt, the son of "Teddy" Roosevelt, also came in to offer congratulations. F. D. shook hands with him cordially and said, "Give my regards to all the family." Kermit responded that he would, and then, referring to the election and the fact that the Theodore Roosevelt family was ardently Republican, added, "But I don't know how welcome this news is going to be."

When Mrs. Farley came along in the line of those congratulating him, Roosevelt leaned over and whispered, "Get ready to move to Washington." Bess said she didn't want to go to Washington. "Well, get ready anyway," he added, "because Jim is going down there after the fourth of March."

Having invested about two years of my life in the campaign, it naturally was a deep source of satisfaction to realize that it was a success and not a failure. Equally pleasing was the receipt of praise for our management from men in public life to whose opinions I had come to attach the deepest significance. Senator Hiram W. Johnson, the California progressive who helped win the West for Roosevelt, telegraphed, "I take my hat off to the greatest political general of our times." Senator Carter Glass wired that I was "the greatest campaign manager of them all."

One of the letters which I cherish came from James M. Cox, of Ohio, the party standard-bearer in 1920, who was considerate enough to sit down a few days before election to write me his views. His words were so wise and are so true of politics, that I quote them verbatim:

"You know human nature as well as I do. If we should win on Tuesday, and I think we will, you will be regarded as a sort of political king; if we lose, the king's hostler. But with me, my dear fellow, the thought is this—whether win or lose, you have made a magnificent leader. You brought a party that was pretty badly torn at Chicago into an harmonious unit. You have been kind, considerate, farseeing, and indefatigable. Not one of these words, in my humble inventory of things, will be erased if our portion on Tuesday is a defeat. I am glad to have known you better."

Another letter with a humorous twist came from Governor Albert C. Ritchie of Maryland, who said I was his "ideal" of a campaign manager, "particularly a pre-convention campaign manager," referring to the luck we had in winning the presidential nomination away from him at Chicago.

ON THE morning after the election Louie Howe said he wanted to see me on something very important, and I dropped into his office without the slightest idea of what he had in mind. For a few minutes we talked about the election generally and then Louie walked slowly over to the door, peered up and down the hall very mysteriously, locked the door, returned to his desk, and sat down. This was Louie's way of impressing me that he attached the deepest significance to what he was about to say.

He cupped his face in his hands, pondered for a second or two, and then said, "Jim, has Franklin ever told you what he wants you to do in his administration?"

"No, he hasn't," I replied. "The election itself was reward enough and, even if he feels that he has no place for me at all, I shall be completely satisfied."

We were both sparring, hoping that the other would open up. The truth is that if F. D. had gone to Washington without me I would have died, and the same was true of Louie.

Howe told me he was convinced, although nothing had been said, that the President-elect would offer me the post of Postmaster General. However, he added that it might be wiser for me to suggest instead an appointment as Collector of the Port of New York, which, because of the fees attached, is one of the best-paying positions in the federal government. My private business had been badly neglected during the past two years, and Louie pointed out that by remaining in New York I could keep an eye on it.

Finally, I asked Louie if he knew what he was going to do himself, and he said he didn't. "Well, accept my congratulations," I said. "You are going to be the secretary to the President of the United States." Then I told him about the conversation between Roosevelt and myself on October 10th. Louie beamed all over and it was apparent that he was hearing

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the news for the first time. Roosevelt had never bothered to mention it to him, even when they were living together in the same house!

A Name in Green

In the fall of 1932 the newspapers started to gratify the public taste for personalities by running stories concerning the men around Roosevelt. Many of them were to the effect that Farley was a huge man, possessed of unbounded energy, who loved to spend his time writing thousands of letters and signing them with green ink. As a result I received thousands of inquiries. . . . Why do you write so many letters—and why do you sign them with green ink? Why don't you go on the radio and talk to people all at once? How can you attend to other matters if you spend all your time signing letters?

Well, in the first place, I'm an old-fashioned fellow who was brought up and learned my politics in a small town, and who still believes that the only way to get ahead in public life is to understand people and to sympathize with them. I'm the kind of fellow who likes to go back to the old home town and salute my neighbors by their first names, while they greet me in return with a hearty "Hello, Jim." Radio is wonderful—it has been a tremendous factor in the success of the Roosevelt political fortunes—but there is no substitute for the personal touch and there never will be.

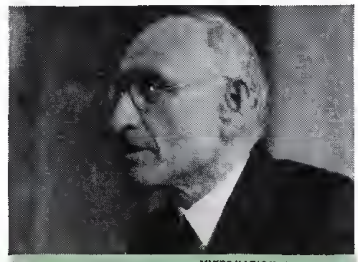
So here's the reason I write a letter: The receiver knows that it was intended for him and for no one else in the world; and, far more important, he can keep until his dying day a letter telling about the help he gave in electing the President of the United States—or the governor, or the senator. I know, because I've seen such letters time and again—frayed, soiled, and tattered from being exhibited on a thousand different occasions. In fact, I keep one or two such communications myself, and am proud of them. People like to feel they have a hand in things.

Now, why the green ink? Because, years ago, it occurred to me that it would be wise to have some little distinguishing mark which would induce the receiver to remember me as an individual. Green ink did the trick so well that it was given the job permanently.

To whom do I write? There are more than 150,000 loyal men and women in this country who are connected with regular Democratic organizations, and they range from the bigwigs, like national and state committeemen, down through precinct and district captains and canvassers, to the local committee workers and other folk who pull the doorbells, distribute the literature, and haul the voters to the polls on Election Day. In all, there are 400,000 or 500,000 people to whom I write occasionally, and fully half of these I know personally. An army is seldom stronger than its infantry, and a political army is never stronger than its workers.

Between the beginning of the preconvention campaign and the national election—a period of about two years—we sent out a total of nearly 3,000,000 pieces of mail, several hundred thousands of which were signed by me personally. Besides those letters sent to all workers, I sent out thousands of others to leading politicians who knew just how the political tides were going in their home districts. I had one such list of about 2,000 men and women, each of whom was a seasoned political observer, with whom I corresponded regularly and upon whose judgment I relied.

Also, I have always tried to be very careful in my personal correspondence, which is exceptionally large. Today I have a staff of trained and capable stenographers and sometimes I call in from four to six at a time. Sorting through the mail, I can indicate in a sentence or two the kind of reply I wish to have prepared, and the stenographer in each case composes the answering



INTERNATIONAL PHOTOS

Dr. Arthur E. Morgan—He never consulted Democratic senators, and they were not inclined to give him a lift when he needed it

letter. In going over the completed draft, if the salutation is "Dear Mr. Jones," I scratch out the "Mr. Jones" and substitute "Bill," or whatever the first name may be, and frequently add a postscript. Most of the letters are signed just "Jim."

Cement for the Party

Letter-signing ordinarily is left until the close of the day. With a particularly heavy batch of mail, I sign for hours on end—in fact, it sometimes takes me from six to eight hours. I have been able to sign close to 2,000 letters in an hour, although my average pace is slower.

We had one mishap a year or two ago which caused me to wish that green ink had never entered my fountain pen. I signed 9,023 Commissions for Post Office Appointees—had them sent out—and was flabbergasted when later they started to pour back because the ink had faded. There was no choice but to go through it all over again. You may be sure that black ink was used the second time, although green ink as a rule has held up well.

I expect to continue as what has been described as the Post Office Department's best customer, because it is my ambition to turn over to my successor the best-functioning political organization in the history of this country. I believe that can be best accomplished through the personal contacts established with my letters.

I am a firm believer in party politics—so much so that in my opinion it would be a tragedy for Uncle Sam if either the Democratic Party or the Republican Party were to pass from the scene. There is a belief in some quarters that, with the radio and other high-pressure propaganda methods now available, the old type of political organization is headed for decay. Not to my way of thinking, and, if it is true, the fact should be deplored by every thoughtful American. The steady climb up through party ranks is still the best training ground for American officials under a democratic system of government.

No one has ever explained how the blight of government by minority can be escaped without political parties national in scope, and no one ever will explain it, because it can't be done. *We don't want three major parties in this country, and certainly we don't want any more than that.*

If party government, and especially the two-party system, should crumble in this country, which seems to me very unlikely, then the United States would be at the mercy of every organized minority, every ambitious demagogue, every radio spellbinder, and every political crackpot who should come along.

The Democratic Party has existed for more than a century and its contributions to the American nation can never be overestimated. If green ink helps me to cement that party into a greater and stronger political unit, I shall be amply repaid for my untold hours of monotonous and tiresome letter writing.

Although the incoming mail is seldom as heavy as the outgoing, I get plenty of it, including an oversized collection from individuals who feel the urge to write me for no other reason except that they see my name constantly in the public prints. The letters may be divided roughly into three different classes—those that are threatening or abusive, those that beg for money or other favors, and those setting forth some harebrained scheme on political or governmental problems.

For some reason, an appeal for funds to help purchase a set of false teeth or other kind of dental work is frequent. Then there was a man who suggested that I was pretty good at picking election winners and should be good in picking winners at the race track. He proposed that we establish a partnership. There was a woman who wanted to be shipped to Shanghai as a package via the China Clipper, dressed in "an Uncle Sam suit made out of Clipper stamps." She said the idea came to her in a dream. The abusive and threatening letters are usually unsigned and seldom make coherent reading.

A man in New York, obviously a dyed-in-the-wool Republican, used to send a post card whenever he heard me make a grammatical slip, or some other error, in a radio address. The observations in some instances were rather keen and I have tried to profit by them. . . .

Choosing the Cabinet

During the months between the election of 1932 and the inauguration in March, 1933, the flow of events quickened to a pace that now seems almost unbelievable. The industrial depression, already about three years old, rapidly started to deepen into a financial and business panic of nation-wide proportions.

The magnitude of the industrial paralysis unfolded gradually, but, as Roosevelt had sources of information not available to the average person, he sensed the danger somewhat in advance of the great bulk of the population. As the imminence of a major collapse impressed itself more and more upon his mind, he found it necessary

to discard many tentative policies and decisions and to substitute new and, in some cases, vastly different plans in their stead.

During this period literally thousands of people were pressing me, as National Chairman, to lay their claims for posts before the President-elect. Most of them were advised to wait until he had decided upon the make-up of his official family. Several weeks before inauguration, with Frank C. Walker, treasurer of the Democratic National Committee, I paid a morning visit to F. D. R. at his New York City home, and there I had another hint of my coming Cabinet appointment.

Roosevelt was still in bed. He was reading the newspapers and had them spread all about. He pointed to a dispatch from Washington which said that Walter F. Brown, Postmaster General in the Hoover administration, had purchased a costly new limousine out of department funds, because the roof of his old car was too low for the silk hat which he wore to official functions. One paper had a cartoon showing Brown's head, plus the silk topper, sticking through the roof of a swanky limousine. F. D. remarked to Walker, with a chuckle, "Frank, did you see this picture of Jim's immediate predecessor?" "Thank you, sir, for the appointment," I replied promptly.

Roosevelt never really notified me officially that he wanted me in the Cabinet, except in such offhand conversations. He employed the same way of breaking the news of appointments to others of his friends who were given places in the new administration.

CABINET-MAKING is a delicate political business, not only in the selection of appointees, but in the rejection of persons, many of them deserving. Roosevelt had an especially difficult problem because he had captured the nomination from strong rivals and the country was waiting to see if he would appoint any of them to Cabinet positions. He did not—and I think most people experienced in public life would agree that it would have been a mistake for him to have made such appointments. Cabinet work requires team play and that the individual must often give up his own views in order to carry out the orders of the President. The men who had sought the nomination were hardly the sort to submerge their own personalities.

As a matter of fact, this highly important matter of differing viewpoints cropped up early in the Cabinet considerations.

One of the first moves made by the President-elect was to indicate to Senator Carter Glass, of Virginia, that he would like to have him as Secretary of the Treasury, a position the elderly Virginian had filled under President Woodrow Wilson. Glass took the offer under advisement, but before he reached a decision it became evident to the President-elect that the approaching banking and financial crisis demanded measures far more radical than were at first anticipated. Roosevelt entrusted me with the task of communicating his ideas in this respect to Senator Glass.

Glass was courteous and kindly and expressed sympathy with the President-elect in the overwhelming burden of duties ahead. He asked me to tell F. D. of his appreciation of the thoughtfulness in let-

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ting him know the probable attitude of the new administration. However, some time later Senator Glass informed the President-elect, in a personal interview, that he would be unable to assume the grave responsibilities of the Treasury. He felt that the strain would be too much for a man of his age, but there was no doubt also that both men realized their conflicting views on financial questions would soon lead them far apart.

Henry A. Wallace, of Iowa, was chosen Secretary of Agriculture because of his broad knowledge of farm problems and because his ideas of what should be done to relieve the industry corresponded very closely to those of Roosevelt.

Hull and Woodin Accept

It was decided early that the post of Secretary of the Interior should go to a progressive Republican because of the substantial support which they had given the Roosevelt-Garner ticket. When Senator Bronson M. Cutting of New Mexico declined the post it was given to Harold L. Ickes, of Illinois, who had been a big factor in the success of the Roosevelt Progressive League.

The selection of Miss Frances Perkins as Secretary of Labor—the first woman ever to hold a Cabinet post—was a personal choice of Governor Roosevelt, who had formed a very favorable opinion of her views and ability while she served as Industrial Commissioner of New York State in his administration as governor.

During Roosevelt's spring visit to Warm Springs, Ga., in 1933, I went there to talk over appointments. Among the other visitors at the resort at the request of the President-elect was Senator Cordell Hull of Tennessee, who had proved to be so helpful in the preconvention battle.

Before Hull visited the Little White House, as the Roosevelt cottage was known, I dropped over to see him at old Meriwether Inn and endeavored to impress upon him that the President-elect was about to offer him a most responsible post and that it was his duty to accept. The fact is that Roosevelt wanted Hull in the Cabinet and was afraid he might decline.

Hull, of course, was pleased, but he was genuinely reluctant to consent. He had been in public life a long time and realized that while the glitter and power of high administrative posts attract men, a majority of them, soon after taking office, find themselves worried and tormented by the strain of official duties and the constant criticism of an unsympathetic public. Then, too, he knew the cost of official entertaining would prove a severe drain upon his slender financial resources.

While appreciating his position, I pointed out the opportunity a post such as that of the Secretary of the Treasury or the Secretary of State would give him to promote the economic views to the study of which he had devoted a lifetime. Finally Hull, unconvinced, left for the Little White House. There, Roosevelt tendered him the Secretaryship of State, the most important place in the Cabinet.

Throughout the crowded years since that peaceful meeting in the tiny village of Warm Springs, I have had an opportunity to observe Cordell Hull and the other men whom Roosevelt brought to Washington. I have seen them at the White House, at Cabinet meetings, and elsewhere. Yet I still stand on a prophecy about Hull, jotted down for my own use in the fall of 1933. I predicted that Cordell's accomplishments in office would be appreciated by future generations rather than his own, and that his record of accomplishment would stand out long after the rest of us were forgotten.

Shortly after my talk with Hull at Warm Springs, the same kind of missionary work was done to persuade William H. Woodin, prominent New York industrialist, to accept the post of Secretary of the Treasury. The job was delegated to Basil O'Connor, who had been Roosevelt's law partner before the latter became Governor of New York, and who was also an intimate friend of Woodin. Woodin was quiet to the point of shyness, and, although he had been a generous campaign contributor, wanted absolutely nothing in return.

O'Connor called for Woodin one afternoon early in February and together they motored back and forth through Central Park in New York for an hour and a half, while Basil argued that under the grave conditions which prevailed, the responsibility of accepting was far less serious than the responsibility of refusing. Shortly afterward the President-elect, in a special announcement, revealed that Hull and Woodin would be in his Cabinet.

Facing the Banking Crisis

Two or three weeks before inauguration there was an ominous rumble in the banking world—the forerunner of a collapse unprecedented in American history. Banks were beginning to give way under the pressure of years of mismanagement and the burden of worthless stocks and securities in their portfolios. Lines of frightened depositors started to form in front of banks. The pressure became too strong in Michigan, center of the key automotive industry, and the Governor of Michigan was compelled to call a bank holiday. The fear psychology spread wider and wider. The shadow of the bank line started to spread clear across the country, touching every state. The depositors were insisting on cash withdrawals, and many were demanding gold. And the banks were beginning to run out of gold, so great was the drain. Other states followed the lead of Michigan and closed their banks.

At his Hyde Park home, waiting for the special train that would take him to Washington, Roosevelt was constantly informed of what was going on. He conferred with Woodin and other well-informed persons and prepared himself for the emergency. He went aboard the train that was to carry him to the nation's capital—a couple of nights before the inauguration—facing the most serious crisis to confront a new president since the crucial day almost three quarters of a century before, when Abraham Lincoln took over the burdens of the White House. Lincoln looked out on a nation threatened with permanent disruption through a civil war; Roosevelt looked out on a greater nation threatened with financial panic and economic chaos because of blind, unreasoning fear.

As a member of the incoming Cabinet I was invited, with my wife and three youngsters, to ride to Washington on the Roosevelt special. The group on the train included members of the President-elect's family, Louie Howe, several other intimate friends, and the usual quota of newspaper correspondents and photographers.

It was a late afternoon run from New York to Washington, and during the journey I was invited to chat with the President-elect. He was seated in a chair alongside the wall of the living-room, facing across the car. I dropped into a chair beside him. Although in good spirits, as usual, he was fully conscious of the gravity of the moment and was inclined to be serious in his mood and thoughts. He knew the entire nation was looking to him for the way out. To add to the burden of his troubles, the beloved Senator Thomas J. Walsh of Montana, who was to have become the new Attorney General, had died suddenly that very morning, making it necessary for Roosevelt to appoint a substitute without delay. After consultation with Howe and a few other intimates, before boarding the train, he had tendered the place to Homer S. Cummings, of Connecticut.

I recall that Roosevelt spent most of his time on the train chatting about religion. He said that a thought about God was the right way to start, and he told me about his own religious training as a child. He expressed the view that in a crisis like the approaching one the faith of the people was of first importance and that the fundamentally religious sense of the American people would be a great factor in seeing the nation through. Then he told me of his intention to begin Inauguration Day by attending divine services at the Episcopal Church which he attended during Wilson's administration.

The conversation remains in my memory because it gave me a fresh insight into Roosevelt's way of thinking and the manner in which he approached problems of overwhelming magnitude. He already had his mind made up on the fundamental policy for handling the complex banking situation. He reasoned that the question of the particular measures to be adopted was far less important than the need for restoring the shattered confidence of the American people. His attitude, in my judgment, was not that of a man who was carried away by conceit or overconfidence—it was the straightforward attitude of a man who sincerely believed that his fellow countrymen could be rallied to meet the test.

Roosevelt's Bold Course

After the inaugural ceremony at the Capitol and the customary parade down Pennsylvania Avenue, the members of the new Cabinet and also the White House secretariat were instructed to gather in the Oval Room, on the second floor of the White House, for the swearing-in ceremony. For the first time in history all appointees were to take the oath of office at the same time.

It was the first time I had ever been in the White House. The brief exercises were witnessed only by the families of those being sworn in and a few friends of the Roosevelts. The new President sat at his desk, a beaming smile on his face, and read out the names one by one, beginning with that of Secretary of State Hull. The oath was administered to each separately by Justice Benjamin N. Cardozo of the United States Supreme Court.

Afterward Roosevelt made a little talk,

bidding us welcome to the new administration and expressing the hope that we would be able to pull together, for the common good.

The nation saw another side of Roosevelt the next day, when he summoned Congress into special session and then boldly issued his proclamation closing every bank in America until the financial gale had a chance to pass over. The events of that week seem almost like a dream. The thing that to me still stands out above all else was the flaming courage of the man who dared to shut off the nation's financial life, because he felt the emergency demanded it, and then calmly sat down before a microphone to ask his fellow Americans to have faith and confidence in what was transpiring.

In my opinion, Roosevelt's banking address will go down in history as one of the great utterances of an American president. Certainly no other talk ever called forth such a wave of spontaneous enthusiasm and co-operation. He risked tremendous odds in following the bold course he took. With a flash of inspiration he accomplished a miracle of wise government.

There is no occasion for reviewing the steps which Roosevelt took to reopen the banks on a sound basis. In some quarters he has been criticized for not co-operating with the outgoing president, Mr. Hoover, who at the last minute wanted to do something about the banking situation. Roosevelt was wise in refusing. It would have been bad judgment on his part to exercise authority without legal right—and then, too, Mr. Hoover never would have gone straight ahead, as Roosevelt was prepared to do, to meet the situation head on. The outgoing president was too inclined to a lot of fuss and feathers and to miss the popular approval that springs up in response to prompt and courageous action.

The three months or so that followed, during which Roosevelt recommended to Congress a broad series of relief and recovery measures, will also take their place in history as an outstanding example of democracy working at its best.

The thing that had paralyzed the country was not that the measures undertaken by the Hoover administration were wrong, but that they were undertaken timidly and failed to go far enough.

ASIDE from the temporary measures designed only for emergency, the entire Roosevelt program may be tracked back to the policies and the principles of government which he advocated throughout his public life, particularly during his four years as Governor of New York State. The idea that the national reforms advanced by Roosevelt were born of expediency on the spur of the moment is erroneous.

Here was simply a case of a leader, with a proper sense of political timing, who realized that the temper of the country gave him a unique opportunity to accomplish constructive reforms that otherwise might have taken a generation. The financial groups that later took up the hue and cry against the New Deal were silent because the chill of the depression was still upon them and they feared for the fate of their own vast properties.

Many times during our conversations at Albany and Hyde Park, while Roosevelt was governor, I heard him express his be-



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READ THIS GENEROUS MONEY-BACK OFFER

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

lief that a small financial oligarchy was squeezing the lifeblood out of industry and agriculture and threatening the nation. Apparently, many of his opponents never took the trouble to read his pre-election speeches, particularly his campaign speech at Columbus, Ohio, in 1932, in which he said in so many words that he intended to put the brakes on Wall Street as soon as he got into power.

One exception should be noted among the financial groups, and that is the clique which dominated the power industry of America. They fought Roosevelt from the day his campaign for the Democratic presidential nomination got under way, and no one will ever know how much money they poured out undercover in the unsuccessful effort to defeat his candidacy. A close rereading of my letters to Roosevelt from the Pacific Coast in 1931—while I was out looking for delegates—shows that the power trust was active at every hand and that the activities of their agents were known to me. The same reports came in from the South, from New York State, and from other sections.

While paralysis and fear still gripped some of the minority groups, the Chief Executive was able to get across measures insuring bank deposits, the Social Security Act, the Farm Relief Bill, and other acts that were vitally needed.

Men Behind the New Deal

I have been asked time and again to name the persons upon whom Roosevelt leaned most heavily for advice during that baptismal period of the New Deal. The public were prone to think that some mysterious person or persons behind the scenes actually pulled the strings. The press, in accommodating fashion, fostered the notion by printing many readable pieces about the "Brain Trust," meaning the younger men around Roosevelt who had been called in for assistance in handling technical problems.

In answering the question, I should be able to qualify as a dispassionate authority, because no one ever charged me with being the big inside man. Banking and financial problems were unfamiliar to me, and so were other very complex matters considered and legislated on. Yet, all during that period, I saw Roosevelt frequently and was able to get a picture of what was taking place. I dropped into the White House morning after morning to talk things over, especially about important federal appointments. On many of these occasions F. D. R. would still be in bed, having finished his breakfast, reading the morning newspapers. Louie Howe was usually present, and we would chat maybe for a half-hour or an hour on what was transpiring and how the public was reacting. In those conversations the President was more interested in getting a line on public opinion and the political effect of the New Deal program than he was in discussing specific measures.

Of course, in giving my opinion on the individuals influential in getting the administration off to a good start, I am not attempting to talk for Roosevelt. Whether he agrees with me I don't know, because I never asked him. But, in my judgment, two men did magnificent work. Those were Attorney General Homer S. Cummings and the late William H. Woodin, Secretary of the Treasury. They labored quietly, and for that reason the public sort of overlooked them in the search for more glamorous heroes.

Cummings gave invaluable assistance in cutting through the knotty legal problems. He provided Roosevelt with the legal opinions which he had to have in a hurry to deal effectively with a situation. Speed is a nightmare to most lawyers; but, although he knew his professional reputation was at stake in every opinion that he gave, Cummings forgot his own interests for the good of the cause. If he had insisted upon moving with more caution, the whole job might have been badly bungled.

Woodin was just as self-effacing and just as swift in seeing what was needed and in suggesting a way to do it. His firm grip on the practical side of finance and his cool judgment prevented a number of damaging errors.

The Original "Brain Trusters"

Dozens of people were consulted on the banking legislation, on relief and recovery measures, the NRA, public works, and the other great problems. In praising Cummings and Woodin it is not my purpose to say the final word or to take away any credit from the young fellows in the "Brain Trust" and others who gave truly important help.

The story of the so-called "Brain Trust"



resulted simply from the fact that when Roosevelt was running for president he needed the assistance of people who could give him detailed and technical assistance on specific problems. For example, while he knew far more about agriculture than most men in public life and knew that it was vitally important to raise the income of the farmers, he needed a lot of statistics on grain exports, the volume of various crops, the relief efforts made by other administrations, and a raft of similar information on which to base his talks. The same was true of banking, relief, and other issues.

The first man brought in was Raymond Moley, a professor at Columbia University, who had helped Roosevelt in a study of judicial problems while the latter was Governor of New York State. He was called in time and again when information was needed on other subjects with which he was familiar. When the campaign got under way, a number of others were employed for the same purpose, and they met in a group in order to collaborate and to exchange information.

The group included Rexford G. Tugwell, another Columbia University man, who, if my memory is correct, was first brought in by Moley; Adolf A. Berle, an authority on banking and corporations; Judge Samuel I. Rosenman, long a close friend and adviser of Roosevelt; and Hugh S. Johnson, who later attained nation-wide fame as the dynamic head of the NRA. Basil O'Connor, Roosevelt's former law partner, sometimes acted as an intermediary between the group and Roosevelt.

The group was wholly informal and perhaps no one would ever have noticed it had not an enterprising newspaperman tagged it with the name "Brain Trust," a term which stuck and immediately made the group front-page news. Later most of these men came to Washington to assist Roosevelt.

SINCE the "Brain Trust" was roundly ridiculed by a large section of the press as a bunch of "starry-eyed visionaries" and "crackpot reformers," it may surprise a lot of people to know that my good friend, Hugh Johnson, ex-cavalry officer and newspaper columnist, was a member of the original group. Well, he was, and I insist upon giving him full credit (even though he probably won't want it). Some folks in a position to know said Hugh was the ablest of them all.

After Moley, Johnson was the first member of the select inner council to brave the cold political breezes in person, which he did by endeavoring to fill the difficult and discouraging role of director of the National Recovery Administration. In the comparatively short period in which he attempted to set up a few rules to govern businessmen in their relations with labor and with each other, I think Hugh hit the front pages oftener than any other individual on record other than the President himself. He was denounced from the Atlantic to the Pacific as a ruthless dictator, and, to put it in the words of his own brusque prophecy when he took over the job, "dead cats" were soon being hurled at him from all directions. There is no doubt that the NRA, under Johnson's direction, tried to take in too much territory and that a different story might have been told if fewer regulations had been set up and the efforts

For a quick come-back —take Sal Hepatica!



GWEN: It's the same nasty, logy headache that spoiled my vacation last year! I remember I took a laxative, but by the time the sickish feeling had gone, I was left out of everything.

MARY: But that won't happen this vacation—for this time you're taking Sal Hepatica.



GWEN: You mean—Sal Hepatica's different?

MARY: Right! Thousands of doctors recommend Sal Hepatica—because it's not only quick-acting, yet gentle, but it also counteracts gastric acidity—chases that sickish feeling fast.

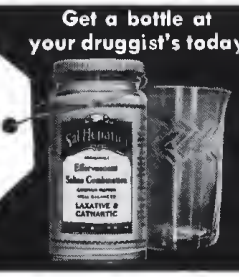


MARY: Sa-ay, Gwen, you're surely the Glamour Girl tonight.

GWEN: Thanks to you, darling, and that bubbling drink of Sal Hepatica. You certainly gave me the secret of a fast come-back!

Brighten your Summer with
SAL HEPATICA
a sparkling mineral salt laxative that counteracts gastric acidity, too.

Get a bottle at your druggist's today



TUNE IN every Wednesday night at 9 EDST, for the "TOWN HALL BIG GAME HUNT"

at supervision had been restricted to fewer industries.

As a matter of fact, however, the so-called "Brain Trusters" really never exercised so much influence in determining the basic policies of the Roosevelt administration as the public imagined—and certainly not so much as they, themselves, thought they did. I have been amused many times at friends who whispered in my ear about dinner parties at which the guests were held spellbound by one or another of the "bright young men," who readily admitted membership in the "Brain Trust," explaining the ideas and the philosophy behind the New Deal program. The inference was, of course, that the philosophy and the basic ideas actually originated with the gentleman who was doing the expounding. I suppose that things like that do no permanent damage.

Why Moley and Douglas Left

The best evidence of the influence of the "Brain Trust" is the fact that virtually all the original members of the group have disappeared, while a new crop of men is at hand to do the same kind of very necessary spade work.

Moley at first was regarded as a symbol for the entire group. He had Roosevelt's complete confidence, and, although the opposition started shooting at him as a Red and a visionary, the same people would hardly call him that now. Moley's departure from the picture was made necessary by a series of unfortunate incidents during his attendance at the World Economic Conference in London in the early fall of 1933.

These incidents precipitated a break between himself and Secretary of State Hull, Robert W. Bingham, Ambassador to Great Britain, and other high officials in the nation, and obviously the President was bound to defer to the latter group to prevent a Cabinet break.

Moley's trouble was that he was inclined to be temperamental and to imagine that every man who took issue with his viewpoint did so through personal dislike. For that reason he found it hard to work in harness with other people.

The fact is that any man who aspires to cut out a place for himself in public life must have a hide as thick as that of a rhinoceros. And, above all things, he must learn to trim his views to meet the opinions of others.

I saw Lewis W. Douglas, of Arizona, also called a "Brain Truster," frequently, because a Cabinet officer naturally comes into contact with the federal budget officer, and because Roosevelt did the unprecedented and gracious thing of letting him sit in at Cabinet meetings. Douglas broke away from the administration and became one of Roosevelt's severest critics because he disliked the fiscal policies of the New Deal, especially the idea of spending to promote relief and recovery.

Without questioning the sincerity of his views, I was never impressed with Douglas as a public figure. He seemed to think that a government had done its duty if the budget was balanced. To put it bluntly, he had the Wall Street point of view. He was against spending because it tended to raise taxes, but he never, as far as I could discover, had anything definite to offer on how to feed the millions of people who were suffering from loss of jobs, loss of income, and loss of savings.

A fault common to many of the "Brain Trusters" and other inexperienced men who have been trusted in this administration with high responsibilities and given ready access to the White House is a tendency to forget that Franklin D. Roosevelt is President of the United States.

There is a tremendous and heady thrill in being allowed to sit daily at the elbow of the man who is shaping policies and measures which influence the lives of 130,000,000 people and to be asked for opinions. The man who finds himself in such a position may at first attempt to sway the judgment of the President because he honestly thinks the Chief Executive is making a mistake, but more and more there is a tendency to insist upon his own views because he wants to see them adopted as administration policy.

I have no doubt that Douglas resigned because he had deep convictions against the fiscal policies which Roosevelt was following. Yet I cannot help thinking that in some of the statements which he issued later he was inclined to overlook the important fact that Roosevelt made him a national figure and that he did not make Roosevelt.

James P. Warburg was another individual who, to my way of thinking, was altogether too harsh in his personal remarks about the President after the latter had been kind enough to honor him with a place of trust and responsibility.

PEOPLE often point to the "Brain Trusters" who were formerly with Roosevelt and who are now gone as indicating that the President is headstrong, self-opinionated, and hard to get along with. That is overdoing the picture. Up to the present writing, well along in his second administration, he has not had one resignation from his Cabinet. It remains the same as when he took office except for a few changes made necessary by death. This is due in large measure to the fact that his Cabinet is composed mostly of persons long experienced in the wear and tear of practical politics. An old hand at the game like Homer S. Cummings, for example, would hardly make the mistake of confusing himself with the President simply because he had a big part in the bank-holiday program.

There have been numerous occasions when Cordell Hull might have packed his bags and walked out of the State Department in a huff because of some incident in connection with the tense and delicate foreign situations which he has had to handle. He remained on because he appreciates that disturbing incidents are inevitable in public life and because he sincerely believes in the ultimate triumph of his policies.

F. D. R.'s Weak Spot

I have been sitting across the table from F. D. R. for more than a decade now, dealing with him constantly in relation to political and governmental matters of the most controversial nature. It would be idle for me to give the impression that we never had a disagreement or that I have been satisfied with everything he has ever undertaken. But I always reflect upon the fact that whatever position I have been fortunate enough to attain in public life has been due to him, and not vice versa. As a result my political health is still pretty good, despite reports to the contrary, while I have seen literally dozens of others come and go.

Public interest in the "Brain Trust" reached its peak during the 1936 presidential race with a Republican slogan which might have been paraphrased to read, "Turn the Professors out." The brunt of the attack was borne by Rexford C. Tugwell, head of the Resettlement Administration, who was described as the head of a cabal, composed of dreamy-eyed intellectuals who had taken away from the President the actual control of governmental policy.

I met Tugwell on a few occasions only and got the impression of a man who was sincerely interested in improving economic conditions. Never having read the books written by him, I am not in a position to say whether his views were radical or communistic. In his discussions with me he was sensible and never arbitrary. There is no question that Tugwell was close to the President, that he enjoyed the White House confidence. Yet, despite his closeness to the President, Tugwell never took advantage of that position and he was extremely careful to stay in his own back yard. He kept his fingers out of politics and tended to his own knitting, an example that could have been followed with profit by some of his successors.

Many of Roosevelt's troubles have arisen from the fact that he is too easygoing with subordinates. He permits them to take in too much territory and, even when they assume the functions of other officials, he is inclined to look on the situation with amused tolerance. He will overlook mistakes and shortcomings if he likes a man. From this tendency to leniency the public often gets the impression that the administration is torn and ripped by conflicting factions. During the early days people often went to the White House with whispered warnings that Moley was exercising too much power, that Hugh Johnson was getting too much publicity, or that this or that official was tending to put the

VOCAB-O-GRAM

★

Answers to test on page 60

★

LAS—SAL

1. MANILAS	SALIENT
2. EYELASH	PSALMIC
3. ATLASES	ABSALOM
4. CLASSIC	VASSALS
5. LASHINC	REFUSAL
6. LASSOED	PERUSAL
7. ELASTIC	MARSALA
8. BELASCO	NASALLY
9. UNCLASP	PSALTER
10. CUPOLAS	SALVACE

President in eclipse. Roosevelt simply smiled away these complaints. He seldom brings himself to the point of giving a subordinate a sharp going-over.

Roosevelt positively hates to fire a man or woman he knows, even when the provocation is severe. He put up for a long spell with a sharp disagreement between Secretary Wallace and George Peek over farm policies when the latter was with the Triple A Administration. Later Peek was shifted to the Export–Import Bank Corporation, where he carried on a campaign against the trade policies of Secretary of State Hull. The President knew about it but was reluctant to act.

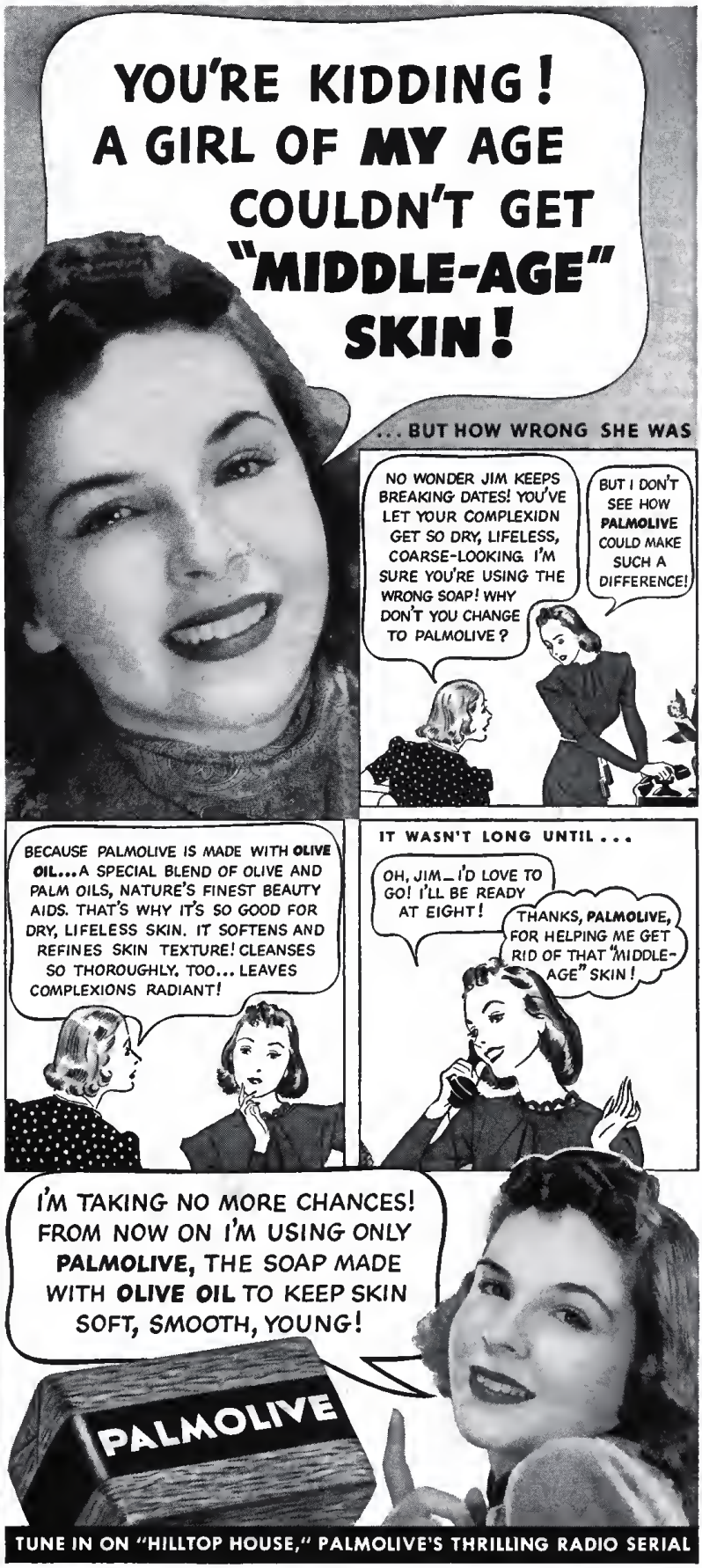
Secretary of the Interior Ickes and Under-Secretary West both had intimate, personal relations with Roosevelt. Their affection for the President was not extended to each other. Ickes and West were badly in need of a political divorce for incompatibility long before the President got around to do something about it. Being fond of both men, he disliked the idea of siding with either. He hates to hurt the feelings of persons whom he really likes, and hence he is inclined to keep an incompetent in office until the time finally arrives when he has to get rid of him. . . .

On the other hand, a fact which few people realize about President Roosevelt is that he dearly loves a fight. Indeed, this battling nature of his is the key in many respects to his whole character. I am frank to confess that there have been times when I have felt that the President, from sheer joy of fight, battled too hard, when a compromising attitude might have accomplished more than a direct line drive.

I RECALL an incident which shows how he is inclined to meet a situation.* There had recently been made public my annual report as Postmaster General, which set forth that the Department was operating at a slight profit after the annual sums paid out in the form of mail subsidies had been deducted. This form of bookkeeping was legitimate, was permitted by Congress, and was in the same style that most business firms employ. The subsidies, of course, were in reality gratuities paid to shipowners and others by Congress for a specific purpose, and not properly chargeable to the Post Office Department

However, with the publication of the report, numbers of newspapers printed editorials seeking to create the impression that the report was so framed in an effort to deceive the public. I said nothing, and did nothing. The President, on the other hand, was incensed at what he considered unfair criticism by newspapers which neglected to inform the public that they, themselves, were receiving annual subsidies from the Post Office Department. The subsidies were in the form of privileges, permitting them to mail their papers at rates below the actual cost of handling.

The President called me to the White House and told me of his intention to put the entire matter before the public. I urged strongly against this course—first, because I disliked to see him involved on my part, and, second, because it is a common saying in politics that no individual can win a controversy with the press. However, he was unyielding in his determination to go ahead and make the fight. He knew as well as anyone else that newspapers are published seven days a



week; that they can print what they like, leave out what they like; and it is foolhardy to challenge them on their own grounds. This little-understood combative streak in him explains why he seems so constantly engaged in a thunderous war against those he believes opposed to his efforts to humanize the government.

The Campaign for Repeal

During the hot summer months of 1933, while public attention was focused upon the recovery efforts of the Roosevelt administration, I was making sure that enough states voted for repeal of the 18th Amendment to kill it, as advocated in the party platform. Sentiment for repeal was strong, but Roosevelt and I, and other party leaders, were afraid that the tide might start turning before definite action was taken.

We were especially concerned about the Southern states. I stumped a number of these states, and the President entered the drive personally by sending to Leon McCord, of Alabama, a letter in which he pointed out that he was most anxious to see the 18th Amendment taken out of the Constitution. The result was that before the end of 1933 we could look back with pride upon the ending of the prohibition era as a major accomplishment of the Democratic Party. I know that my efforts helped a trifle, at least, because one disgusted fellow in Pennsylvania wrote that, although he was a lifelong dry, he was going to support repeal just to get me off the air. He said that every time he turned the dial of his radio I was appealing for repeal votes.

The Job Stampede

Patronage is a term used to describe government jobs filled by men and women appointed as the result of political recommendations. A job, for example, held by a young man endorsed by his senator or representative in Congress, or by some high official in the party, is a patronage job. Although the word has behind it a long history of honorable usage, many people apparently never heard of it before 1933 and seem to think the practice was invented by me in a diabolical scheme to replace faithful government employees with deserving Democrats. In fact, the whole business of patronage was pumped up into such a major campaign issue in the 1936 election that the word came to have a sinister meaning in the public mind.

So let us begin at the beginning by laying down the proposition that dispensing jobs under the patronage system has been followed by both major political parties and that when it comes to doing a thorough job of it the Republicans, on occasions, can make us Democrats look like so many amateurs. There is no room for argument on that score, because I have the records.

The patronage controversy naturally centered around me because the national chairman of a political party is looked upon as the final arbiter in matters of that kind, and he is the man who must place party recommendations and endorsements directly before the President. After a close study of the records I decided the only difference between myself and the gentlemen who performed similar services in the past for the G. O. P. was this—I frankly said I believed in the patronage system, while they never did. In fact, after Roosevelt's first election in 1932, I even let the public in on the secret by telling the exact methods to be followed in job distribution in a special article written for THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

The furor kicked up by such a matter-of-fact announcement was amusing. It seems that my policy of candidly espousing the idea of patronage violated all the known rules of the game—the thing to do was to employ patronage methods but never say so publicly.

Many Americans would like to know what happened when we turned the political complexion of the federal government from Republican to Democratic. It was an interesting process and I propose merely to touch on the high spots and to relate some comical things that happened.

The Republicans had given us a good lesson on a thorough house-cleaning job. No doubt Woodrow Wilson had some Democrats around in his day, and a few of them, at least, must have been efficient, but they were among the missing by the time we got to Washington. Except for those stipulated by law on bipartisan commissions, it was a government of Republicans, by Republicans, and very largely for Republicans.

I HAD anticipated quite a rush of deserving patriots who were willing to help carry the governmental burden, but hadn't the slightest conception of how great the stampede would be. Job-seekers swarmed to Washington by the hundreds and thousands, until it seemed as though they must have arrived by special trainloads. They hurried to the headquarters of the National Committee and, when they learned it was impossible to see me there, they hurried over to the Post Office Building to demand an audience with me at once.

For two or three months I was compelled to hand over the running of the Post Office Department to my worthy assistants, Joseph C. O'Mahoney, William W. Howes, Harllee Branch, and other capable aides, while I handled the job-seekers.

The fact is that the Roosevelt administration came into office in the midst of a bitter depression and many of these men and women were driven to the point of desperation in the effort to find something to do. And, unhappily, most of them felt that all I had to do was say the word and employment was assured.

Dozens of the job aspirants discovered in what hotel I lived, and they haunted the corridors in an effort to catch me. As a result, I had to slip back and forth to and from the office like a man dodging a sheriff's writ. After the pressure let up a bit I was just about the happiest person on earth.



Eugene Talmadge, former third-party aspirant—"Most of the money came from Liberty League members and Wall Street operators"

The Test of Patronage

In view of my experiences it is reasonable to ask why I favor the patronage system. The answer is that thousands of jobs in Uncle Sam's service touch very closely the daily lives of the American people, and the manner in which those jobs are administered largely determines the attitude of the public toward the administration in power.

It was proper and essential that the jobs which closely touched matters of policy should be filled by persons in sympathy with the purposes of the Roosevelt administration, and that was the program we carried out. Such jobs, of course, do not include the great army of clerks, stenographers, technicians, and other workers who hold office by virtue of the Civil Service. No effort was made to displace them, and none could be made under the law.

Replacements were not made in a hurry, and were not made in one hundred per cent of the cases, as many of our political opponents contend. Nor were all the new employees Democrats. On the contrary, President Roosevelt chose two men in his Cabinet who had previously been identified with the opposite political party, and he probably appointed more men and women who were not members of his own party than any president in recent history.

However, it was my duty, as chairman of the Democratic National Committee, to recommend Democrats for the key positions, whenever and wherever they were available, and I did it to the best of my ability. The rules we followed can be boiled down to a few essentials, as they were in the article I wrote for THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE. They were:

First: Is the applicant qualified? Second: Is he loyal to the party and sympathetic toward the program of Franklin D. Roosevelt?

I said at the time that "patronage is the test by which a party shows its fitness to govern," and after watching the system in operation for more than five years I am more than ever convinced that it is. It is impossible for a president of the United States or a Cabinet member or the head of an independent government establishment to put his policies into operation with maximum effectiveness unless his key employees are fully in sympathy with his aims.

Some of the greatest troubles the President has had were caused by subordinate officials who were in sharp disagreement with his policies and, rightly or wrongly, were sabotaging the job he was trying to accomplish.

That was notably true of the Treasury Department in the earlier days. For some time before his resignation, Secretary

Woodin was physically unable to run the department as it should have been run. He wanted to resign earlier, but the President said no. Some of the officials under him held economic views similar to those of Budget Director Douglas and actually were averse to carrying out President Roosevelt's direct orders. That situation was corrected when Henry Morgenthau, Jr., a close friend of the Chief Executive, who believed in his policies, took over the department.

In connection with this patronage business it is well to keep in mind two other things. First, while I transmitted to the White House and to other Cabinet officials many recommendations for appointments, only a small part of them were actually approved. That does not mean that the applicants were double-crossed. It simply means that the applicants failed to show required qualifications, or that someone else was considered more capable. In the second place, bear in mind that it is just as important to keep out undesired applicants as it is to put in friendly appointees.

For example, it would be very bad for the Roosevelt administration to appoint an official to an outstanding position in New York, Illinois, or some other state if the person designated was unacceptable either to the senators and representatives or to the people of that state. Such appointments have been made and the reaction has always been bad.

WHEN Dr. Arthur E. Morgan was appointed a director of the Tennessee Valley Authority, he came to see me, at the suggestion of the White House, to talk over his plans for making appointments. He was a very earnest man and I think he truly desired to do an outstanding job in developing the government's plan at Muscle Shoals.

Although I suggested no one for appointment, I hinted that it would be wise to avoid appointing people unacceptable to the senators and representatives from that area, pointing out that it is a smart practice in government to avoid antagonizing the men who vote the appropriations.

Dr. Morgan promptly replied, in what seemed to me a discourteous fashion, that he would appoint whom he liked and that he had no interest whatever in politics. I remarked that President Roosevelt would never have landed in the White House if someone hadn't thought about politics, and that Dr. Morgan, himself, was a political appointee.

Dr. Morgan got a bit more wrathy at that, and so did I. The upshot was that I thanked him for coming over, and told him that for all of me he could go out and do what he pleased. I never saw him after that and never tried to help him or hurt him in connection with the TVA.

However, when he got in trouble later, it was perfectly apparent that Dr. Morgan simply didn't understand how to get along with other people, and that's an indispensable quality in public life. Moreover, he never consulted Democratic senators, and they were not inclined to go to his defense or to give him a lift in presenting his side of the case to the public.

Politics is a co-operative business. Even a lone wolf needs help at times. I believe a man should listen to the recommendations

Guard your hair against

Sun that Parches—
Water that Drenches



Use VITALIS and the "60-Second Workout"

SAILING, swimming and summer sports—what a lift they give your health and spirits. But what a toll they take of your hair! The blazing sun bakes your hair dry and brittle—the drenching water washes away vital hair oils—and soon your tanned, healthy body is topped by dull, lifeless hair! And that's when Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout" can help!

Just apply Vitalis to your scalp with a brisk massage. There's a healthful tingle as circulation awakens and the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis aid your oil-depleted scalp. See how lustrous and handsome your hair is—ready to win you admiration and respect from all you meet!

Buy your bottle of Vitalis at your druggist's today. Start your daily "60-Second Workouts"—the easy way to better-looking hair!

Ask Your Barber

He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis now comes only in the new, sanitary Sealtubes. Be sure to insist on Sealtubes!



1. 50 Seconds to Rub—Circulation of the scalp quickens—the flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!



2. 10 Seconds to Comb and Brush—Your hair has a natural lustre—but no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

VITALIS

HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

of others in the party, because they helped him attain his own position. Men like Dr. Morgan, who think they are pursuing the only pure course by refusing to accept recommendations from senators and congressmen, usually wind up by appointing only their own friends and confidants. And that is a far worse kind of spoilsmanship than any other. . . .

How Appointments Are Made

During Roosevelt's visit to Warm Springs, shortly after the election of 1932, I went over with him this question of patronage. As a result, he made out a list of competent people in the various states who he thought had given valuable assistance and were entitled to be considered for administration posts. I made out a similar list. This procedure did not mean that only those who supported Roosevelt in the campaign or in the preconvention drive were to receive consideration—far from it. On the contrary, he subsequently appointed dozens of people who had never been active in politics or who supported someone besides himself.

Nevertheless, the lists we compiled were very helpful. In the stirring days of the convention at Chicago the loyalty of men and women was tested to the limit. We knew who stood fast and who yielded to promises or threats and went over to the enemy.

And so, after the election of 1932, I got many a broad smile watching some of the folks who came along to remind us how they had fought and bled for our cause. Some of these gentlemen may have appeared to do so—as far as public appearances went. But I was acquainted with what went on behind the scenes, and after the Chicago convention I arranged for confidential reports from thoroughly reliable people on the inside story of every delegation.

Often I browse through those reports to keep them fresh in my mind. I've never shown them to anyone, but they have given me many a hearty laugh—and much very useful information. I know who stood for Roosevelt and who tried to "stop Roosevelt" by breaking his delegations from within.

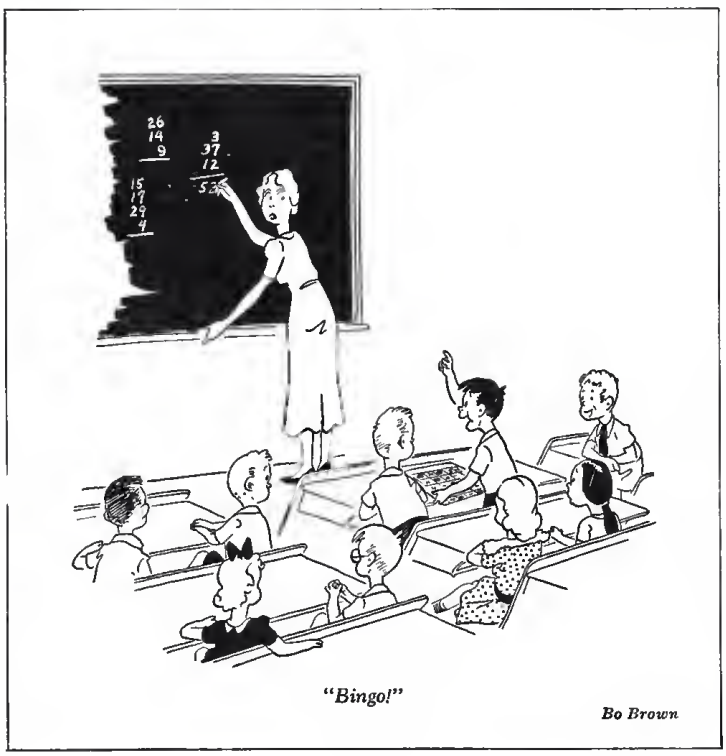
As a matter of routine in many instances, I merely transmit to President Roosevelt the appointment recommendations of senators and representatives and other outstanding party figures. Often I know nothing about the person recommended and frankly say so to the Chief Executive. Recommendations of my own for federal positions are always based on personal knowledge o individuals, their qualifications, and their efforts to bring about the success of the Roosevelt program. They are always based upon national and party considerations and not upon mere friendship.

Frequently I go over to the White House and discuss with President Roosevelt as many as twenty federal appointments at one time. The list may include a judgeship, a few United States marshals and attorneys, and similar positions. The President goes into each case with extreme care. He never seems to grow weary of routine matters of that nature and he insists upon exercising his own responsibility.

I know a number of people who sincerely think that this appointment system is wrong, because so much reliance is placed upon members of Congress and other elected officials. To my way of thinking that is the most democratic way of all and, in the long run, the best way of getting competent people.

The objection of most people to the system is that patronage is used to build political machines. That is a fact and it would be senseless to deny it. However when political organizations begin thinking about jobs and nothing else, when they forget that public business should come first, they have commenced their own death chant. A lust for jobs on the part of shortsighted leaders has broken up more political organizations, both Republican and Democratic, than any other single cause. It is no part of the present administration's program to bring about the discipline of public protest for such a reason.

Patronage—and patronage alone—is not the only thing that keeps a political party knit together. With time, patience, and hard work, I could construct a major political party in the United States without holding out a single job to deserving partisans.



"Bingo!" *Bo Brown*

The Democratic Party was kept alive without patronage for years, when critics thought its demise was inevitable, merely because devoted bands of men and women, committed to its principles, had the courage to keep it alive. It would remain alive and healthy even if Congress should decide tomorrow to place every single job in the federal government under Civil Service, with the single exception of the presidency. . . .

Huey Long Tackles the President

Any discussion of federal patronage in this administration must consider the relationship between the administration and Huey P. Long, late Senator from Louisiana, who, in a few years, built himself a place of power in national politics. Starting without wealth or family prestige or the influence of friends, Long climbed into absolute control of Louisiana while still a comparatively young man, and wielded that power with vigor and ruthlessness.

Huey and I bumped into each other almost constantly during the first years of the New Deal, and for a time it seemed as if we were destined to be in a state of permanent collision. During the campaign he supported Roosevelt, even though the effort was apparently irksome to him. Once Congress reassembled in special session early in March, 1933, however, Huey was off the reservation attacking the administration's bank-opening bill and other measures, whooping it up in characteristic style.

It was a time of extreme tension, and President Roosevelt was engrossed in his relief and recovery program. Naturally, the task of considering federal appointees in the various states was delayed for a few months. Most of the senators and representatives appreciated the situation and were patient. But Long wanted action, and he was accustomed to getting what he wanted without delay.

Huey was by nature a solo singer. It was impossible for him to take a place in a chorus. Even in his attitude toward the President, Long had to be the dominant mind. From the beginning he kept telephoning me and the White House, insisting that the Louisianians he recommended be appointed without delay.

Meanwhile, hundreds of pleas and petitions were pouring in from citizens in Louisiana who said their rights were being invaded by the policies written into the law by the Long regime. The President decided to inform Long that he would not accept his

recommendations, and for the purpose invited the Senator and me to meet him in his office in the White House.

It was a morning appointment, the day was hot, and Huey came charging in in his usual jaunty manner. He was dressed in light summer clothes and wore a sailor straw hat with a brightly colored band. He took a chair beside the desk, facing the Chief Executive. I was seated near by.

The conversation opened in easy, good-natured fashion, but Huey lost no time in giving the impression that he was actually responsible for Roosevelt's nomination at Chicago. He had come in with a chip on his shoulder and, although his words were courteous enough, it was obvious that he was there to test the mettle of the President of the United States. He kept his hat on during most of the conversation. At first I thought it was an oversight, but soon realized it was deliberate.

I glanced at Roosevelt and saw that he was aware of what was taking place and was enjoying it immensely. He had a broad smile on his face which never changed, not even when Huey repeatedly leaned over to tap him on the knee or the elbow to emphasize a point.

While he was talking, Marvin H. McIntyre, the White House appointment secretary, came into the room. McIntyre stood there for a moment with his teeth clenched, and I thought he was going to pull the hat off Huey's head. Later he told me that was exactly what he started to do, but decided he might embarrass the President. After a while Huey sensed that he had made a blunder. He took off the straw in one of his gestures, and kept it off.

Throughout the conversation there was not one ill-tempered or hasty retort. Long contended that he had supported the President's program and was entitled to be recognized in the distribution of patronage. Roosevelt insisted that his sole interest was in seeing that worthy men were appointed. He made no promises to Long whatever.

Opening the Assault

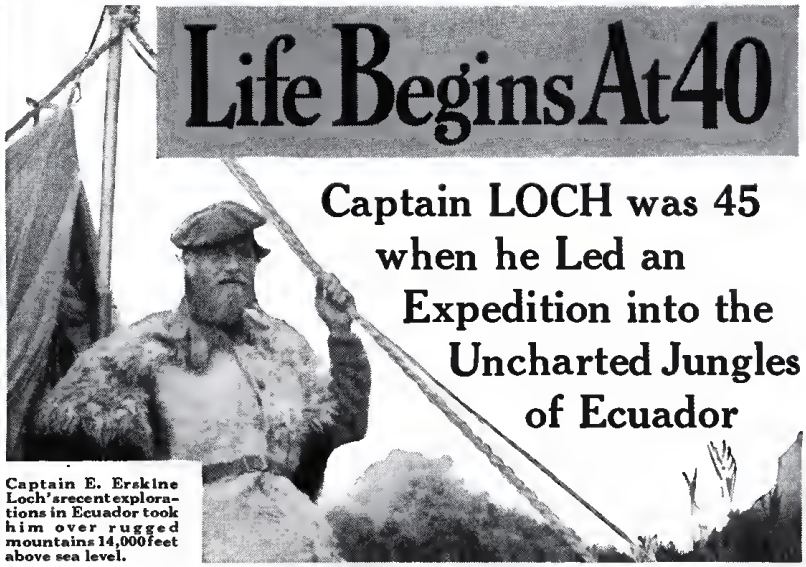
Long complained bitterly that Arthur A. Ballantine, a Hoover appointee, was still undersecretary of the Treasury. That was merely to acquaint the new men with their duties, and was so recognized by Treasury officials and by Ballantine, himself. However, the Internal Revenue Bureau had entered tax suits against Long and some of his followers during the Hoover administration, and as a result Huey was very bitter against Republicans. It is only fair to add that he never mentioned the tax suits to the President.

When the meeting broke up, Long and I left the President's office together. In front of the Executive Offices, before we separated, Huey said, "What the hell is the use of coming down to see this fellow? I can't win any decision over him." It was the last time he ever went to the White House and it was the last conversation I ever had with him.

Huey was already nationally known, his share-the-wealth plan was becoming a household byword, and we didn't assume that he could be tossed aside without political consequences. I have no doubt that he welcomed the split and was pleased to have it originate on the other side. He was looking far beyond the political horizon to the presidential campaign of 1936 and

Life Begins At 40

Captain LOCH was 45 when he Led an Expedition into the Uncharted Jungles of Ecuador



Captain E. Erskine Loch's recent explorations in Ecuador took him over rugged mountains 14,000 feet above sea level.

This Retired Army Officer began a New Career as an Explorer when he was 41

CAPTAIN E. ERSKINE LOCH'S first taste of the thrills and hardships of an explorer's life was in 1931, when he spent several months among the Indian head-shrinkers of South America. From them he heard tales of a savage, elusive tribe—the Ssabellas.

Four years later, he headed an expedition to their territory—deep in the uncharted jungle near the headwaters of the Amazon. Only Captain Loch, then 45, and one companion had endurance enough to complete this journey. Months of searching showed no more than traces of the Ssabellas, but the long trek over mountains 14,000 feet above sea level resulted in an important find . . . a collection of gold nuggets, believed to have been part of the enormous tribute exacted by Pizarro from the Incas.

Undaunted by those 16 months of hardship, Captain Loch is planning new explorations. "At 47," he says, "I am at last leading the life I've always wanted." Captain Loch has not only vision and daring, but the accumulated experience and ripened judgment of mature years. And he has wonderful *physical energy* and *stamina*. Especially after 40, poor health may be the only thing that holds a man back.

* * *

GOOD HEALTH is helping these men enjoy their jobs. Read their letters.

Has Plenty of Energy for Long Working Day

Dear Life Begins:

My chief work is in the automotive trade. Keeping very busy, I need plenty of energy.

Shortly after 40, I began to feel run-down and tired all the time—had no pep. I was puzzled what to do, until a friend told me about Fleischmann's Yeast. Soon after I started eating it regularly, I found it was aiding my digestion. Then, gradually, the old, tired feeling left me.



Harold E. White
Digestion aided

I continued eating the yeast and, at 51, I have energy aplenty for a busy 11-12 hour working day.—HAROLD E. WHITE



Chester A. LeRocker
Gained pep

54—Happy in Active Selling Job

Dear Life Begins:

My work used to be accounting. I always wanted an "outside" job and a chance to get around. But my health was poor. I lacked stamina. A doctor advised Fleischmann's Yeast. So it became part of my menu. At first, I noticed I wasn't logy after meals. About 3 weeks later, I found hearty meals didn't disagree with me.

Feeling full of pep and ambition and ready for a new, more active job, I became a salesman. With plenty of vitality, I feel fine and happy in my job.—CHESTER A. LEROCKER

Slower Digestion Can Cause that After-40 Feeling of Age

Around 40, the gastric juices in the stomach are likely to flow less freely.

Millions of tiny, *live* yeast plants in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast help stimulate a *stronger, fuller* flow of these juices. This one food also gives you 4 essential vitamins: the Nerve Vitamin, Bone Vitamin, Cold-Resistance Vitamin and Vitality Vitamin.

You'll soon learn to like the fresh, malty taste of Fleischmann's Yeast. Eat 3 cakes every day—one cake ½ *hour before* each meal. The ½ hour is important. It allows time for an extra flow of digestive juices to be ready to act promptly on your food when you eat.

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after. To play second fiddle to any man was foreign to his nature.

Early in the winter of 1935 Long began his assaults on the Roosevelt administration and the Democratic Party, and made up his mind to make me bear the brunt of the attack.

I was a fairly easy target, because the press hostile to the administration had been criticizing me for acting in the dual capacity of Postmaster General and National Chairman of the Democratic Party. I made no effort to answer those criticisms. Huey, however, quietly gathered everything he saw in print on the subject and finally formally presented charges against me and demanded a Senate investigation. The charges were placed before the Post Office and Post Roads Committee of the Senate.

Day after day Huey took the Senate floor, to delight packed galleries with threats that he was going to "blow the roof off the Capitol" by an exposé of the wickedness of the Roosevelt administration. He thrashed up and down the aisles reading excerpts from newspapers and bellowing that what he read was nothing compared to what he was going to prove.

While Long's charges were vague and indefinite, he sought to imply in his speeches that I was profiting, through my private business connections, from government contracts for the construction of post offices and other buildings being erected with Public Works funds. Ickes was Public Works Administrator, and the Treasury Department also had a large say in the awarding of post-office contracts.

I returned from a vacation in Florida to attend a conference with the President, at which both Ickes and Morgenthau were present. Both told Roosevelt that they had called for the papers in the cases mentioned by Long and said there was not a shred of evidence to support his charges.

THE President was anxious to have my name cleared. He knew the charges were without foundation and he realized also that it was really a thrust aimed at him by an ambitious and unscrupulous opponent. He suggested that I ask for an investigation and appear personally and refute the charges. He felt that this would end the matter and prove a boomerang to Long by showing how wholly unwarranted his charges were.

But for once I disagreed with the President of the United States. I had done nothing wrong and had no intention of acting the part of scapegoat to help keep Long in the headlines. I realized that the very fact that a man goes before a committee to answer charges and submits himself to cross-examination leaves an unpleasant impression on the public. Even questions—if asked by an unscrupulous man—can leave a bad implication when seen in cold print, no matter what answer is given in reply. Huey would have liked nothing better than to stage a Roman holiday at my expense, and I had no wish to be a martyr.

The President, however, pointed out that the Long accusations had been given nation-wide circulation and that the public might get the wrong impression if I made no answer. The logic of that was apparent. We finally decided that I should make no public statement but should send the Senate committee a detailed and specific answer to everything said by Long.

Some of the things Huey said implied grave wrongdoing on my part and some of them were merely funny. For example, he cited the fact that the Texas legislature had passed a resolution approving my work, and charged that I was guilty of inspiring the resolution. It was a bit of clowning, but I had to answer it.

Another charge—far more serious—was an effort to impute to me wrongdoing in connection with the distribution of relief funds. In response to that charge, I informed the Senate committee that I had absolutely nothing to do with the expenditure of work relief funds, and never had attempted to assume jurisdiction over such expenditures. That statement is still true.

In addition to this formal statement of fact which went before the committee I went to several members of the Senate personally friendly to me and showed them my checkbook, copies of my income tax returns for several years, and every other paper that had a bearing on my personal financial situation.

NEXT MONTH

★

Mr. Farley, continuing his series of revealing articles in the October issue, discusses . . .

The Supreme Court battle

Mrs. Roosevelt as a political factor

Third Term possibilities

. . . and many never-before-told facts and incidents behind the scenes in the Roosevelt administration.

★

These papers completely refuted the charge that I was profiting, directly or indirectly, from government business, and they showed also that, after spending all my mature years in politics, the only thing I had collected in a financial way was a collection of debts running into thousands of dollars.

The facts in my behalf were placed before the Senate by Senator Josiah W. Bailey of North Carolina, who tackled Huey at his own game at a time when many of his colleagues were shying away from the Louisianian's sharp and irresponsible tongue.

Long's resolution was brought to a vote, and by a wide margin the Senate decided he had failed to establish even prima-facie evidence of wrongdoing, and the proposed investigation was quashed.

The vote was largely along party lines. Of course, I realized that it was essentially a political move, and had no ill feeling when regular Republicans like Vandenberg of Michigan and Austin of Vermont voted to investigate. However, I was pleased that such outstanding members of the Senate as Hiram W. Johnson of California, William E. Borah of Idaho, and Henrik Shipstead, Farmer-Laborite of Minnesota, voted to dismiss the charges without investigation. The name of each of them has behind it a golden star in my private book of accounts.

A short time afterward an acquaintance of mine asked Long why he brought the charges against me. "Oh," said Huey, "Jim was the biggest rooster in the yard, and I thought that if I could break his legs the rest would be easy." He said candidly that he had hoped his daily speeches on the subject would bring in a number of anonymous communications that would help him to sustain his charges, but none came. His was a fishing expedition, nothing more.

Long's Real Strength

I have always made an effort not to let personal bias warp my political judgment, and so, not to be caught napping, the Democratic National Committee conducted a secret national poll during this period to find out if Huey's share-the-wealth program was attracting many customers. The results of that poll—which were kept secret—were quite surprising. They indicated that, running on a third-party ticket, Long would be able to poll between 3,000,000 and 4,000,000 votes for the presidency. He had about as much following in the North as in the South, and he had as strong an appeal in the industrial centers as he had in the rural areas. Even the rock-ribbed Republican state of Maine was ready to contribute to his total vote in about the same percentage as other states.

He was head and shoulders stronger than any of the other messiahs gazing wistfully at the White House, and it was easy to conceive a situation whereby Long, polling more than 3,000,000 votes, might have the balance of power in the 1936 election. For example, the poll indicated that he would command upward of 100,000 votes in New York State, pivotal in any national election, and a vote of that size could easily mean the difference between victory and defeat.

Moreover, private reports indicated that Long would be substantially financed if and when he decided to enter the conflict. A number of very wealthy people who hated Roosevelt, according to what seemed to us reliable information, were ready to put up cash—and plenty of it—in the hope that his candidacy would split the Democratic Party. It would be playing with fire for them to finance such a scheme, but they later attempted it with other third-party aspirants, notably former Governor Eugene Talmadge of Georgia. A Senate committee revealed that thousands of dollars were pumped into the Grass Convention at Macon, Ga., organized by Talmadge, and most of the money came from prominent members of the Liberty League and Wall Street operators.

After the death of Senator Long and the election of Richard W. Leche as governor,

the feud between the Roosevelt administration and the State of Louisiana gradually ended. Funds were awarded for a number of public works projects in Louisiana, and the state was also given its proportional share of other relief funds. The tax suits entered against some of the Long followers which had not already been disposed of, were dismissed by the Justice Department. This was attacked by the opposition as a political bargain and described by some news writers as the "Second Louisiana Purchase."

I am not hoping that those who feel that way about the Louisiana situation will change their views as the result of anything written here. However, I had absolutely nothing to do with the tax cases, which were worked up by the Hoover administration and were an inheritance of the New Deal.

The Roosevelt administration, to my mind, took the only fair course that could be chosen. The tax cases were not dismissed to placate Long, despite his power. Long was not given the opportunity to recommend the appointment of income tax officials or a federal district attorney who might be disposed to favor him. Neither were the cases turned over to implacable foes of his in Louisiana, who might wish to do him harm unfairly. An outstanding attorney, who had neither bias nor prejudice, was brought in to handle the cases solely on the basis of justice. My recollection is that some of the cases came to trial. Not being a lawyer, I am not competent to pass on the final action of the Department of Justice in dismissing the suits.

THE question of allotting federal funds to Louisiana was another grave matter. Some people have the mistaken impression that the state was denied funds for public works because of the administration's quarrel with Long. On the contrary, when Long was not allowed to name the federal officials who could supervise the projects, he had a series of enactments put through the state legislature which virtually took all control of federal moneys expended in Louisiana out of the hands of federal officials. The Public Works Administrator could hardly spend funds there when he was denied the right to see that they were expended honestly.

Later, when Governor Leche came into power, those restrictive enactments were removed and the federal funds were made available. Never has the Roosevelt administration punished a state by withholding recovery or relief funds because its governor was on the opposite side of the political fence. Even Governor Landon of Kansas, Republican candidate for president in 1936, was allotted his full share of federal funds, and frankly said so.

If there was a "Second Louisiana Purchase," it is only fair to ask what was purchased. As soon as Senator Long died, thus ending the threat of his running on a third ticket, it was apparent to everyone in politics that Louisiana would vote the Democratic ticket in 1936. It was just as surely in the Roosevelt column as its neighboring Southern states. There was no need to "purchase" the state.

This attack of Long upon me was the first of a series of incidents which were to fasten on me the title of "the man who takes the rap for the administration."

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

YOU CAN DEPEND ON CHAMPIONS



FOR OUTSTANDING ENGINE PERFORMANCE

Io the long history of motordom, one spark plug stands out consistently like a beacon, because for years it has hased its claim for supremacy squarely on performance records.

Tbere are many reasons why Champioo Spark Plugs excel and outsell; many exclusive and patented features whicb endow Champions with superior performance; but none so real, recognizable and convincing as the fact that Champions exact maximum performance and dependahility from every engine.

In the recent 11th annual Albany-to-New York Outboard Marathon, 77 boats started out on tbe 132-mile ride in tbe worst weather in the history of the race. Each entrant had but one goal—to win.

With one exception, every engine io every boat, in every class, was equipped with Champion Spark Plugs. This voluntary choice of Champions is an extraordinary endorsement of their reputation for dependahility.

Consider, too, that the winners and all who survived the choppy seas used Champioo Spark Plugs and gave them punisbing treatment without parallel io aoy type of service. Most of the boats were powered by two-cycle engines, requiring double the sparking frequency in general and automotive use, turning speeds up to 7000 r.p.m., and using a mixture of gas and oil—all of which comhined to make it ao extreme test of spark plugs.

For outstanding engine performance io your car, boat or truck, demand Champions because you can depend on them.

CHECK AND CLEAN SPARK PLUGS WHEN YOU CHANGE OIL

READING TIME: 1 MINUTE, 50 SECONDS

Beer proposes a program... and invites your support

THERE ARE some people who still believe that the use of beer is sinful or harmful. The scientific evidence is overwhelmingly against them.

The great majority of Americans accept the truth ... that beer is a mild, wholesome beverage ... that "there is nothing more promising to combat the evil of too much alcohol than the opportunity of drinking good beer."

We brewers find ground for concern, however, in the conditions under which beer is sometimes retailed—conditions undesirable to us all. What we seek to accomplish, first and foremost, is a measurable improvement of such conditions. For example, retailers' beer licenses are sometimes used as a screen to sell illegal liquor or to operate illicit resorts. Other examples are the sale of beer to minors ... or after legal hours ... or to persons who have drunk to excess. And while retailing is not our responsibility, we want these conditions corrected. We believe we will serve both the public interest and our own if we succeed.

The Foundation ... and its Code

In that belief, a short time ago the Brewers Foundation was organized ... to align the brewing industry with forces working for the public good.

Important progress has been made. Brewer-members of the Foundation already represent nearly half the production of beer and ale in the United States. These members are pledged, individually and collectively, to the Brewers Code of Practice, one significant clause of which is here reproduced:

> **"We pledge our support to the duly constituted authorities for the elimination of anti-social conditions wherever they may surround the sale of beer to the consumer."**

Being practical men, we promise no miracles. We cannot immediately or effectively "police" the quarter-million points where beer is sold (nor have we legal authority in many cases to do so). Nor can we, immediately, bring about full compliance with the law among all retailers, nor complete enforcement by all authorities.

A beginning has been made. In accordance with our program, we have cooperated with law enforcement authorities. We intend to carry on.

How you can help

How far we can go, and how soon, depends on ourselves, and on ***you.*** You can help in three ways:

Take the lead in arousing public opinion—which ***can*** see to it that existing laws are enforced.

Restrict your patronage to legal, respectable retail outlets. This can and ***will*** raise retailing standards.

Buy only beer or ale brewed by Foundation members.* Show us, and retailers too, that you ***are*** behind us in our efforts to serve the public interest and live up to our Code.

For centuries beer has been the beverage of moderation. In preserving it we must depend upon you leaders of opinion to take action. We urgently invite your full and sympathetic cooperation.

UNITED BREWERS INDUSTRIAL FOUNDATION
21 East 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

Correspondence is invited from groups and individuals everywhere, interested in maintaining the brewing industry as a bulwark of moderation.

UNITED BREWERS INDUSTRIAL FOUNDATION

****Identified in the advertising of members by this symbol (use of this symbol is restricted to members of the United Brewers Industrial Foundation).***

America's Interesting People



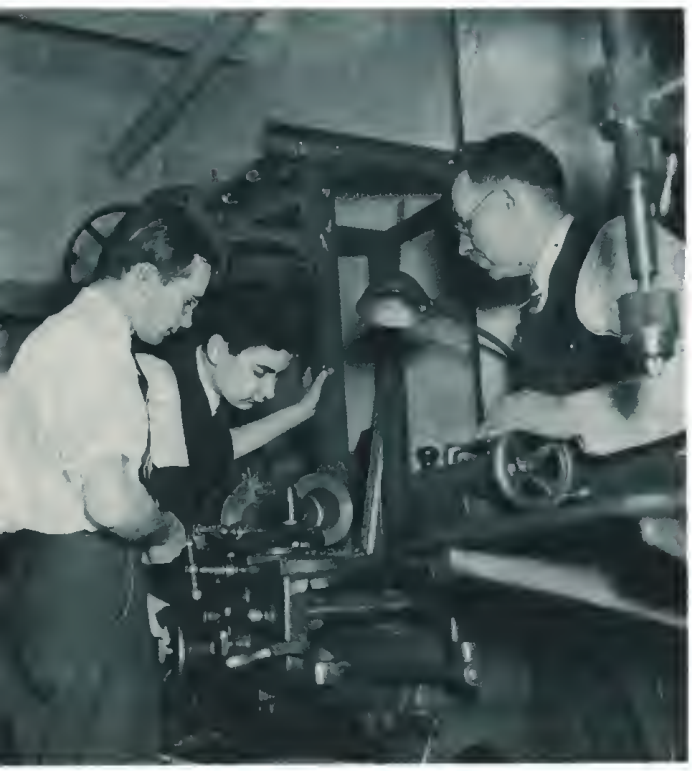




Moneymaker

ANYONE can make a nickel. But not many can get a thousand dollars for it. Felix Schlag, Chicago sculptor, got just that, and from the U. S. Government, too. He's the designer of the new five-cent piece (pictured here in plaster relief) that you'll be spending this fall. 400 designs were submitted to the Treasury Department, and Schlag's won the prize. After 25 years, the vanishing Indian will be gone from the nickel, and Thomas Jefferson's democratic head will be there instead. On the tails side will be his Monticello, Va., home. While bookstand browsing (Schlag's favorite hobby), he happened one day on a photo of a Jefferson statue. The patriot's strong face struck his fancy, and months of research produced this portrait.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWO



Squint

EVERY day for the lest three years I. M. Levitt, astronomy instructor in Philedelphie's Frenklin Institute, has spent his lunch hour (11 to 1) squinting et the sun to learn its influence on our life. He's one of the 12 estronomers scattered eround the world who never let old Sol out of their sight. Leevitt picks the old boy up efter en Englishmen drops him in the Atlentic. A Californian's turn is next, and e Chinese estronomer cerries on in the Far Eest. The spectrohelioscope, through which Levitt is peering in the picture, reflects end dims the sun's image, so he can better record its eruptions end misbehaviors. Shoots a daily picture es well. Biggest disturbences are sunspots, believed to cause our worst storms on earth. An astronomer 24 hours e dey, Levitt spends his evenings with 150 amateur stergazers—physicians, housewives, engineers—helping them build telescopes out of odds end ends—from old stovepipes to old eutomobile perts. In the picture (left) three ameteurs ere grinding e lens.

Meow!

DAILY for the last ten years, Rite Ross has been scouring New York's elleys, slums, cellars, and freight yerds, scooping up stray cets es she goes. She's America's No. 1 cetcetcher, with 50,000 feline souls to her credit. The homeless ere her quarry, and eech night she leaves her day's heul of 10 or 15 at an animal shelter. Leaves home daily at 7:30 a. m. with her hunting equipment —a market basket, cans of selmon, tin pletes, a cen opener, a flashlight, a ball of twine, two animel cages, and five burlap bags for the overflow. And her only guide is the cat world's clarion cell—"Meow!" Record heul was 1,500. She borrowed a truck one dey and by nightfell she'd brought in 15 loeds of vagrents, gleaned from deserted tenements. Miss Ross hes kept only one for herself, a dignified tom, called Tibby-Wibby Simpson.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GRAPHIC FEATURES FOR THE AMERICAH MAGAZIHE



Mayor

EDWARD A. McILHENNY is the mayor of America's most unusuel city—Bird City, La., populetion, 120,000 rere birds of plumege. During the '90's the dazzling snowy egret became almost extinct. McIlhenny resolved to teke up the birds' cause. Seerched long in the Louisiana swamps, and finelly retrieved two nests full. From their descendants have sprung this new city's populetion. As e beckground for the snow-white birds he's planted a jungle garden, with 6,700 rare floral varieties—purple lilies from Africa, magente ezaleas, xenthosomes, multicolored camellies. A king in his city of nature, McIlhenny has only one reel dislike—a humen metropolis.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MOORE'S STUDIOS

Diver

BORDEN CHASE, of New York, hes dived into e dozen professions—in the weter, on the water, and underground. Sterted es e choir boy, then entered the Nevy, and ended up in a shipyard painting spers. A little prectice et dizzy heights trained him for high diving. So he turned professionel vaudevillien with e bevy of diving beeuties in tow. Next jobs: grease monkey, texi driver, end milkmen. Then he joined the send hogs, who dig under riverbeds. In the picture he's weering the send hog's helmet and coat. The dangers geve his wife worries. She offered him two choices—another job or another wife. There wes no other job, so he started benging out e few of his own experiences on e rented typewriter. Something clicked. Now he turns out 1,000,000 successful words e yeer. And he seys story writing is more exciting than eny job he's hed. In this issue is e Chase story, "They Welked Behind Him."

PHOTOGRAPH BY RUDOLPH H. HOFFMANN FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE





PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT LEAVITT FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Printer

YOUR fingerprint will soon be as common e meens of identification es your signature, if Mrs. Mary Hamilton (stending), of New York, has her wey. She's the country's leading taecher of fingerprinting for personal identificetion. In her courses ere teachers, nurses, personnel directors, beauticians, lawyers. They practice this technique to better identify strayed or stolen children, to check employment references, to evoid mix-ups among newborn babies (Mrs. Hamilton footprinted her own grendson when he was 8 minutes old), end to prevent forgery on wills, checks, pessports, end bellots. New York's first policewoman, she got her training slauthing for the detactive bureau. Disguised as a bathmaid, housekeeper, or menicurist, she hunted fingerprints as clues. Now she's trying to meke folks forget thet fingerprinting is necesserily linked with crime. Recently took en ape's prints end proved thay were like e men's. In the picture, she's teaching pupils to file prints, and below thay're checking up on one another.



Shocking

BOB RUEGER, of Dayton, Ohio, has one of the nation's most shocking jobs. He's chief tester for a large bicycle company, and spends his days banging full speed into telegraph poles, hitting curbstones, pedaling through muddy fields and over rocky hills. Averages 1,000 miles of roughriding a month. Biggest daily jolt is a ten-mile bounce over railroad ties. Frequently somersaults over the handlebars, but after four disasters he learned the trick of a painless spill. Bob comes from a bicycle family. His father, mother, brother, and sister have always worked for the company, and five other youngsters will some day, too, he says. After a hard day of bike pedaling Bob turns to motorcycling for fun.



PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYFIELD PHOTO

Sleuth

IF YOU have a wandering relative lost in the jungles of Java or the deserts of Arabia, chances are Mrs. Madge Blessing, of Washington, D. C., can find him for you. An international sleuth for 10 years, she heads the U. S. "Lost and Found," which tracks down missing Americans scattered around the world. Foreign troubles keep business boiling—particularly Spanish and Chinese wars. Recently located by shortwave radio an American daughter stranded in Spain, and returned her to her panicky parents. Mrs. Blessing's hobby is lost dogs.



PHOTOGRAPH BY ACME NEWSPICTURE

NO GIRL is too old to pley dolls. With that idee Mrs. Mery Lewis, of Brooklyn, N. Y., lest yeer organized the Netional Doll end Toy Collectors' Club. Now hundreds of women members ell over the country heve teken their old dolls out of the trunk end renewed their youth. Mrs. Lewis's club has two further purposes—to distribute dolls emong Americe's toyless girls end to establish children's museums. A tomboy herself when e child, and the mother of two sons, Mrs. Lewis never played dolls until ten yeers ago. Now she hes over 300. Dolls are her only feminine weakness, she confesses. Flying and driving ere her hobbies.

Girlie

PHOTOGHAPH BY ROBERT LEAVITT FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE



PHOTOGHAPH BY GRAY-O'NEILLY FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE



Barker

BRADLEY BARKER'S berk is worse then his bite. But this New Yorker mekes good money at it. He elso roars like a lion for e living, trumpets like en elephant, coos like a pigeon, and imitates every animel in ceptivity except e gireffe (which hes no vocal cords). A movie ector by profession, Barker wes reheersing the role of a seal-catching sae captein. As e joke he put in e seal berk. He hasn't been able to get a straight ecting job since. Now makes most of the enimal noises you heer in the movies and over the air. He's meda jungle noises in several African pictures, and invented e dinosaur screech.

Pastimer

ARTHUR J. TODD, of Northwestern University, Chicago, probably knows better than anyone how Americans play. For five years he has been conducting a survey on how we spend our leisure time and money. Each of us, he reports, spends about $85 a year on recreation, and of this we spend more on the movies than on any other pastime. The nation's most widely played sports are billiards and bowling. City dwellers spend 50 per cent more on horse racing and gambling than on education. Todd knows Americans well. He's been director of boys' clubs, probation officer, a trustee of Hull House, and head of other social agencies. A pastmaster at play himself, he loves to waltz in the old-time way, paints, plays the piano, swims, and plays badminton, as you can see in the picture. "I never exercise," he says. "I just play."

OGRAPH BY VALENTINO SANNA FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE





"Imagine getting flowers from an Elephant!"

1. Here's the story. Yesterday I found a memo on my desk: "Get circus clown named Gustav to perform for kids with Algernon, his trained elephant!" Such is life in a Children's Hospital!



2. So I trudged over and located Gustav at the circus lunch counter. Heavens! Without his make-up, he didn't look at *all* funny... just tired, and terribly peevish. But I got my spunk up and asked him to perform.



3. "Mam'selle, I mus' refuse. I am too tired to work," he sighed, with a weary gesture at the coffee urn on the counter. "It is because of that coffee. I love the coffee so much. But when I drink it I cannot sleep."



4. "I can fix that," I said: "if caffein keeps you awake, you should drink Sanka Coffee. Perfectly gr-rand coffee! But 97% of the caffein has been removed—you can drink it and sleep." "Hmmm," said Gustav. "We will see."



5. Lo and behold, who showed up this morning but Gustav and the elephant! After the show the elephant presented me with a big bouquet. On it was a note: "Thanks for marvelous Sanka Coffee. I sleep like top! Gustav."

ICED OR HOT... SANKA COFFEE IS DELICIOUS!

Whichever way you sip your Sanka Coffee..., as an ice-cold thirst-quencher or as a steaming, cheerful cup...your palate will rejoice over its rich, satisfying flavor.

For Sanka is real coffee—ALL coffee—one of the world's choice blends. Yet, if you're one of those kept awake by caffein, Sanka is the perfect coffee for *you*.

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Your grocer has Sanka Coffee in either drip or regular grind. Get a can today. A General Foods Product.



SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE... 97% CAFFEIN-FREE... DRINK IT AND SLEEP

100 ADDITIONAL AWARDS

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500 HONORABLE-MENTION AWARDS NEXT MONTH

AMERICAN YOUTH FORUM AWARDS

(*Continued from page 15*)

participate in government, the spoils system, corruption and dishonesty, and too great an emphasis on material consideration.

Hopeless, agnostic, and unmoral? Youth has presented a shining picture of the America it wants, nobler than we of the adult world have dreamed of—free of poverty, ignorance, vice, and crime. It condemns excesses in all things, except in education, which, it believes, will solve all the ills of the world if all are given an opportunity to share in it.

Two points stand out particularly in this picture. One is Youth's belief that a widespread return to religion is necessary to the progress of the nation. Machine-age youth has a strong undercurrent of religious feeling and calls for a reaffirmation of faith and a modern spiritual leadership. Not through revolution and brutal, autocratic discipline will the nation be shaped to the ends of happiness, Youth believes, but through the enlightenment of the individual. And, far from deriding religion, Youth calls for a rehabilitation of the church through a united, interdenominational creed.

The second point is an evidence of Youth's larger understanding of the need of co-operation between capital and labor The great mass of contributions recognize that worker, investor, and management in industry depend upon one another for prosperity. All will succeed only as they co-operate for the stability and prosperity of their industry.

THE American Youth Forum competition for 1937–38 officially ends with the announcement of the awards, but the Forum itself, which, in October, will celebrate its first birthday anniversary, is just getting off to a good start. Even now it is clearing the decks for a new competition to encourage Youth to think and plan constructively for its own future and the future of the nation. Details of the 1938–39 competition and awards will be published in an early issue.

The Forum embarks upon its second annual project with the acclaim of thousands of educators and national leaders, who, by letter, telegram, long-distance telephone, and personal calls, have told us enthusiastically that its program is a vital new force for better citizenship and a new instrument in the educational life of the nation.

The tremendous participation in the first competition and its far-reaching ef-

"SEE, HURLBERT . . . WHITE ROCK'S FILTERED THROUGH 1400 FEET OF SANDSTONE!"

"UH! HUH! THAT'S WHY IT MAKES SUCH KEEN, TANGY HIGHBALLS!"



It's White Rock's fresh *mineral* spring water tang that points up and improves mellow, old flavors and makes all highballs taste better. White Rock is slightly alkaline. Tends to counteract the acidity of whatever you mix it with. Better for you.

White Rock
over on the alkaline side

fects are more auspicious still. About 1,000,000 high-school students entered the lists, and, while only a quarter of that number finished their entries, the others were inspired, even for a few months, to open their eyes to America and its problems and investigate the living world around them. More than 20,000 high-school teachers and principals co-operated directly with the Forum, and most of them made participation in the competition a required part of their classroom work.

As one examines this strange new American youngster, just discovered by the Forum, he becomes aware of a remarkable paradox, noteworthy, but not incongruous. At one and the same time, the participants in the competition show strong traces of old-time Puritanism, and also the impress of modern, liberal, scientific thought. Thousands of times over, Youth honestly recommends companionate marriage and a greater frankness and honesty in matters of sex, while at the same time it almost fanatically denounces divorce and the breaking up of homes through the separation of parents. Marriage based upon mutual understanding and fidelity and a sound and happy home full of children are ideals of these young men and women of the nation.

Again while, almost puritanically, Youth believes that self-discipline, abstemiousness, hard work, and careful husbandry are the only roads to character and happiness, it is critical of American industry and advocates a re-evaluation and redistribution of wealth.

At the same time it is not inclined to Socialism or Communism. Youth does not propose to redistribute wealth communistically, but rather through such measures as higher wages and shorter hours under our present system.

YOUTH almost unanimously votes against war, but in its mass expression it shows virtually no pacifistic tendencies. Most of the participants are in favor of strong preparedness and profess willingness to take up arms in the event of hostilities. They are probably more aware of the horrors of war and more realistic in their approach to the problem than any preceding generation.

Noticeable in the attitude of the high-school students of today is their tendency to think of the government as a magic wand, which, when waved, will eliminate poverty, disease, crime, and other ills of the world. More than one reader and judge observed this inclination to look upon the government as a "Great White Father," and not as a creature of the people who make up a democratic state. This suggests a tendency to relinquish control to a strong centralized government. But, considering that today's Youth lives under a "spending government," more centralized than ever before, and that it holds to the ideal of a government free from greed and corruption, such an attitude would seem not at all unreasonable.

In summarizing such a mass of material, it is necessary to deal in generalities. But that is not to say that Youth is not specific in explaining itself and the America it wants. It has left no stone unturned in our national life. It has studied and considered the machinery of government, advocating the unicameral system of legislation as against the bicameral, holding that the latter is clumsy, wasteful, and conducive to confusion and graft. It enthusiastically recommends the extension of civil service into all governmental departments, and proposes the publication of all civil service grades and records to enable the public to see to it that the best man gets the job.

Most high-school students, it would appear from 100,000 representative essays, are opposed to the party system of government, urging that each citizen vote independently. Many students suggest the abolition of campaigning, preferring to judge a candidate on an unbiased record of his life, abilities, and performance, published and circulated to voters. And Youth as a whole is opposed to tampering with the Supreme Court.

THE majority of high-school students believe in slum clearance, sterilization of incurable criminals and insane, changing prisons into training schools, the prevention of child marriages, and government subsidization of marriages between fit young men and women who are not self-supporting.

With the honesty and frankness that characterizes the whole Book of Youth, enemies are called by name, friends and idols are exalted. Hitler, Mussolini, and Stalin get the worst panning, along with Communism, dictatorships, and industrial strife. Abraham Lincoln is most frequently mentioned and quoted. Youth of the South and North alike expressed veneration for his name and his works. Woodrow Wilson, too, who died when many of the high-school students of today were being born, is frequently mentioned, quoted, and praised.

Virtually no feeling of sectionalism appears in the thousands of entries. It is safe to say that most of the teen-age young men and women of America today are nation-minded—not narrow and insular. For instance, entrants from agricultural communities who might naturally be expected to think in terms of the farm and its problems are just as conscious of the nation's industrial problems as are the youngsters from industrial communities, and vice versa. Indeed, a surprising number show themselves to be international in their outlook, even while they condemn foreign governments.

The majority are sympathetic with foreign peoples, though not with their leaders. And the charge that anti-Semitism is growing in this country certainly is groundless in so far as it applies to our Youth. Most of the participants condemn persecutions of Jews abroad, and look upon Jews and Jewish activities in America with admiration.

Youth is definitely against an international state, viewing foreign political governments, as it does, with suspicion. It prefers a union of North and South America, including Canada, but is opposed to any alliance with England. It is most sympathetic to some kind of world court or board of arbitration to prevent war. In general, it is outspoken in condemnation of munition makers who aid and abet war.

Youth concerns itself not merely with the broad theories of government, but with the problems of real, everyday life. It goes thoroughly into housing, for example, recommending in many cases a new type of home, suggested by the streamlines of modern architects. One participant, for example, recommends skylights instead of windows, because the human eye is designed to protect itself from overhead lighting only. One-story houses, rounded rooms to eliminate dirty corners, walls of glass blocks, sun roofs, and single rooms divided by screens, are among suggestions for the future.

AS VIGOROUSLY as Youth condemns crooked politicians, it denounces careless driving and loose laws governing it. Some participants would widen trafficways, provide lanes for various speeds, and make all crossings overheads or underpasses, to cut down the frightful annual tolls of motorcar deaths.

The dominant note of the thousands of short stories entered in the competition is sacrifice—a recognition of the need for unselfishness, hardship, and suffering in the remaking of America. And in these stories there is a deep humility, a sense of proportion.

Indeed, the winning story, *Carter Kenshaw, M.D.*, by Max Hampton, of Grand Island, Nebr., is a study of a young man who came to the realization, after long suffering, that he could give the greatest service in a town of five hundred people, that there was no higher destiny in America than in filling that job.

To the thousands of teachers who co-

NEXT MONTH

★

A sparkling, clear-eyed interpretation of our country, today and tomorrow, from the pen of a 17-year-old high-school student of Louisville, Ky.

WINNER OF THE AMERICAN YOUTH FORUM GRAND AWARD

Written by Leon G. Lenkoff, this article has been chosen by the judges from among 231,384 contributions of high-school and preparatory-school students as the best expression of modern Youth, its ideals and hopes. It will appear in the October issue.

★

operated in the successful completion of The American Youth Forum's first annual project, to the preliminary readers who read and reported upon every one of the 231,384 entries, and to the judges who made the final decision, the greatest thrill of the competition was in the earnestness, originality, and sincerity of the participants.

Youth accepted the challenge, thought and fought its way through, and spoke out. It scratched its impressions in crayons on shingles and cardboard; it painted its vision of America expertly in oils on giant canvases. It scrawled poems on scraps of wrapping paper; it illuminated them on parchments. It penciled its expressions on coarse tablet paper, hammered them out on typewriters, and set them by hand in school print shops. Somehow, no matter where it lived—in the deep South, the West, the wheatlands, in the mansions and slums of great cities, American Youth found its voice and spoke out loud and clear. It was a privilege to listen.

But for Youth, as for the Forum, the close of the 1937–38 competition is just a beginning, just a first step toward molding the future of a happier and a nobler nation.

THE hopes and ideals of American Youth today are well summed up in the symbolic painting, *My Vision for America*, by Honoré Sharrer, 17-year-old student of Coronado, Calif., winner of the first award in the graphic arts division. The painting, reproduced on another page of this issue, is forceful in the clear simplicity of its delineation and meaning.

Against a blue sky, tinged with the yellow sunshine of a new tomorrow, stands a young woman—symbol of motherhood, fecundity, the nation-to-be. Her strong hands are held up against the grim mouths of the guns of war. Kneeling at her feet are her children, labor and capital, the latter stripped of his shirt, renouncing with a thrusting gesture the symbols of unrestrained speculation. On the left, labor sets his hand with finality against industrial strife, and against the hammer and sickle, the seal of Communism. There, in the dawn, these children of America, facing the fertile hills and valleys of the nation, hold up to the courageous and determined woman the book of knowledge and a wisp of grain—education and wisdom; peace and production—the ideals of tomorrow. And beyond her, on the shadowed but fertile fields of the land, stands the little white church—religion and faith.

This painting is not Honoré Sharrer's alone. It is, in truth, the frontispiece of this great Book of Youth—the expression of the heirs of tomorrow.

JOHN DUNGAN
Director of
The American Youth Forum

MRS. B. F. LANGWORTHY, *former President of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers*
COLBY M. CHESTER, *Chairman of the Board of the General Foods Corporation*
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Dancing CO-ED

(*Continued from page 56*)

a chapterhouseful of what-do-you-call-'ems."

"Zeta Lambdas."

"What do I tell them when they ask me to join?"

"I guess you just tell them your father doesn't approve of sororities."

Late arrivals in the Jelly Jar were keeping the revolving front door busy. Among those who barged in was a young man in baggy slacks and scuffed tan shoes and a shabby blue sweater, with a shock of beaver-brown hair fiercely disordered. In outward appearance he could have been the janitor, except that he had something that a janitor would lack. It was the air or manner in which he strolled into the room.

HE ELBOWED his way past the Zetas, hitched a chair up to an empty table, and sat down. Curtly he summoned a waitress. "Chocolate-malt," he ordered; "a double-giant." Then he pulled a long, limp sheaf of papers from his hip pocket, got out a blue pencil stub, and started to make weird-looking notations on the margins.

"Oh, look!" cried one of the Zetas. "It's the man from the college newspaper!"

The young man cocked a jaunty nose over his shoulder. "Well—well," he said. "Zeta Lams. Out spading for nuggets?"

"Yes, we are," admitted one of the sisterhood.

Without further ado, the girl stood up and stepped over to Patty and Eve. She was a whippy, spindling girl, with strikingly beautiful eyes and a mess of straw-colored hair. "I'm Ticky James," she introduced herself. And then: "We're throwing a little fracas at the house tomorrow and, if you girls don't mind my being a bit forward, why—well, we'd like to have you come—"

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" In her anxiety not to offend or to be misunderstood, Patty blurted it out: "I can't join any sorority!"

A chill suddenly pervaded the evening. "I beg your pardon?" said Miss James.

"My father—I—we don't approve of them," stammered Patty.

Two chair legs hit the floor and a long shadow loomed across Patty's table. It was the gentleman in the blue sweater. "You had me fooled," he told the dance girl, and fixed her with a tolerant eye. "I wouldn't have guessed you had good sense."

"You two ought to meet." Miss James smiled at Patty with nicely camouflaged malice. "What's your name?"

"Patty Morgan," said Patty uncomfortably.

"Patty, meet Pug—Pug Braddock—he doesn't approve of us, either. We fraternities and sororities are too unsocial or unmoral or unfruitful or something for his democratic tastes."

"They're a lot of cliquish shut-ins," Braddock told Patty. "Afraid to expose themselves to what goes on."

"As a reporter for the Midwestern *Porcupine*, our college newspaper," said Miss James acridly, "he likes to associate with both the high and the low."

"Sometimes they seem all vice versa to me," said Pug.

"His father owns a string of newspapers from here on west," Miss James gave them the low-down. "The Braddock Press Enterprises. You'd think that'd make Pug one of those cute little scions of riches. Yes? But he really belongs to the uncouth multitudes. All Pug brought to college was a sweat shirt and one pair of pants."

"I haven't investigated you to that extent," said Pug.

"Oh, shut up!" "Quiet!" "Can it, you two!"

The chorus of shushes from the tableful of Zetas was only a part of a general flutter that suddenly swept the Jelly Jar. People were staring toward the end of the room where the big radio stood.

"Tad's coming in!" "Eight o'clock!"

Somebody turned up the speaker full blast. The voice of the announcer came in like a shout: "Major Pictures, presenting Tad Horton, the Kleagle of Swing—!"

PATTY and Eve suddenly found themselves sitting with their hearts in their throats. That brisk, airy voice could belong to but one man in the world—Joe Drews. Their friend, the rollicking press agent, speaking from Hollywood.

From the radio came a brassy blare, interspersed with traps, lagging on the beat, and with saxes and clarinets hopping off in banshee wailings and shriekings—it was Tad Horton's musical signature. Then Joe was on the air once more.

"Before Tad goes on with the pigsticking," Joe announced, "I'll let the co-eds of the United States in on something. Honeys, it's hot! Listen! You've heard of the stage musical hit, *Co-ed?* . . . Right! Well, Major Pictures is going to screen the show. Tad Horton and his boys will be in it, and, wait, I'm going to lateral it to Tad—"

There was a pause, and then the Kleagle of Swing himself speaking:

"Hiyah fever fraus! You all know Freddy and Toddy Tobin. They were to have co-starred in *Co-ed.* But Toddy has decided to carry on an old family custom. . . . Congratulations, Toddy. Hope it's a boy. . . . Oh, gosh, the secret's out! Well, anyhow, Freddy's got to find himself a new partner. Guess who? One of you gals! Yezzir. . . . I and the boys are going around among you, and pick one of you right off a campus. But wait—shooting it out of the flat zone to the doddering old papa—Freddy Tobin!"

A stir among the tables of the Jelly Jar, a buzzing of voices—instantly dampened when Freddy came on the air:

"Hello, Mamma! Hello, co-eds! Hello, new partner! All I ask is—you've got to be a co-ed. And a dancer. . . . Are you there, high-brow hoofer? Swell! I'm coming after you. But wait—it's the old razzle-dazzle. The boss's got the ball. The head of Major Pictures—Henry Zobel!"

AFTER a preliminary *humph* or two, Zobel carried out the quaint conceit of the boys in the backfield, by rushing it over the goal line.

"Tad is giving a dance program," he micropitoned, "in every important college town—from coast to coast. He's working his way across the South, and North, and West again, carrying a camera crew. A series of parties for all you college people. And you co-eds can strut out on the ballroom floors and show us your stuff. We're going to make picture tests of you. If we find the girl we're looking for we'll blazon her name in sky-writing! She'll be a comet streaking across the U. S. A.! So practice your dance steps, girls! One of you can be IT!"

Even before Zobel stopped speaking, Tad's band blasted out a melody, and the Jelly Jar went mad.

Tables shoved aside, chairs knocked over, people scrambling to jam up by the radio—woozy-eyed co-eds and their boys of the instant, scuffling in swing time, talking it over and talking it up.

"Make it me!" besought one of the girls from the Zeta table. "Sweet Major Pictures, put your finger on me!"

Patty shrank farther back into the corner of the booth. For some strange reason she felt lonely and forlorn and scared. If these crazy people knew what she knew.

And then she was aware that Pug Braddock was holding forth. "As if pictures," he said, "would want any of you!"

He turned to the Zetas with his blasé smile. "You don't suppose Freddy Tobin would think any of you can dance?"

"Oh, no?" shrilled the fat girl. "I suppose Ticky James can't step rings around all comers?"

"Bunk!" Pug wrinkled a scornful nose. "Even if Ticky were any good—you know how these contests are."

"How are they, mister?"

"They're a come-on for a lot of goons," Pug told them out of his superior wisdom. "I'll bet Major Pictures isn't gambling a million-dollar production on any goofy co-ed!"

"What odds do you want?" cut in the galling voice of Miss James.

"It wouldn't surprise me," Pug stated with mounting conviction—"no, sir, I shouldn't be astounded if these picture people have already picked out their girl."

Patty just sat and gaped at him.

"She's got to be a co-ed," insisted the fatuous fat girl. "Don't forget that."

Pug gave her a pitying look. "She'll have nose and ears and neck like a co-ed. But her legs—they'll be the legs of a trained, professional hoofer! And you can bet they've got her planted right now in one of the colleges!"

In all probability Pug had started out just to prove to the Zeta Lams how preternaturally clever he was; also, to annoy them a bit. But, having given his imagination full swing, he leaped nimbly from one thing to the next. In trying to convince the Zetas he convinced himself.

"There's absolutely no doubt about it," he declared positively.

"Being so smart," Ticky James taunted him, "I'd think you'd expose the hussy."

"You think I won't!" Pug took up the challenge joyously. "All right—watch! I'm going to wire the city editors of the other college papers and dragnet the campuses of the United States. And if the wench, by any chance, was fool enough to try Midwestern, the *Porcupine*'ll turn her up like a frazzled egg. It's a story!"

Pug grabbed his check for the chocolate-malt and rushed out of the place.

EVE and Patty got away as soon as they could. A couple of Broadway girls escaping in a small panic from a college rendezvous. But back in their rooms at Rudd Hall things seemed safer and saner, and they talked themselves around to more comforting perspectives.

When the campanile chimes aroused them next morning, and they looked out upon the calm of a new fall day, they wondered what there had been to make them afraid. And presently they were out on the campus, mingling in the mob scene.

Eve, darkly attractive, snug and demure in a rough tan skirt and a short sports jacket. And Patty? Well, the trouble was that when Wurlitzer had sent her out shopping, she had outfitted herself exclusively in the snootiest theatrical shops. She had plenty of slick-looking dresses to wear, but none that seemed wholly collegienne.

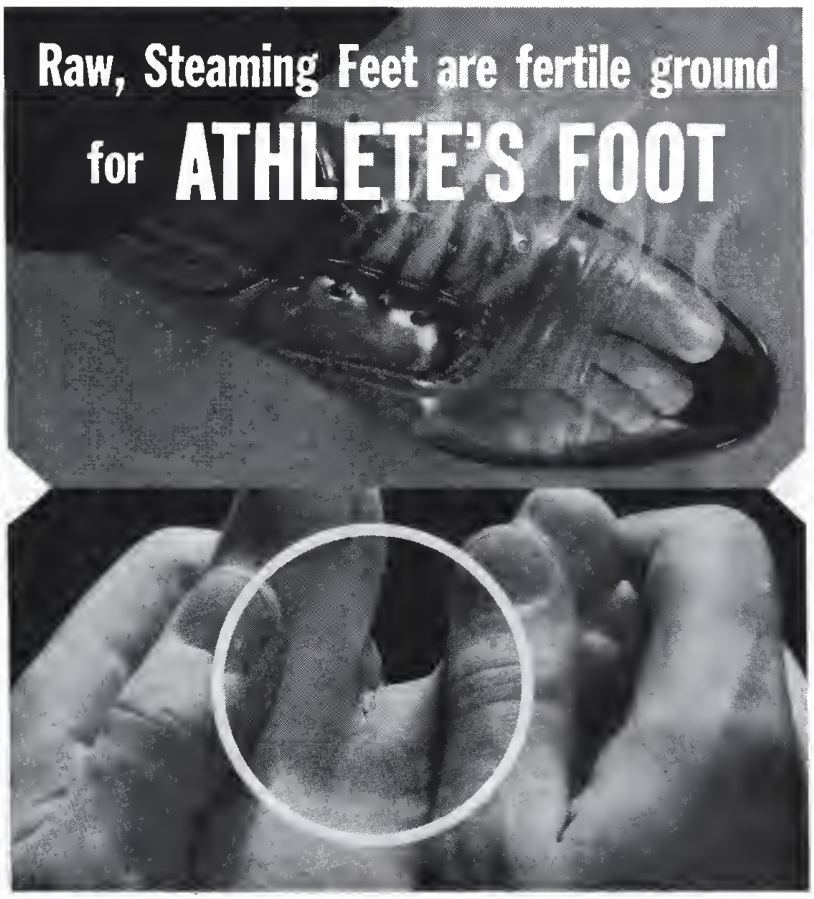
She had tried a last-minute compromise by leaving all the ravishing new hats in the dormitory closet and going around bareheaded. Which was not precisely self-effacement—not when you considered Patty's sunlit eyes and her flamboyant hair. Also, she couldn't help it if her finely trained muscles gave a noticeable freeness and lilt to her movements.

"Ann Atomy!" she heard one bright classman remark.

Patty passed him by with her nose stuck up.

In spotting subjects of study in the freshman curriculum, Eve had tried to keep Patty out of the coal mines. No dead languages or math. Philosophy I, yes. Patty had prepped in applied philosophy

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from the day she started knocking around as a child hoofer with her vaudeville parents. Political science, English poetry, and other so-called pipe electives—Patty's mentor hadn't overlooked a bet. The roommates took leave of each other under the arch of the great Classics Building.

Acting on good advice, Patty scrambled for the farthest seat in the dimmest back corner of her nine o'clock classroom. And she tried to act like a conservative young mud turtle, with the head pulled in. The early lecture hours passed smoothly. Then came English poetry.

Patty lost her way in the maze of buildings, and this time arrived at the classroom a few seconds late. Every one of the rearmost seats had been grabbed off. There were a few empty chairs down front. And in one of them, aloof and alone, lounged a man in a rusty blue sweater. It was Pug Braddock.

All right. This was as good a time as any to prove that she had nothing to conceal. She plumped herself down on the seat beside him. "Well," she said, "did you dragnet the United States?"

He turned and blinked at her. "Oh, the redheaded frosh! I forget the name." Then he rapidly interrogated her: "What is it? Where're you from? Why did you come to a co-ed college?"

"Patty Morgan," she answered tartly. "New York. On account of the gorgeous men. I'm nineteen. My favorite flower's the daffydill. I got a filling in my back tooth and a strawberry mark on my foot. Think you'll remember me now?"

"I wouldn't know you from Adam," he told her wearily.

"Yeah," she said. "Well, I wouldn't know *you* from Edam."

AT THAT moment, fortunately, perhaps, the professor came in. When Patty saw him she brightened up immeasurably. By a marvelous coincidence, the new prof turned out to be the gentleman she had met yesterday at the magazine stand.

"Oh, hello." It was out before she could stop herself.

The professor's glance flickered in her direction, but nothing apparently could break his poise. He mounted to the low platform, where he kept a desk and papers and books, and gazed tranquilly upon his roomful of young hopefuls. "I'm an associate here," he said. "Lange." He glanced at a typewritten sheet. "And these are a lot of names. Suppose we run through them and get that over with."

He checked the list and found out who was who. When he came to Patty she felt unaccountably pleased to identify herself. She also felt that Professor Lange looked even more intellectually rakish when he wore no hat on his sleek black head. He began to speak in a quiet, almost hypnotic voice. Presently he opened a book on his desk and started to read the prelude to Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*.

Patty had her pencil in hand and was scribbling as fast as she could, anxiously trying to get it all down.

Lange broke off in the middle of the stanza. "How are you making out, Miss Morgan?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know! There was one word—I don't think I got it."

"Which word was that?" asked Lange gravely.

A snicker rippled through the classroom. But Patty didn't mind. She was used to laughs and had no inhibitions where audiences were concerned.

"It was—" A puckered line drew between her eyebrows. "It came after—after—" She glanced at her notes, and couldn't read them. "I'll tell you—if I could start at the beginning—"

"Go ahead and start," Lange encouraged.

Patty drew a quick breath, and in unconscious mimicry of Lange's inflections she recited the opening lines of the prelude:

"Whan that Aprille with his shoures sote
The droghte of Marche hath perced to the rote,
And bathed—bathed—"

Instinct reminded her that she could think better on her feet. She stood up.

"And bathed—every veyne in swich licour—"

"I got it now," she said triumphantly, and rushed on:

"Of which vertu engendred is the flour—
Whan Zephirus eek with his swete breeth
Inspired hath in every holt and heeth
The tender—tender—"

"It came there," she said eagerly. "The next word—I missed that one."

"Croppes," said Lange, "and the yonge sonne—" He finished the stanza for her.

"Oh!" breathed Patty. "It's beautiful."

"You and Chaucer are old friends, I gather," smiled Lange.

"I never heard of him," said Patty.

"You never—" Lange looked bewildered. "You mean you got that by heart, in one reading?"

"Sure." Patty grinned engagingly. "Pops—I mean my father—he says I'm just a lousy parrot!"

The classroom no longer even tried to hold in. As Patty afterward told Eve, she rolled them in the aisles.

Lange, alone, retained a semblance of sobriety. "I shouldn't say you were so awfully lousy." And he gave her a look to set her pulses tingling. "If you're not in too big a hurry for lunch, Miss Morgan, stop at the desk when we dismiss. I'll tell you where the librarian keeps old Chaucer and all the live moderns as well."

"Oh, yes, sir!" said Patty.

But if she expected to spend the noon hour in a sort of poetical tête-à-tête with the prof, she hadn't counted on fifteen or twenty other young women with similar ideas. Patty emerged from that brief after-class conference with a list of books to read, and a trodden toe.

IN THE doorway she bumped into young Braddock, who was loitering around.

"Humph!" he said scathingly. "Just a quiller, huh?"

She didn't like the way it sounded. "What?"

"A quiller," he said, "is a dumb frosh who makes passes at the good-looking prof."

Patty gave him a dirty look and tried to brush past.

"One minute," he said, as he blocked her way. "Where are you living?"

"Nuts!" said Patty.

"Well, blow me down!" he ejaculated. "The first man, woman, or child I've met who didn't want his name in the public prints."

"Oh!" Patty lingered for an instant. No theatrical girl ever shied away from newspaper publicity. "If you only want to know for the *Porcupine*—I live at Carolyn Mary Rudd Hall."

"Thanks," he said. "And where shall we eat?"

Patty would have walked away, but he took the arm that wasn't loaded down with books, tucked it under his elbow, and towed her down the corridor and out to the street.

Under a big oak tree a topless old jallopy stood awaiting its master. Gracefully Pug helped Patty to a seat on the ratty leather cushion. Then he stepped over the door on the driver's side and sat down at the wheel. The only concession Pug seemed to have made to plutocracy was an expensive radio set bolted to the dash of the car. He turned it on, as a matter of course, at the same time he turned on the ignition switch.

The radio warmed up, and from its bowels there suddenly blatted forth an impassioned voice. A talker haranguing an audience about taxes or something. "Who's paying for it?" the speaker asked them excitedly. "Just let me ask you that!"

"I saw you hit town in that car of yours." Pug had to speak up to make himself heard above the radio orator. "Do you have to be that way?"

"What way?" cried Patty.

"Even if your people do have money, you don't have to make a show of yourself!" shouted Pug.

"You talk so loud I can't hear the radio," Patty complained.

"Sorry!" Pug reached and twisted up the volume control as far as it would go. "I said you were a jeep!" he shouted.

PEOPLE a block away turned in astonishment as the amplified voice of the spellbinder bellowed out on the public highway: "Forty-two billion dollars! And what are you, my friends? Forty-two million kinds of jackasses!"

"It's none of your business if I am!" Patty hollered at Pug.

"They've got their hands in our pockets!" ranted the man at the mike.

"What right have you got to have a car? You're nothing but a frosh!" Pug bawled.

"What do you expect me to do?" shrieked Patty. "Hitchhike?"

"We don't want to be ruined!" raved the orator.

"You can walk, can't you?" shouted Pug.

People in passing cars were squirming around to stare. "Why don't *you* walk?" screeched Patty.

"Let's march on Washington!" bellowed the loud-speaker.

"I've got a right to a car!" Pug hollered at Patty. "I've got legitimate business! I'm a newspaperman."

"You call this tin can a car?" she shrieked.

"If Congress want taxes, why don't they tax themselves—?" Pug reached to the radio, and the stump speaker shut up as suddenly as though someone had cut his throat. Pug tuned in on some quiet music.

"Where do you want to eat?" he asked.

"The Jelly Jar seemed awfully nice," Patty suggested.

Pug turned into a side street, and pulled up by a curb-front lunch wagon. "What'll it be?" he asked. "Hot dog and Jav?" He leaped over the side, and came back presently with two steaming mugs and a

couple of elongated buns in wax-paper envelopes.

Patty produced a dime and a nickel. "Here's for mine," she said.

"O. K." Pug took the fifteen cents and shoved it into his pocket. Then he eased low in his seat, with one leg overside, and proceeded to eat.

Patty glanced at him sidewise. "Pug," she said, with the guile of Delilah, "I think newspaper business must be terribly interesting."

"Yeah," he assented.

"You're always on the go, and finding out about things."

"Yeah," he agreed.

Having steered the conversation around naturally, she asked, "Pug—you don't really suppose that Major Pictures could have a dance girl planted here?"

"It could be here," he said, "as easy as anywhere else."

PATTY was being Machiavellian. If she could worm her way into Pug's confidence, she'd have the inside dope on how to cross up the scent when that nose-for-news was sniffing around. "How would you go about finding her—if she were here?"

"I have my methods," he told her.

"Maybe I could help." Patty offered.

"Huh?" he said, with a mouthful of bun.

"This may not be any good—" Patty hesitated. "But, look. If a professional dance girl came to this college she'd probably join the tap-dancing class—so's to make it look like she wasn't a dark horse, when she won the contest—"

"Son of a gun!" said Pug, and squinted at Patty. "So you thought of that, too!"

"Well, yes. Don't you see? It would look funny if she just bobbed up from nowhere, wouldn't it?"

Pug glanced around him and lowered his voice. "I planned to look that class over myself, very meticulously," he informed her grimly. "Maybe the gal hasn't come to this college, but if she has—" He grinned diabolically. "Her goose is cooked."

Patty drew a short breath. "I've joined the tap-dancing class. I might even try for that picture job myself."

"You?" Pug laughed derisively. "You and Ticky James!"

"You needn't be so smart! I'm a good dancer, honestly!"

"I know. I'll bet Hollywood'll go all the way for you!"

"I've had tap lessons ever since I was a little girl."

"So what does that make you?" Pug snorted contemptuously. "Another of those Junior Leaguers—a lot of dilettante wastrels splashing around the edge of arty places pretending you're something."

"If that's the way you feel about it, I'll mind my own business in the future!"

"What business was that?" he asked absent-mindedly.

"I was going to get acquainted with all the girls in the dancing class," Patty told him with a much-abused look. "I was going to get in where you couldn't, and help you snoop—"

"Hey!" Pug stared at her with reluctant respect. "How about that, now?"

"Well, I'm not going to," she said.

"Patty!" Contrition and eagerness, equally blended. "I didn't mean you were like most of those other nubs."

"Nobody can get upstage with me and expect me to play pretty. If anybody

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wants me to work for them, they've got to be nice."

"Nice?" he said, and lifted his eyebrows. "*Well*—how many girls do you think I bother to drive to lunch?"

Patty gave him a glimpse of one sardonic eye. Then she bent her head and brushed the crumbs from her skirt. "Well—if you think I can be of any use to you—"

"You might be," he admitted.

"All right, Pug," she gave in sweetly. "We'll just look over that bunch of hoofers." . . .

MISS GENEVAH MAY was head coach of eurythmics and choregraphy at Midwestern University. She was a thin, weedy woman, burned down to the last ounce by her own fire and verve.

Imagine Miss May's surprise on Wednesday afternoon when she opened her class in advanced tap-dancing. Last semester only a handful of neophytes showed up. But today—well, sir, Miss May was not only gratified, she was flabbergasted. The co-eds fairly poured into the back room in the gymnasium building.

Patty was there, and also Eve. She had taken dancing lessons at her previous college, Eve said, and so she wouldn't necessarily make a spectacle of herself in the Midwestern class. And she and Patty were finding it more and more of a pleasure to stick together in everything they did.

Faithful to her promise to Pug, Patty scraped acquaintance with as many of the dancing class as she could, especially those who had just entered Midwestern. There were several who might easily be suspected of professionalism.

For instance, there was one who called herself Peggy Royce, a mysterious, willowy, show-gal type; another, Babe Harkness, just a snappy little Iowa number, who danced like a streak; also Dele Dale, a Chicago transfer, with muscular legs, like an acrobat; not to mention Toots Barton, a juvenile edition of Mae West, or Christy Carter, a hoity-toity ash-blond beauty, all dizened out in full stage make-up, or the Brady twins, Corny and Swingy.

Patty looked them all over, and thought it was marvelous. If Pug Braddock wanted co-eds to investigate, here was material to keep him busy for the rest of the term.

Miss Genevah May arranged all the girls in a long, double row.

The phonograph was grinding out a jingling tune as Miss May took her stand. "Watch me!" she said. "One-two-three, one-two-three—" She tapped a routine and finished the break. "There! Now we'll try it all together."

The double line of girls started the clatter—"One-two-three—"

Patty hadn't tapped a step in days, and it was kind of fun to be back in harness. The little clog routine was as simple as walking. She loosened up and was just drifting along, when her ear told her that some of the girls had lost the step.

"No, no, girls!" Miss May protested. The line stopped dancing.

"At least half of you were out of tempo," Miss May reproached them. She restarted the dance tune. "I'm going through the entire routine this time, to get you into the spirit."

Back of Miss May was a row of steel-framed windows. They had been designed to admit the maximum of air and light, reaching from the ceiling almost to the floor. Miss May had had them all opened wide. She gulped her lungs full of fresh autumn ozone, and went into her dance. She hurled herself into the rhythm, feet castaneting, arms waving, head jerking. She wasn't aware that a shadow was blocking an open window behind her.

Patty was standing with her hands in the pockets of her faded old practice pants, not quite decided whether to laugh or what. And then—she saw the man in the window. He was a rather imposing, middle-aged gentleman, dapperish but dignified. With his thumbs hooked in his vest he stood there, gaping at Genevah May.

And Patty—she acted at that instant as though she had been seized with a daytime nightmare. Her eyes simply bunged in her head. She made a strangled noise.

Eve turned sharply.

"The old man!" Patty breathed it as though she were choking. "It's Pops!" . . .

SAM MORGAN, dancer extraordinary, ad lib. entertainer, vaudevillian de luxe—he lived for his art. It was his vocation, his avocation, his excuse, his answer to the world's affronts. On stage or off, drunk or sober, he was always the same. Even Patty was never quite sure whether he had taken just one little pick-me-up, or ten.

She was sure of one thing, however: Sam Morgan was never satisfied merely to remain an innocent bystander. If trouble were brewing, or fun, or anything, he'd manage to get into the thick of it.

Before she had left New York she had settled Pops in a theatrical boardinghouse, and hoped for the best. But, knowing him so well, she had never felt quite easy in her mind. He was a resourceful old trouper, and if at any odd moment the notion struck him that he wanted to go traveling, he'd put on his hat and go. Nothing could stop him, not even the lack of railroad fare. His sprightly talents were sure to win him welcome wherever he went, with freight crews or truck drivers, with bighearted audiences in wayside barrooms. And in due time he would arrive at his destination.

Whether he had seen her, Patty didn't know. At this moment Sam was concentrating on Genevah May. And then—Patty felt a slight constriction in the pit of her stomach when she saw what was coming next.

Pops had put a finger to his lips. He stepped across the window sill.

Genevah May was giving everything to her demonstration. She didn't notice the startled faces of the girls. She wasn't aware that a suave dancing gentleman had picked it up and was soft-shoeing in tandem behind her back.

FOR a few ghastly moments Patty just stood rigid while Pops was shuffling it up at the rear of the eurythmics teacher, mimicking her gestures. And then—well, Sam Morgan was good, he admitted it—he started to double and treble the time beats. Where Genevah May put in one little step, Sam Morgan stuck in three.

The girls stood open-mouthed, petrified; then somebody giggled. That broke the spell. The whole class shrieked.

Genevah May stopped dead. She faced her class, hurt and insulted; then she turned, and discovered her imitator.

Sam Morgan greeted her with two waggling fingers, and kept right on dancing.

"Who are you?" demanded Miss May.

"Watch this one!" Pops invited her. He pattered out of a cramp-roll, executed a glissade on the edge of one shoe halfway across the room, drumbeat the finish, turned a backward flip-flop, from feet to hands and hands to feet, shuffled off the break in magnificent timing, and winked.

"Get out of here!" shrilled Miss May wildly. "How dare you—how dare—!"

"You're good, too," Pops complimented her. "I was watching. Girls, you've got a good teacher. When she cusses you out, take it. That's how to learn."

Sam Morgan was always that way. Friendly with his fellow artists. But somehow Miss Genevah May did not seem to be in the mood for rapprochements. She turned and scuttled out of the room.

Pops faced around, courteous and gallant, to a highly appreciative dancing class. "That's temperament," he said. "Another good sign. That proves the old gal's got the stuff. And here's something. Drink lots of water. Lay off the booze and swill the water. Then work until you sweat like a subway guard. That keeps you prime. And dance. Hoof all the time."

The phonograph was running down. Pops stepped over deliberately, wound it up again, and reset the needle. "Here's one," he said, as the tune started up again. "One foot. Slow motion. Watch.



"Don't O. K. it, Pop, until you see it in the light"

Reamer Keller

Quarter time—half—whole—two—three. But never out of rhythm—"

Somebody was coming through the doorway. Pops flicked a glance in that direction, still rattling his foot. Miss May had come back. A man was with her. He was a large man, and looked gymnastic all over.

Sam shifted from one foot to two. Pigeon toes. In perfect unison with the music, he grapevined his way across the floor. One finger reached the flip brim of his hat, and the hat settled at a jaunty angle over one ear. And then, never for an instant losing the tempo, Pops off-to-Buffaloed over the sill and out through the window. It was probably the finest exit that Sam Morgan ever made. He left them at the climax of interest, at the very apogee.

The line broke up, girls scrambling up and shoving one another in a rush to the windows. And Miss May was crying out to them, "Everybody back in her place! Don't any of you leave this room!"

In the confusion, however, Patty managed to slip unnoticed into the dressing-room. Eve came running after her.

"Just let me get my hands on him!" Patty was almost crying as she yanked her coat from a row of hooks.

"Oh!" said Eve. She was alarmed, but also delighted. "I think he's darling!"

"Yeah—well, you can have him!" Patty opened the rear door and started down the alleyway behind the gymnasium. Eve snatched her own coat from the hook and rushed out after Patty.

THEY found Pops Morgan admiring the dahlia gardens on the flank of the horticultural building.

"Pops!" Patty grabbed his arm.

"Hello, baby," Sam said. "I figured I'd find you wherever dancing was going on."

"Come on—let's get out of here!" Patty tightened her hold and started him walking. "What are you doing at Midwestern?"

"You know something?" he said. "I don't think I ever been any place I like better than this. It gets in your blood."

"You'd better get it in fast," Patty told him. "Because you're grabbing the first rattler back to Broadway."

"But I just got here!" he protested.

"You had no money." Patty looked up sharply.

"It's a little world in itself," Sam Morgan sighed as he looked out upon the landscaped campus vistas. "A beautiful, peaceful little world."

And then his eyes ranged around to Eve. "Um!" he purred. "Gams! Why, Patty, the kid's built for hoofing. Is she one of your little schoolmates?"

"Eve Greeley," said Patty crossly. "Meet my fathah."

Patty's car was parked in the driveway, and she led Pops to it. She opened the door and practically used main force as she shoved him in. "You on the outside, Eve." Then she rushed around to the driver's side, got in, and slammed the door.

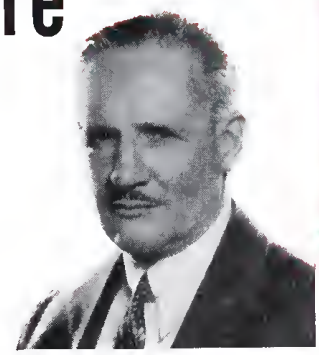
"Like I was in the Black Maria," remarked Pops, "surrounded by gorgeous policemen."

Patty started the engine and let in the clutch. "Why did you leave New York?"

"I got worried about you, chickie." He looked Patty anxiously in the face. "I got to remembering what hyenas some of these college men are."

"You've been training me for nineteen

when you're right— you're right!





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The sign of the square deal and the square dealer in motor car service

years to protect myself in the clinches," Patty reminded him icily.

"Well, maybe, I just got lonesome for you," he hedged. "Remember how we were always together—how I never missed a night taking you home from the theater?"

"Except the nights I took you home." Patty gave him a mocking smile, and then her eyes softened. "Listen, trouper; I don't want to get tough. But something's happened. I know that." She laid her hand on Pops's knee. "Did you get thrown out of your boardinghouse?"

"Now, Patty," he protested.

"I'm not fooling." Patty was driving as fast as she dared, and keeping one eye alert for classmates who might happen to recognize her. "Come clean, mister!"

"I lost my room," said Pops.

"Your—?" Patty blinked at him. "But how? Your rent was paid a month in advance—"

"In a crap game," said Pops, boyishly abashed. "My month's board, too."

"Gambling again! And for your— Say, that's a new one!"

"I wouldn't call it gambling. Now that I look back. Not with the dice those two fellows used."

"What two fellows?" Patty was heading for the railway station.

"You wouldn't know them, child. Just two fellows who are sleeping in my bed, the lice, and eating at my place at the table. Taking turns."

"*Uh!*" grunted Patty. "I'll have to wire your landlady another month's board and rent."

"Say—wait—you won't have to do that!" Pops kindled with sudden enthusiasm. "I could start a dancing class here! Two bucks a lesson—why, we could be independent. I could be here to look after you, Patty, while you're going to college—"

"Please, Mr. Morgan!" Eve had decided to lend a hand. "You'd spoil everything! You, a professional dancer, and Patty's father. They'd put two and two together. They'd—"

"Call me Pops, kid," Sam said.

"Pops. Please!" Eve appealed to him breathlessly. "It's her one big chance to get out of the chorus. To be a big star. Oh, Pops, be a lamb. Stay in New York until she sends for you! And then—Hollywood!"

PATTY drove into the parking space behind the station and cut off the motor. "Stay here," she commanded. She jumped out and dashed into the waiting-room. "Next train to New York?" she asked the man in the ticket window.

He glanced at the clock behind him. "Twenty-seven minutes—"

"What luck!" gasped Patty, and started pulling bills out of her purse. "Ticket quick! A *one-way* ticket!"

The transaction completed, Patty rushed outside again, and beckoned. She and Eve herded Pops into the darkest back corner of the waiting-room. Here he drew her confidentially aside.

"How about a finif, baby?" he whispered delicately. "Until I land some booking—"

"This train carries a buffet car where they serve cocktails and beer and hootch," said Patty. "And not a finif, sweetheart, not a case note, not a thin dime!"

She hurried off to the lunchroom and ordered sandwiches. "Liverwurst, pork, ham, cheese—everything you've got. To go. In a bag."

On her way back she stopped at the newsstand and bought copies of some theatrical magazines and a carton of cigarettes. Then she returned to Pops and started walking sentry.

The next few minutes were the most nerve-racking she had ever spent. She recalled Pug Braddock's astonishing habit of being everywhere. He could walk in here at any instant. And if he connected her with Pops and that recent demonstration of professional hoofing, the newspaper instinct would be quick enough to put two and two together.

THE most heavenly sound she ever heard was the train announcer's voice bellowing the approach of the New York train.

She loaded Pops with packages; then she and Eve linked up with him, and the three strolled out of the waiting-room.

"Where's my ticket?" asked Pops.

Patty smiled a little edged smile, and shook her head.

The coaches lumbered up to a standstill and the trainmen jumped off. The one with the book and pencil in his hands and the bunch of ticket stubs clamped in his teeth, Patty assumed to be the conductor. She went for the vestibule where he stood checking up. As she passed she let Pop's ticket fall. "Oh, wait!" she cried. "You dropped your ticket."

Pops turned sharply, but Eve still had his arm.

"Never mind," said Patty. She picked up the ticket. "I'll just give it to the conductor!"

They maneuvered Pops up the steps, on into the coach. "So long, baby!" He kissed Patty fondly. Then he let her go and kissed Eve, too. "So long, kids," he said in a choking voice.

Somebody shouted "'Board!"

Patty and Eve backed out through the vestibule as the coaches jerked forward. Calling good-bys, the girls jumped off.

Pops returned to the platform, and hung out overside. "If you want me," he shouted, "I'll come back."

"No!" Patty was motioning him on his way. "No, Pops—no!"

"Just send for me, baby!"

"Oh, gosh!" sighed Patty, and wiped a hand across her forehead.

It was Eve who continued to wave farewells as the train pulled out. . . .

Patty was dressing for Saturday afternoon. Her first holiday after a week in college. She felt that she ought to make something of it. Just what, she hadn't decided. There was a football game at the stadium, the season's first gridiron clash—a sort of preliminary workout between Midwestern and one of the smaller, flag-stop colleges. But Patty didn't like to go alone, and Eve refused to be dragged out of the dormitory this afternoon.

Patty had taken her shower and put on her stockings and whatnots. Now she was rummaging the closet for a dress to wear. It being such a lovely day, and with no classes to attend—well, why not celebrate it? That dramatic little green afternoon thing, with the silly sleeves, and the high-feathered hat—they seemed suitable.

Patty laughed happily to herself, slipped into the dress, pulled on the hat, and sat down to put on her shoes. While she was buckling them a loud knock sounded at the door. "Come in!" she called.

A tall figure stood there looking in. It was Pug Braddock.

"Say!" Patty demanded. "Didn't you know this is a girls' dormitory?"

He exhibited an enameled badge he wore on his belt. "Press," he said.

"Press or no press," Patty protested; "suppose you'd come in before we were decent?"

"And then what?" He grinned at her. "I've got an extra ducat to the football game. How long'll it take you to get ready?"

"Ready?" asked Patty. She stared into the mirror at herself, in the dramatic green dress. "Well—if you don't think I'm ready enough for the swell places you take me, you might just run through my clothes closet. Pick it out and I'll put it on."

Pug seemed to think it was a good idea. He shouldered his way into the closet, and came out presently with a brown skirt, a heavy white sweater, a dark felt hat, and a pair of heavy-soled, tan oxfords.

"I'll wait for you downstairs," he said.

"The sweater's Eve's," said Patty. "And those shoes—"

"Anything I have is yours," said Eve heartily. "And, my dear, I do want you to be popular with the men!"

"What do you suppose he thinks is wrong with me the way I am?" asked Patty indignantly.

"You'll be sitting in the press box," he told her, "with newspapermen."

"And all of 'em looking like you, huh? That's something to live up to!"

"I wouldn't want 'em to think I was an organ-grinder," said Pug, and calmly looked her over—her bright dress, her feathered hat, the spike-heeled shoes.

"Why—why, you—" Patty was so mad she sputtered. "Say—even a monkey can be particular what organ-grinder it goes around with."

"You don't care to go, then," he said.

"No, I don't!"

"Very good!" Pug dismissed the whole thing with a nod, and walked out.

Patty slammed the door after him. "You know what I'm going to do?" she said, her chin thrust out. "I'm going to that football game." She hunted through her dresser, found her bag and gloves. "In my beautiful green dress. And I don't need an escort, either." She dabbed on more make-up. "I don't care if nobody else likes me—I like myself."

"The old college spirit!" said Eve.

PATTY marched out.

Pug was nowhere in sight, either in the ground-floor lobby or on the avenue outside. But someone else was—a well set up, athletic man in slacks and a gray stag-shirt, walking briskly along the sidewalk. Patty stopped short. "Oh, hello!" she said.

"Hello, Miss Morgan," said the pedestrian. It was Professor Lange.

"Going to the football game?" she dimpled at him.

"No." He halted. "It won't be any good. They'll beat us thirty-five to six."

"Oh, no!" said Patty, aghast.

"Sorry. But that's what you get when you don't proselytize."

"When you—?" Patty swallowed, and let it go at that.

"Do you believe in proselytizing, Miss Morgan?"

"Well, I—ah—well—"

"We're all like that," he said. "We don't know whether we do or don't. That's why I'm going for a hike in the woods."

"You mean—now?"

"This instant. Some of the faculty have shacks, four or five miles up the river. I usually go up there Saturdays and scorch hamburger steaks."

"Is there—have you anybody—?" Patty wouldn't invite herself to go—nothing that brash. "Do you ever take anybody with you?" She merely looked up at him and waited expectantly.

He was an English prof, and could read large print. And he couldn't shrug it off. So he looked her over, about as Pug had done. "I don't imagine you're much of a hiker, Miss Morgan," he said.

"But I am!" she declared. "I can hike for miles!"

"Not in those heels!" Lange accepted it bravely. "Well—another time, perhaps."

"It won't take four minutes to change!" Patty was backing toward the entrance door. "Couldn't you—Professor Lange—wouldn't you wait that long?"

"Well—" It looked as if the professor were in an angle. "Well—yes, I suppose so." He laughed, and took out his watch. "I'll wait exactly four minutes, and then, if you're not ready—"

"Yes, sir!" yelled Patty, and dashed back into the building.

A GIRLISH flurry burst in on Eve. Hat sailed across the room. "I'm going for a hike," Patty explained. Dress off and flung anywhere. High-heeled shoes kicked under the couch. "We're going to cook hamburgers." Brogues on and laced. "He's got a shack!" Skirt tugged up and fastened—the rough brown skirt. "Oh, Eve, can I borrow your sweater?" Flannel shirt on, and the sweater pulled down over it. "Professor Lange!" The old felt hat. "He invited me to go!"

"*Uh, uh!*" said Eve.

Patty was off down the hall. Down the stairway, through the lobby, around the revolving doors, out to the sidewalk—

Professor Lange was still there. Yes, and so was Pug Braddock.

They were having an argument about something, and neither of them even looked at Patty.

"—tell you," Pug was saying heatedly. "It belongs to the undergraduates. And the alumni—why should we cater to them? If they want that kind of football, let 'em go root for the out-and-out professional teams."

"You miss the idea, Pug," said Lange. "We have our stadium to pay for, and you can't draw a gate with a tenth-rate team. Now, I don't say we should pay salaries to players. But we can scout for material, and deal out a few sinecures to the players who actually need money. I say proselytize, and stop being namby-pamby—" He paused for breath, and saw Patty standing there. "Oh, Miss Morgan . . . Do you know Braddock?"

"Yes," said Patty, and glared.

Pug turned, and took in the sweater, the hat, the heavy-soled shoes. "Well!" he said, and beamed at her proudly. It was the nicest look he had ever given her.

"He thinks I ought to turn out and sup-



port the team," said Professor Lange. "What do you say, Miss Morgan? Let's go to the game with Pug." . . .

As it turned out, Professor Lange had come close to guessing the final score.

After the game a group of Lange's friends gathered him up and carried him off. Which left Patty on Pug's hands. And he took it in a large way, like a gentleman of the old school. Patty had changed her clothes for Professor Lange, and Pug Braddock treated her like a queen.

In the first place, he drove her to the *Porcupine* office and let her sit beside his typewriter desk while he was banging out the story of the game. Of course, there were stretches when he got so absorbed in phraseology that he forgot she was there. But at other times he would remember. Then he would stop everything to be chatty and friendly.

"Oh, by the way," he recalled during one such hiatus. "That list of gals you dug up in the dancing class—we're beginning to get reports." He pulled out a bunch of telegraph memos. "I used my father's facilities on this. Underground coverage. If you want the goods on anybody, his correspondents'll get it for you."

"Any luck?" asked Patty.

"Not so good." Pug glumly shook his head. "This Babe Harkness, for instance, she came here direct from a girls' school at Lake Forest. Christy Carter is a preacher's daughter. Huh. And Corny and Swingy—the twins—the nearest they ever got to the stage was a tableau at an Elks' benefit."

"Maybe one of the others," suggested Patty.

"We've got 'em all checked, except this Peggy Royce. She might be the one. For some reason she's got her trail covered." The bulldog look came back into Pug's face. "Don't worry. When I go after them, I get them." He turned back to his typewriter.

PATTY sat watching him from under her eyelashes. She began to feel low-down and mean. There was something about this Pug. He wasn't dashing and handsome, like Professor Lange, but—it was more than that. The set to his jaw, maybe, or his straightforward eyes, or his smile, if he smiled. Oh, sure; he'd boss you around if you stood for it. But that was all right, too. Taken by and large, he was quite a person. And that made her wonder what kind of person she was. She knew the answer to that one: She wasn't so hot.

To take a guy like Pug for a ride—it wasn't pretty. To play him for a sap. And for what? Show business. Putting on an act. Joe and Wurlitzer had sent her here for that. And she couldn't let them down. And you didn't let yourself down, either, not when you had Hollywood in mind. You stepped on people's faces if you had to. You'd cheat your friend. A nice, lousy business . . .

Pug suddenly jerked the last sheet out of the typewriter and tossed his story on the editor's desk. Then he dropped a hand on Patty's shoulder. "Where do you want to eat?" he asked.

"Any place." Patty seemed almost emotional about it. "Any place you say, Pug."

He took her outside, put her in his car, and turned on the radio. And they drove up the street to the accompaniment of a symphony orchestra, and parked in front of the Jelly Jar. He led her inside and sat her down. Then he consulted her over the menu, and ordered numerous tasty dishes and a double-giant for each of them. "Unless," he said, "you'd rather go to the Inn and start off with cocktails. Hey, listen! I never thought, but it's not too late—"

"No," said Patty. "I like it here."

While they were dining Pug held a kind of reception at his table. Any number of men and not a few girls stopped to say hello, and he kept jumping up, introducing Patty to everybody. The way he did it, too, as though he wanted to knock the eye out of a lot of fellow connoisseurs, and to show some of the co-eds why he had been holding out—well, it left no doubt as to what he thought of Patty. This evening, anyhow.

WHEN they had finished, and the check came, Patty put a tentative hand on her purse. He reached and hit her knuckles. "What do you think this is?" he asked, with a hurt look. "A CCC encampment?"

"Well, I didn't—"

"This is your night," he told her. He pulled out a roll of bills and paid the check. "Now what do you want to do?"

"What do you want to do, Pug?"

"I guess you'd like to wait for Tad Horton, wouldn't you?"

It was about time for Major Pictures' radio hour.

"No!" Patty pushed back violently from the table. "Let's get out of here."

He got up at once and steered her out of the place. "Where do you want to go?"

"I don't care."

He put her in the car and they started up the street. Presently he remembered his radio. He snapped on the switch, and what do you suppose came out of the speaker? Why, Tad Horton, of course, playing the "co-ed" tune.

"Pug," said Patty, "will you do something for me?"

"Yes," he said.

"Shut that damned thing *off!*"

He looked at her in astonishment, but he shut it off. Then he drove her around the campus and out on the lake-front boulevard. There were many automobiles out there ahead of them. Dozens of them had pulled off the driveway and were parked head-on at the water's edge.

"What are they looking at?" asked Patty.

"Maybe water lilies," said Pug. He glanced at her sidewise and snorted.

He drove the jallopy off the road and parked. "It's the honey-collerin' grounds."

"The what?"

"The trystin' trail." He turned off his engine. "The smootchin' spot. The pitch and fling. The neckin' nook." He laughed softly under his breath. "You're so funny, and sweet—" Then he turned and took Patty in his arms.

She had the impulse to relax. Just for an instant. And the next instant he was holding her face warmly between his hands, kissing her.

Patty reacted sharply. That probably was due to her upbringing—Pop's puritanical influence. She kicked back and pushed away. She must have got Pug with her heavy shoe. The next thing she knew, he had let her go and was grabbing his shinbone. "Hey!" he protested.

"Oh, Pug!" she gasped. "I didn't mean to hurt you."

"'S all right . . ." Magnanimously. "Only—most co-eds—when they come out here, they expect you to deliver. You're a funny one, Patty! Son of a gun!"

"You mean—the co-eds—in all these cars—?"

"Every last one of 'em," he nodded.

"Son of a gun!" said Patty in amazement.

"You're different!" Pug just couldn't seem to believe he had stumbled on such a phenomenon. "Why—you—why, dog-gone you, Patty, you've got brains. You got resources—"

"I'm sorry—" she started to say.

"Sorry?" he caught her up. "It's swell." He heaved a big breath. "That's going to give us time for more worth-while things."

Patty nestled beside him and looked dreamily at the lily pads. If he had tried again—well, wasn't she a co-ed, too?

But a new thought had struck him. "Can you read proof?" he asked abruptly. "Did you ever set type?"

"Well, no—no, I don't think so."

"You can learn." He patted her hand. "My father says you've got to be able to handle the job of every man under you, from the press boy on up. Well, I can break you in."

Patty smiled and sat very quiet.

"Yes, sir; we're going to put you on the *Porcupine!*" He said it as though he were pinning a medal on her chest. . . .

PATTY drifted into the newspaper game because she had never learned to neck. It rounded out her college career. Mornings in lecture-rooms, hours spent at the library, time out for dancing class, and then chasing around as a leg-man for the *Daily Porcupine*—it filled up a girl's day. Patty had got into the freshman class by fraud, and before the month was out she was its most active member.

Pug changed her name for her. He called her "Cub." And it wasn't long before half the campus was hailing her as she hurried from place to place. "Hiyah, Cub!" Patty would grin and wave back, without even knowing that when your classmates take the trouble to rechristen you, you're doing all right.

As for her classwork—well, the philosophy prof boasted that he had never had a student who took such voluminous notes, and Dr. Hanley of economics told somebody that the girl simply inspired him, the way she hung on his every word. Uh-huh. So far they hadn't held examinations. But, until they did, Patty was tops.

In addition to everything else, she found time to keep up with the rest of the world. Joe Drews had taken his traveling circus across the continent, and was now working up the Atlantic seaboard into New England. Once a week, at least, Patty would receive one of his hastily scrawled letters. And the news wouldn't have been very encouraging to the co-eds of the United States, had they but known. In fact, Joe was drawing a blank.

As the weeks went by, Patty began to know what claustrophobia is like. She could feel things closing in.

By utilizing all of his father's resources Pug at last got the goods on the girl, Peggy Royce. He seemed almost abashed when he told Patty about it. "You thought she might be a show girl. Yes? Well, she's spent three years working in an Indianapo-

lis bargain basement, and nearly starved herself saving up to send herself to college."

Patty found herself all choked up.

"You go out of your way to be nice to that girl," Pug issued his orders, "or have trouble with me!" And then, with a sigh, "Well, all the other colleges I telegraphed couldn't find anything, and I guess this cleans up Midwestern."

"It seems to me there's one more girl."

"Yes? Who?"

Patty looked him straight in the eyes "Me."

"You?" He laughed in her face. Then the laughter died, and he put his hands on her shoulders and held her so. "Listen! If you ever catch me suspecting you of anything that isn't fine and decent and straight—kick me, will you?"

He left her that to remember, to carry unhappily in her heart.

Late one evening Joe Drews phoned, and got a connection put through to the dormitory rooms in Rudd Hall. Patty was out, and Eve answered the ring.

"Vermont calling . . ."

She thought it must be a mistake, until that voice came tingling over the wires—"Hello, honey!"

Eve almost dropped the receiver. "Oh! Mr. *Drews!* . . . Yes? What? . . . All right, if you want me to." You'd have thought television was already here, the way she smiled at him. "Hello, *Joe!*"

She put her lips closer to the transmitter. "Patty? . . . No. She's down at the morgue, looking at bodies. . . . Yes, that's right. That's what I said! . . . No—she's on the college newspaper, and she's just gone down there for experience; that's all. . . . Who? Patty? . . . You wouldn't know her, Joe. Say, listen! You want to know where she buys her *clothes?* The Army and Navy store!"

Eve giggled into the phone. "No, I'm not lying. I'm telling you. But look, Mr. Drews, honey—I mean *Joe!* . . . Yes, well, you'd better get here soon. Because if you don't you won't have any glamour girl. She's turning into a muddy plow. . . . What? . . . All right, I'll tell her. . . . Three more weeks. Oh, gee! . . . Yes? Well, our love to you, too. . . . Good night—'night!"

WHEN Patty came in, some time later, Eve was in bed. She hadn't been asleep. She wasn't reading. She was just lying there looking out at the new moon.

"The poor guy got hit by a truck," said Patty.

"Patty!" Eve was bursting with it. "Joe just phoned!"

"Who?" Patty had started to undress. "Oh—Joe Drews. What's he want?"

Eve scrutinized her closely. "You don't act much interested. And I used to think that you and Joe—that you two were—"

"Who? Joe and me?"

"He loaned you his car."

"That doesn't mean a thing. You don't have to be Joe's girl to borrow from him. He'd let you have his leg if he didn't need it at the time."

"He and Tad are going to be here in three weeks," Eve said after a moment. "And Joe sent you a message: Keep limbered up, because it looks like he's going to need you badly."

"I know."

Patty got her pajamas and walked to the window. She stood (*Continued on page 106*)



The HOUSE Detective



BY ROGER B. WHITMAN

HERE is another series of "cases" solved by our Household Sleuth. If you have any problems you want solved, send him the "clues" in care of this magazine, enclosing a stamped and self-addressed envelope. He cannot, however, undertake to answer legal or financial questions.

• •

QUESTION: In my summer cottage in the mountains the paint mildews very badly. I have repainted it several times, but the mildew always returns. Can I do anything about it?—E. H. W., Raleigh, N. C.

Answer: In damp and shaded sections mildew is likely to attack paint that is soft through having an excess of oil. Open a can of prepared paint and, without stirring, pour off a portion of the liquid in the proportion of 1 pint to the gallon. In addition, mix powdered calomel in the turpentine in the proportion of 1 ounce to each gallon of paint. Use this altered paint for the second as well as for the finish coat. Before applying, scrape off the mildew and wash with a strong alkali scouring powder.

• •

QUESTION: Some tin cans were left standing on my back concrete steps for several weeks, and the concrete is badly stained with rust. How can the concrete be cleaned?—S. E. F., Boston, Mass.

Answer: Dissolve 1 part sodium citrate in 6 parts of water, and add 6 parts of commercial glycerin. Mix part of this with enough powdered whiting or hydrated lime to form a paste, and spread on the stain in a thick coat. When dry, moisten with some of the remaining liquid. A week or more may be required for complete removal of the stain.

• •

QUESTION: I have a fiber rug made of black and red squares that is badly faded. How can I renew the colors? The rug is on a porch and is exposed to weather.—C. T. F., Newport, R. I.

Answer: Start with a high-quality spar varnish, thinned with one quarter as much turpentine. Divide into two parts; tint one red and the other black, using color-ground-in-oil. Brush into the fiber; do not have a thick coat on the surface. After a few days for hardening, put on a second coat.

• •

QUESTION: Would using 3- x 12-inch hot-air pipes in my basement in place of 9-inch round pipes retard the efficiency of the furnace or the flow of heat to my rooms?—C. G. B., Erie, Pa.

Answer: Flat pipes along the ceiling would offer so much resistance that the flow of heat would be greatly cut down.

• •

QUESTION: I went to lay linoleum on my kitchen floor, but the boards are rough, and I am told that linoleum would quickly wear through.—L. O. F., Albuquerque, N. Mex.

Answer: It is true that linoleum on a rough floor will quickly wear through. One remedy will be to scrape or plane the floor smooth. An easier job will be to lay plywood over the rough floor.

• •

QUESTION: I plan to lay a concrete walk around my house. Should it make a tight fit with the foundation walls, or will it be better to lay it 2 or 3 feet distant?—G. F., St. Louis, Mo.

Answer: It will be better to lay your concrete walk with a tight joint against the house, for then water running down the wall will not get into your cellar.

• •

QUESTION: How can I get rid of the insects called "thousand-leggers"? There are not many of them, but they give me the shivers.—C. T. R., Trenton, N. J.

Answer: "Thousand-Leggers" are also called house centipedes. The only harm they do is to the nerves. To get rid of them, swat each one as it appears; scatter chloride of lime in damp and dark nooks in your cellar, for that is where they breed.

• •

New Things and Old that Should Be Better Known: Wall cloth printed in oil paints; washable, and because of its strength can be used over cracked plaster. . . . Rustic fences made of cedar or hickory saplings woven into sections with wire. . . . One-passenger elevators for invalids, to be erected in the well of a staircase. . . . Electric chimes to replace bells and buzzers. . . . Decalcomania transfers for the decoration of furniture. . . . Wall and ceiling finishes that absorb sound and prevent echoes, especially good for cellar game-rooms. . . . Small greenhouses in knockdown form for easy erection. . . . I shall be glad to send the names of manufacturers to anyone who is interested and who encloses a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

(*Continued from page 105*) there for a moment, gazing out. Then she turned abruptly. "Do you know what a sabbatical year is, Eve? Well, Professor Lange spent his sabbatical year going around the world. And do you know what he told me? He said this is the finest place he ever saw!"

"And he told me something else today." Her head came thrusting out through the neck of her pajama top. "He said this Pug Braddock is the finest man he's ever met."

Eve was smiling happily at nothing in particular. "What's he trying to do?" she asked. "Steer you off Hollywood?"

Patty started to laugh, and then abruptly stopped. Silently, she put out the light and crawled into the other twin bed.

On his twenty-first birthday Pug received a gift from Braddock, Sr.—a newspaper camera with special lenses and the usual gadgets and widgets that go with fine photography. It was the camera that proved to be Patty's undoing, that messed up everything. If she hadn't been one of the smartest girls in college . . .

WELL, anyhow—this Pug. To him a fine camera wasn't just a toy for shooting candid shots of friends and things. Put a job like that in his hands, and he envisioned gravure sections and chains of pictorial publications.

He started out in a small way. As he explained to the dean of men, he merely wanted to launch a weekly photographic supplement in the *Porcupine*. The dean thought it would be all right. The student board who shaped the *Porcupine* policies also told Pug to go ahead.

By pulling wires, Pug got Patty appointed as assistant art editor. They then got together and went ahead. They figured out a masthead and a slogan:

PORCUPINE PHOTOFACTS
WE'RE FULL OF QUILLS

The pictorial issue of the newspaper was slated to come out on Friday afternoons. This fitted in nicely with events, for there was to be a large dance in the gymnasium on Thursday.

Patty and Pug went, with the camera.

Ticky James must have been a little wrong about Pug. When the time and place called for evening clothes, he had 'em. As for Patty—in her backless, strapless wisp of a dress—she went over big.

"I like that about you," Pug informed her. "You don't often dress, but, when you do, you make other women look like doodles."

There was a campus lark named Steve, than whom there was no one who's-whoer, who had been intrigued for some time by Eve's dusky eyes and maybe her chirky smile. It would give any girl importance, just to be seen with him. He took Eve to the party. Eve spent the evening enjoying rapid changes of partners.

Patty, on the other hand, had work to do. She and Pug loaded themselves with film and flashlight bulbs. They shunned the brilliancies of the dance floor where routine things were happening. They hunted their prey in darker places. Any number of people innocently minding their own business were scared half silly at the weirdest moments by camera flares popping out in their faces.

The photographic team from the *Porcu-*

pine mopped up inside the gymnasium building; then they invaded the parking lot. Out here, three camera-shy co-eds and three young collegians had gone into total eclipse in one automobile. But suddenly the sheltering night burst into a revealing white glare. At that, the car doors flew open and three undergraduates descended.

Pug backed away. "Hi, Cub!"

Patty was ranging along the side lines. "Here!" she yelled.

Pug heaved the camera over the heads of the charging stalwarts. Patty grabbed it out of the air and skirted the ends. She ducked down an alleyway and ran for her car, leaving Pug to his own devices. That much he had drummed into her: "Be loyal to your paper, and the hell with the personnel."

He came into the office some time later, with no necktie, half a collar, and two black eyes. It was all in the day's work.

They had arranged with the local engraving plant to keep a night shift on duty. The prints and half tones were put through as a rush job. And yet, it was after four in the morning when Patty got to bed.

YOU don't worry much about your sleep when you're nineteen years old. Patty briskly attended her nine o'clock class, and the rest of them in order. For some reason, Pug cut English poetry, but when Patty came out he was waiting in his car. He had fixed up his eyes. He said he could still see as much as he wanted to. "Yes, and the *Porcupine* will be on the street in about an hour."

"Gee!" said Patty.

"A man at the Inn has sent for me," Pug said. "He wants to give out an interview."

Patty got in, "I love your eyes. You look so dreamy."

"You'll probably be interested in what this guy has to say. Anyhow, it's an opportunity for you to learn how to go about interviewing various kinds of people."

At the Inn, Pug had his name telephoned upstairs. Then he beckoned to Patty, and they went up to one of the sitting-room-bedroom suites on the second floor. Pug knocked, and someone inside told them to come in. Pug opened the door. . . .

Patty suddenly turned red in the face. In her haste to choke back her voice, she almost swallowed her tonsils. Joe Drews was the man they were to interview.

Perhaps Joe had been forewarned. At least, he knew of Patty's newspaper activities. After one flicker of surprise, his face went blank. "I just hopped from Ohi to Midwest' U. to quiz your pres, and I hereby state he's a schol and a gent." Joe was at his whimsical best. "And did you ever work in a flea circus?"

Pug smiled frivolously. The guy was a nut. But a good newspaperman adapted himself to all kinds. "I'm Braddock of the *Porcupine*. And Miss Morgan, one of our cubs. I'm breaking her in on interviews. If you don't mind."

"Love it!" said Joe. "I'm Mr. Drews, Miss—"

"Morgan," said Patty.

"To nutshell it," Joe rattled on: "Tad Horton, Freddy Tobin, cameras, sound truck, and the rest of the menagerie—we'll be in town two weeks come Saturday night. We're throwing the biggest brawl you've ever seen. In your gym. That's why I say of your president, he's a broad-minded old coot. I just spent a happy hour with him. He sez to me—'Joe, let's shoot the works.' End quote. If the gals think they're photogenic and want to try out for a picture job, he says, let's throw the place wide open. Or words to that—" Joe stopped for breath. "Wait a minute. Do you know what I'm talking about?"

"No," said Patty.

Joe turned sharply and blinked at her. "Have you been listening to the radio lately, Miss—?"

"Morgan," said Patty.

"Miss Morgan, have you heard that we're out hunting a co-ed to team up with Freddy Tobin?"

"For goodness' sake!" she said. "We haven't heard of anything else!"

"Miss Morgan is one of 'em. She's a candidate for the job herself." Pug chuckled merrily.

"Yes?" said Patty. "Now I'll tell one. It's about Mr. Braddock. He thinks Major Pictures has a professional dance girl planted in one of our colleges. He's going to turn her up like a frazzled egg."

"Patty!" said Pug uncomfortably.

"What?" gasped Joe, with a kind of glassy look.

"I've been helping him hunt her down," said Patty.

"It's like this," said Pug defensively. "You know how these contests are."

Joe looked like a partly drowned man, after they've been pumping his chest. "But—but—now, wait a minute!"

"Anyhow, she's not in this university," Pug admitted. "As Miss Morgan says, she and I have checked all the co-eds."

"Oh!" Joe seemed to be coming back without restoratives. "My dear sir, have you paused to consider? Major Pictures! A billion-dollar corporation! How could you dream that Major Pictures would stoop to soil its hands with a plant? With a potato!"

"Anyhow," said Pug, "I'll say this for you—there's no potato here."

"Nor anywhere else," Joe stated fervently. "Major Pictures never plants them! And look—just to prove how much on the up and up—" He caught himself. "Pardon me, but this is off the record."

"If you say so." Pug nodded.

"Off the record—you understand what that is?"

"Naturally," said Pug with quiet dignity.

"What is it?" asked Patty.

PUG promptly turned pedagogic: "I'm glad that came up, Cub. You'll want to know about that! 'Off the record' means something which you have been told in confidence, and you can't use it. Never forget, Patty. As a newspaperman, you're honor bound."

A faint gurgling sound came from Joe.

"You mean we can't print it?" asked Patty.

"Certainly not," said Pug.

"In all my experience with the fourth estate," vouchsafed Joe—"and I've been a member myself—I never yet have known of an off-record confidence being violated."

"All right," said Patty; "what is it?"

"It's this," said Joe solemnly. "I think we've laid an egg."

Joe paced the length of the room. Then he paced back again. "My friends, we've been to more than fifty of the key colleges of the U. S. A. We have made picture tests of more than two hundred and fifty tapping co-eds. And not one—not *one*—"

"How terrible!" cried Patty.

"We've just about run out our string," said Joe. "After Midwestern, there are a few small-time colleges left. But—well, I dunno. Midwestern'll be the last big stop. And, after that, we're sunk. Unless—"

"Sorry," said Pug. "But I guess you won't find anything at Midwestern, either."

"I hope you're wrong! Miss Morgan, what do you think?"

"I think we're doggoned good!"

"You'd better be! Otherwise, my boss, Maxin Wurlitzer, is going to lose the sale of his show to pictures. Which is the same as his shirt. And, what's worse—Mr. Joe Drews loses prestige, and probably his job. . . . However, that's show business!" Joe shrugged and laughed. He held out his hand to Pug. "Thanks a lot, old-timer." Still laughing, he turned back to Patty. "And you, Miss Morgan—please don't break your leg!"

"No." Patty didn't even smile. She met Joe's glance soberly, unwaveringly. "I promise you I won't."

They shook hands on it. Then she and Pug went down to the street.

As they started across to Pug's car a man came around the corner and spotted them. He was one of the university proctors. "Oh, Braddock," he called. "President Cavendish wants to see you."

"What about?" asked Pug.

"He didn't say. All I know is, he looks plenty mad. You're to report at his office immediately." The proctor glanced at Patty. "You too, Miss Morgan." . . .

FROM the things Joe Drews had said, you might have pictured the chief executive of Midwestern University as a jolly, almost boisterous fellow. Patty really was disappointed when she met him. President Cavendish was lean and long-nosed, and he had a sort of dried-out look. He sat behind a forbidding desk in a large, formal study, and confronted you without a glimmer of fun in his pale eyes—without a gleam. He merely nodded toward a couple of straight-backed chairs. "Sit down, please."

On his desk he had spread out the pictorial section of a newspaper. Patty caught a glimpse of a bold headline:

PORCUPINE PHOTOFACTS

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "They're on the street already!"

"You're mistaken," said Cavendish. "We've already taken them off the street."

"But—"

"I am shocked!"

The president waved his hand across the *Porcupine* and puckered his nose. "Some of your so-called photofacts are positively scandalous!"

It put Pug sharply on the defensive. Attack a newspaperman if you will, but don't attack his young. "May I ask which ones you so consider?" he coldly asked.

"If your common sense doesn't tell you—" Cavendish was carefully restraining himself. "This one, for instance. I presume you call it a candid shot. Professor Sangster and his—er—attractive young bride. And the pungent line of type that goes with it!" The president read it with disrelish: "Professor Sangster Caught Out On a Limb."

"I remember those two," said Patty

brightly. "Cuddled up on a rowing machine, with the lights turned out. I wrote that one." She dimpled appealingly at the president. "I thought it was kind of funny."

"Your idea of humor, I'm afraid, Miss Morgan, has been somewhat warped by our modern trend toward vulgarism."

"Yes, sir," Patty humbly agreed.

"Miss Morgan was acting under orders all the way through," Pug declared. "I accept full responsibility. And the functions of a newspaper, sir, are not—"

"And this!" Cavendish discourteously interrupted Pug's gallant speech. "What do you suppose the parents of our co-eds would think if they saw this?"

It was an intimate photograph of a dishevelled, pugnacious co-ed, caught in the act of slugging her boy-friend. The camera hounds had considered themselves lucky to be on the spot at that instant, just as she landed that sock on the jaw. Patty afterward wrote the caption: "Bill Parker Gets His Bachelor Degree." She thought this one was funny also. But, on the spur of the moment, she decided not to say so.

Pug was not so reticent. "But such things happen all around us, sir," he explained. "It's life. It's truth. And the functions of a newspaper are not—"

"Are not to give out the idea that our young women are called upon to protect themselves with their fists!" said Cavendish curtly.

Again he bent over the photofacts. "Did you also write this one, Miss Morgan?" He fairly snorted: 'Happy Days Are Here Again!"

"Why—why, yes, sir." She hoisted herself in her chair and peered across at the *Porcupine*.

THE photograph occupied the center of the layout. An excellent print. The subject was a dignified, immaculately dressed gentleman. He had been mugged in the alleyway in back of the gym, just as he was taking a nip from a large metal flask. An artistic, humanized piece of work; a splendid likeness of somebody. . . .

Patty turned from the photo, to stare into the president's face. "Oh!" she gasped. "I didn't know—not until now! If I'd known it was you, sir—I wouldn't have—"

"Patty!" Pug caught her up sternly. "When you work for a newspaper you never compromise with facts, even though they involve people in high places—"

The president rudely broke in on him: "Please let me do the talking! It's humiliating to be forced to explain my conduct to a couple of—well, undergraduates. But—" He suddenly pulled open a drawer, and took out a silver flask. Grimly he removed the stopper. "Will you smell it, Mr. Braddock?"

Pug gravely sniffed at the flask.

"It's not an alcoholic beverage, as Miss Morgan implies by her rollicking caption. It's a tisane. I take it for indigestion. An old-fashioned remedy, I admit. A simple, if you wish. . . . And, *er*—naturally, when I feel the need of it, I do not wish to take it in public."

"We can make a full retraction," Pug offered.

"I don't wish to give it that importance," said Cavendish sharply. He settled back in his chair. "The remainder of your candid shots seem to deal with romantic incidents. I believe you call it 'necking.'"

"It goes on all around us," Pug volunteered. "And—"

"I know," Cavendish cut him off. "I'm not quite blind. But I like to feel that we have other activities at Midwestern University. If the parents of our students gathered their impressions of college life from your publication, I fear they would be taking their sons and daughters from our midst—wholesale. And then—well, you would have injured us to that extent.

"One moment!" continued President Cavendish hastily, as Pug set himself for rebuttals. "When one of our students sets out deliberately to injure the institution of which he is a privileged member—we accuse him of disloyalty! And then—" Cavendish rocked forward in his chair. "As disloyal students, you give me no alternative." He heaved a long breath. "You have forced me to ask you to withdraw from Midwestern University."

Pug took it on the chin. "You mean, sir, we're fired?"

"But—" Patty scrambled to her feet. "You can't! President Cavendish! You mustn't! You don't understand! I'm here—I've got to—" She caught herself, and faced him in consternation.

"You seem to like it here, Miss Morgan." Cavendish permitted himself a dry little smile.

"I love it!"

"I haven't used the word 'expelled,'" Cavendish said, after a moment, "because my decision is not quite final. I ask you to withdraw from student activities until I can talk things over with your parents."

"I'm sorry to have my father dragged into this," said Pug. "He's a busy man."

"I had hoped that he might give up a couple of days, for the sake of his son." Cavendish glanced at Patty. "And your father, too, Miss Morgan."

"You—you mean my—my—" Patty's voice died away to a feeble little bleat.

"Yes, Miss Morgan," said Cavendish. "I've sent for your father." . . .

If you were the father of a popular young co-ed, and she had difficulties with the college authorities, and the registrar invited you to come immediately for a conference with the president of the university—if you were the right kind of father, you'd drop everything and go. Even if you had to hitchhike.

WELL, sir, Pops Morgan was that kind of father. The moment he received the registrar's telegram, he put on his hat and went. The first thousand miles or so were nothing. On the main cross-country route the broad highway fairly teemed with automobiles. It needed only two days and one night to see Pops safely from the corner of Fiftieth and Broadway to the fork of the road that turns off for Midwestern University.

His last group of companions hated to let him go. But they were westward bound for California, while Pop's mission took him northward. So they exchanged addresses, had a couple of farewell snorts in a crossroads tavern, and parted with a great deal of esteem on both sides.

Pops cleaned up and shaved in the washroom at a neighboring gas station. Then he sauntered across to a strategic point along the branch road. There was a highway sign here. It said: "Midwestern University, 41 miles."

Pops let a milk truck go by, and several of the smaller, cheaper types of passenger automobiles. There was nothing snobbish about Sam Morgan. He liked all kinds of people. But he liked his comforts, too.

In due time his patience was rewarded. A bigger, handsomer-looking car turned off the main highway. It was a jet-black limousine with a chauffeur up front.

Pushing his hat over one ear, he stepped off the shoulder of the road onto the pavement, and went into what he called his hitchhike routine. It consisted mainly of a waltz clog, varied with ball changes and heel rolls and half-stalled time steps, and breaking off-balance, with the thumb pointing—in this case—north.

Staging his act directly in the path of the oncoming car, Pops's main reliance was on the brakes. And he was lucky once more. They held. The chauffeur saw him in time, and the limousine stopped.

Pops gave the driver a democratic nod, but he was more interested in the man in the tonneau, the sole passenger. The man was on the youngish side of middle age, a bit carelessly, if not sloppily, dressed. His eyes were probably his most formidable feature, although his nose and jaw looked rugged enough.

Sam Morgan's smile was disarming. "As long as we're going the same way," he said, "I think I'd enjoy your company."

"When I run into something new," said Pops's prospective host, "it brightens up my day. Ordinarily it's just the thumb, and a dirty one at that. Nobody thinks up anything original." He opened the door, and Sam climbed in.

"I'm going to Midwestern University," volunteered Pops.

"Good. So'm I."

THE car rolled on.

"Some friends of mine," Pops remarked casually, "they had to go on west. So I told 'em to go ahead and take the sedan. I'd find somebody I'd enjoy traveling with."

"I always wished I could dance," said his companion. "It must be fun."

"That wasn't anything," said Pops. "Just tamping down the breakfast."

"Theatrical business?" Pops's friend inquired.

"Well, yes and no," hedged Pops.

"I'm in the newspaper business. Press Enterprises."

"Mine's amusement enterprises." Pops felt that way of putting it would do as well as any. "New York."

"Chicago. And elsewhere. Mostly in madhouses."

"My daughter's in school at Midwestern. I wanted her to get acquainted with the warmhearted people of the Middle West." Pops looked out approvingly at the rushing telegraph posts.

The other man looked quizzically at Pops. "A daughter—in college? Not really?"

"Yep. She's in some kind of a jam, I regret to say. The president wired me to come on and confer with him." Pops reached into the pocket of his neat suit, and pulled out a telegram.

His friend started to read it over his shoulder: "Samuel Morgan, 97½ West Forty-ninth—" He broke off abruptly. "Well, now, that's funny! I've got its mate." He fumbled in his pocket. "Here."

Pops looked at his friend's telegram. And, except that the word "son" was used instead of "daughter," it read precisely the

same as his. It was addressed to "T. P. Braddock, Care Braddock Press Enterprises, Chicago, Ill."

"I'm Tom Braddock."

"I'm Sam Morgan."

"Maybe they're in the same jam."

"Your son and my daughter. Maybe."

"It's a good thing we met," said Tom Braddock. "President Cavendish is the kind of man you want to approach from all directions."

"We can handle him," said Sam, and they exchanged a clannish glance.

"You don't suppose she's the woman Pug's been writing me about, do you?" asked Braddock.

"What woman?"

"The most beautiful, the smartest, the most perfect specimen that God ever let loose. Would that be your daughter?"

"Who, Patty?" Sam didn't think so. "She hasn't much brains. And she's not even pretty. But she's a good girl."

"I'd take my son's opinion before I would yours. That Pug!" Braddock's voice took on a warmth and a tingle every time he mentioned the name. "He thinks he'll get married. He says if he finds the right woman she'll sober him down for his senior year. And he says he's found her."

Pops looked at the appointments of the limousine and the chauffeur up front, and as a conscientious parent he reacted favorably. "You mean you'd let him?"

"I let him do his own guessing. On anything. Always." Braddock nodded with pride. "And you'd be astonished how seldom he guesses wrong." . . .

PATTY had been anxiously awaiting the summons. Saturday had dragged by, and Sunday, and a part of Monday. And then, at about the hour for poetry class, one of the proctors hunted her up. "President Cavendish's office at once."

Pug was in the Administration Building waiting for her. He didn't look homely to her any more. He looked substantial and beautiful. It made her want to cry on his rough old sweater. He didn't have much to say. The secretary in the anteroom told them to go on in, and he took Patty's hand and they went in together.

Pops was there, closeted with the president. He got up quietly and kissed her. "Hello, baby."

"Hello, Pops."

There was another man. He sat on the left of the president's desk, easy and casual and inquisitive. "Hiyah, Pug!" he said over his shoulder. "Is this the girl?"

"Hi!" said Pug. "Yes, sir; that's the girl."

Patty looked at the man and he looked at her, and then, for no reason at all, he gave her the cheeriest smile. "Hiyah, Patty!" he said.

"Hello," said Patty, and knew who he was. That jaw, that nose—a Braddock, b'gee! She was smiling back at him.

There was a copy of the *Porcupine* pictorial on the president's desk. Sam Morgan seemed a bit sanctimonious about it, the way he shook his head.

"It's like this," he said, and turned back to Cavendish. "I got no defense for the kid. She just went ahead and did it, the dumb little cluck. The best you can say for the two of them, they're too young to be dry behind the ears."

Pug stirred abruptly and seemed on the verge of entering general objections, but he

FACTS BEHIND OUR HUMAN CUSTOMS...

A "BAKER'S DOZEN" means *thirteen* Why?



More than 500 YEARS AGO in the City of London, bakers were required by law to give an extra loaf with each twelve that were sold. Thus the customer was assured of getting full value and the baker avoided the risk of being fined for short weight. From this old law comes the present-day "Baker's Dozen", meaning thirteen. Many other interesting customs had

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caught a look from his father that piped him down.

Pops took a turn about the room, looked out the window, and breathed in deeply. "It's the finest view from here I ever saw. You know, you take a place like this, and the kind of young people you get from this part of the country, and a man like you to steer 'em straight, Mr. President, and you've got what it takes to turn out the finest lot of men and women on the face of God's green earth."

Cavendish was on the point of accepting the compliment, but Pops beat him in. "Why," he demanded, "did I send my daughter to this college? There are plenty of places nearer home we could have gone to. But, no. I investigated them all. Every place in the United States. And I don't mind saying I looked you up too, Mr. President. And here's your answer." He indicated Patty. "I wanted the kid to have the best, and there she sits!

"We've been alone, the two of us—just Patty and me." Pop's voice kind of broke a little. "We sacrificed for this, for the last few years—you know, doing without this and doing without that—looking forward to college. And when I say college, I mean Midwestern! And things haven't been so good lately either. But we knew what we wanted. And we went after it. And now—well, when it looked like our dreams had come true—" It seemed for a moment as though Pops were too overcome to continue.

President Cavendish cleared his throat. "I appreciate your feelings, Mr. Morgan—"

"Thank ycu, Mr. President." Pops reached for his pocket, and remembered that he hadn't brought his handkerchief. He snuffed a couple of times, and let it go at that. "Patty—the two of us—we've taken the bumps for a good many years." He crossed over and stood at Patty's side and smiled down at her, an affecting little smile, boyish and brave. "One more bump! All right, kid. We can take it!" And then he bent closer. In a stage aside, from the corner of his mouth, he whispered, "Tomorrow night, East Lynne!"

Patty gagged and grabbed for her handkerchief. The darned fool was always trying to break her up at the worst possible moments. She ducked her head, just as President Cavendish hoisted himself by the arms of his chair.

THERE was a look in his eyes such as very few culprits had ever seen there. "I wish, Mr. Morgan, that more of our parents would come here, as you have done today. I wish we could know the backgrounds of our students more intimately, and their hopes and problems and ambitions."

He paused to look at Patty, and drew a quick breath. "Please don't cry, Miss Morgan. For—well—" He smiled down benignly. "In view of your previous good record—and Mr. Braddock's . . . in view of the few heartening side lights which Mr. Morgan has revealed—well, this is my decision: Midwestern will welcome you both back in your classrooms tomorrow!"

"Oh!" Patty no longer was trying not to laugh. She was trying not to cry. "Oh, thank you, sir!" She was up out of her chair. She wanted to cover him with kisses. "Oh, President Cavendish!"

"You've proven yourself a big man, Mr. President!" declared Pops fervently. "And, to prove to you how I feel about it, I'm going to give up my affairs and stay right here with my daughter. I'll just see that she keeps out of trouble."

"But—Pops—" Patty faltered.

By this time Pug's father was on his feet, shaking hands with Sam. Then he shook hands with Cavendish. "I want to thank you both!" he said. Then he glanced at his watch. "My, goodness!" he said. "I have to be in St. Louis tomorrow morning!"

"We appreciate your coming here," said Cavendish. Then he turned to act as an escort for Pops and Patty.

As the others moved toward the door, Tom Braddock lingered behind. He reached swiftly to the president's desk, picked up the copy of the *Porcupine*, folded it as quietly as possible, and started to shove it into his pocket.

But President Cavendish had already had his experience with the press. He must have been watching. Firm but polite, he turned back and held out his hand.

Braddock smiled blandly and gave up the paper. "A rare item of collegiana."

"Yes; isn't it?" said Cavendish. He crumpled up the sheet and tossed it into the wastebasket. . . .

BRADDOCK'S limousine stood waiting before the classic portico of the Administration Building. Here the two reinstated students and their respective fathers paused on the sidewalk for congratulations and farewells.

"If I'd done the talking," stated Braddock, Sr., "I'd have got the whole crowd of us thrown out on our necks. But you—Sam, you nearly had us all bawling."

"There wasn't a dry eye in the house." Pops accepted the tribute.

Tom Braddock smiled down into Patty's sparkling eyes. "The assistant art editor, eh? Mind if I kiss her good-by, Pug?"

"Certainly not!" said Pug with enthusiasm.

"Wait a minute! Who gave you the concession?" Patty snooted Pug, and then dimpled up at his father. "Ask *me*."

Braddock Sr. took her in his arms and kissed her soundly. Then he climbed into the limousine. "Come on, Pug. Ride downtown with me." He was struck by an afterthought. "Say—wait! Why don't we all go have a couple of drinks?"

Patty wrapped her fingers around Pops's wrist just as he was about to leap into the car. "I'm so sorry, Mr. Braddock, but my father has stomach ulcers."

"Get him healed up for my next visit." Braddock grinned.

A moment later the big car glided away from the curb.

"So long, Sam. So long, Patty!" Tom Braddock shouted back from the open window. "Take good care of Pug!"

"That's a hell of a way to treat a friend's hospitality," Pops complained, as Patty stood waving good-bys.

"Look, old-timer; let's move on before some of the girls from the dancing class get a load of you." She led him around the corner to the place where her car was parked. Eve had been waiting there all this time. When she saw Patty and Pops she jumped out of the roadster and came running.

"It's all right, Eve! We're both back in college! Pops fixed it!"

"Oh!" gasped Eve. "Oh, gosh! I'm so glad! Pops, you darling!"

"Hello, kid!" said Pops affectionately.

"I'm not fooling, Eve. Sam, the Ham! The third act from *Camille!* He had President Cavendish—wait till you hear!"

"Cavendish requested me to stay in town," Pops stated as he got into the car.

Patty dragged Eve around behind the rumble. "Where's Joe today?" she whispered sharply.

"Graydon College," said Eve.

"Go phone him, will you? Tell him Pops's in town, and wants to stay. Let Joe take over for a change. I'm sick of riding the gravy train."

Eve nodded. "He'll know what to do. Just depend on Joe."

"Oh, yeah?" Patty patted Eve's cheek. "Meet you in an hour—at the lot." Then she jumped into the driver's seat and started the engine.

"Hey!" Pops protested. "Where's Eve going?"

"Maybe she's got a class," said Patty. A dutiful daughter, she took Sam for a nice sight-seeing trip. Then she drove home and turned into the Rudd Hall parking lot.

Eve was on the lookout for them. She came hurrying up to the car. "Pops, what do you think? You know Joe Drews. I just had a phone message from him. He's been trying to reach you in New York. He had some kind of a notion you would be willing to help him out. With these girls he's testing."

"*Hum!*" breathed Pops. "Where's Joe now?"

"Graydon, Iowa. Joe was tickled when he heard you were here. He said if you could manage to come on, it meant a salary. Expenses."

"Graydon, eh? The good old Middle Railroad!" The old war horse was sniffing the air, savoring other days and far-off places. "You change at Marshalltown."

"Yes," said Eve. "But you can't make the connection in time. Joe thought—if Patty didn't mind—maybe you could take his roadster—"

"You mean this car?" Pops glanced wistfully at Patty.

"Well, *uh*—" Patty seemed to hesitate, but only for an instant. "All right."

"Sure you don't mind, baby?"

"Of course not."

PATTY climbed down from the driver's seat, and Sam Morgan promptly slid over under the wheel. Eve gave him a slip of paper with Joe's address written on it.

"I'll start now," said Pops.

Patty opened her bag and handed him three five-dollar bills. "For gas and eats."

"I'll pay you back on payday, kid."

"Sure. And, Pops—no liquor—promise?"

"You know better than that." Sam looked stern. "You know I never touch the stuff, not when I'm working."

"All right." Patty kissed him.

"See you in church."

Pops headed out of the parking lot, and the girls stood with their arms around each other as he drove away, alert and proud-looking and self-reliant.

"Poor old Pops! They took vaudeville out from under him, and just left him up there somewhere." Patty smiled mistily. "That's all that's wrong with him."

The roommates went up to their apartment. They were still talking things over—maybe a half-hour later—when the phone suddenly rang.

Eve answered. "Hello—who? . . ." Her voice slid up a full octave—"*What?*"

Patty came up from her chair, with a feeling in her stomach like an elevator going down.

"*Pops!*" Eve almost shrieked. "You—what? . . . Yes. Yes, we'll be right over." She dropped the receiver.

"Now what?" Patty feebly asked.

"He hit the traffic standard in the middle of Main Street—he's in the hospital." . . .

When Patty and Eve tiptoed into the doorway of Pops's hospital room they found him sitting up in bed, holding an informal audience with three nurses, the chief of staff, and a couple of internes.

His head and face were so swathed in bandages that only his eyes and mouth and a part of his nose were visible. But that didn't stop him from holding forth. "And I never got a scratch or bruise—not after I went through that windshield!" he was boasting. "All I did was to take a beauty—as fine a pratt fall as I ever took."

He seemed on the point of hurling himself out of bed in his nightgown, to show them how you did it; but then he caught sight of Patty. "Hello, baby!" he welcomed her. "How's the kid?"

PATTY entered the room in a kind of daze. "Pops!" she choked. "You—"

"Don't worry, miss!" The house physician scratched his chin and looked fondly at the patient. "His face was a little cut from the windshield splinters, but outside of that—well, he claims to be the world's champion one-point lander. He's a wow!"

"But, Pops—what *happened?*"

"I'll tell you, baby. They got a traffic stand right in the middle of Main Street. And I just didn't happen to see it."

"It stands out like a lighthouse!"

"Yeah, I know," Pops admitted. "But there's a restaurant along there somewhere—and they got a good-looking blonde in the window, tossing pancakes."

"So you had to get a crick in your neck!" said Patty wearily.

"But, chickie, you know how crazy I am about 'em."

"About what?" asked one of the nurses.

"Good-looking blond pancakes!" snapped Patty. And then, despairingly: "Pops! Pops! What am I going to do with you?"

"The car wasn't much hurt," he put in a secondary defense

Patty stood with her hands on her hips, discouraged and disgusted. And then—she underwent a sharp, hysterical reaction. She looked at Pops's face and snickered. It was just too preposterous! She dropped into a chair and burst out into wild laughter. The three nurses, the doctor, and the internes, yes, and Pops—they all glared at her, in astonishment and disapproval.

But Patty kept right on laughing. "Nobody'd know you from Adam! Pops! What a disguise!" She beckoned to Eve "Come here and look him over! We can take him places—anywhere we go."

Patty was aware that somebody was standing in the doorway. She glanced around. It was Pug. Naturally He was always on hand for everything.

"How is he?" Pug asked.

"I'm all right, son," Pops answered for himself. "After I went through that windshield I took one of the finest—"

"Thanks for coming, Pug," Patty said.

"I'm glad it's no worse," said Pug. "They've got your car over at the police



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lot. Come on, Cub, and I'll identify you."

"I'll stay with Pops," volunteered Eve, "until you get back."

"Fine!" Patty followed Pug out of the place.

He drove her over to the pound for lost and strayed automobiles, and they got out to inspect the maroon roadster. The front bumper had been badly sprung, but it had taken up the impact. Beyond a shattered windshield and a folded fender, the damage seemed to be negligible.

"I'll get the keys and the car license for you," said Pug, "and you can drive it away."

"All right—" Patty started to nod, and then looked as though she had been seized with paralysis of the neck. "The license—?"

"Owner's license," said Pug. "The police always take it out of an impounded car. The desk sergeant'll have it."

"Oh!" Patty gave him a flickering glance, and then started to talk fast. "The license. Of course. You needn't bother. I'll run in and get it. Desk sergeant, you say—"

"He wouldn't give it to you. But he knows me. I can fix it."

"Wait!" She blocked his way, trying desperately to think. The owner's license—she had noticed it a couple of times in the pocket of the car. Joe Drews's car. His name was on the card in the blackest of ink. Joe Drews, barnstormer and ballyhoo expert. Pug knew all about Joe. And Pug never forgot anything or anybody.

"I just identify you," said Pug. "And you merely sign for the card."

That was it. Sign in front of Pug. The sergeant would be sure to have some comment to make about the difference in names. Pug would know then how he'd been cheated and lied to and played for a chump. And he would expose her for what she was. It was the end for Patty and Pug. And for Patty and Hollywood. And for Joe and Wurlitzer and the *Co-ed* show. . . .

Or no—it wasn't the end! Not if she forgot about everything else, and just thought about show business. . . .

Oh, well—just one more trick to play.

"PUG!" She took a short, stabbing breath. "I want to tell you something."

"What?" He grinned at her earnestness, amused by her funny ways, as always, and so unsuspecting.

She looked up at him with half-shut eyes, passionately absorbed, wanting to remember him as he was now, to get him by heart, just as she got her lines of poetry. She wanted to remember how good he had been to her, and all the things he had taught her—

"This has got to be off the record, Pug." She barely managed to say it.

"Oh, sure!" he laughed.

He had taught her that one, too. "Off the record!" You pledge a newspaperman to secrecy, and his hands are tied. He couldn't do anything about it. All right. Joe and Wurlitzer had been good to her, too. They had put her here to use her wits, if she had to, not to fall in love.

"I'm not fooling!" she said. "What I'm going to tell you, you promise as a newspaperman not to use it in any way?"

"Yes," he agreed without hesitation.

"That was as fine a heel trick as you'll ever run into, my friend," she said in a harsh, brittle voice. "And now—you remember the man we interviewed at the Inn—Joe Drews?"

Pug nodded.

"The license for my car is in his name."

He just stared at her, trying to say something. But he couldn't quite make it.

"My father. You thought he was kind of eccentric, I'll bet. Well, he is. He's a professional dancer, an old-time vaudeville hoofer. Morgan & Mack." It was coming out in a rush of words. "Pops and I—a couple of old-timers. I've been on the stage all my life!"

IT WAS rather too much for a normal young man to digest all in one dose. "But, Patty—I—" He goggled at her.

"The producer of *Co-ed* bought me clothes and gave me a salary and paid my tuition at Midwestern. And Joe lent me his car. The two of them sent me here."

He was beginning to get it now. And all Patty wanted was to touch him with her hand, to do something—anything—just to take that look from his face.

But she held herself rigid. "You guessed right, Pug! They did plant a dance girl. A potato! One of the niftiest little professional hoofers on Broadway. Me! And—oh, Pug—don't look at me like that! I don't want to dance in their lousy picture! I hate it!"

"You let me—" He got something out of his throat. "You ran around with me, and let on you were helping me hunt this woman. . . . And all the time it was you!" The set lines of his face made him seem haggard and old. "Come on!" he said at length. "We'll get your license."

He turned and strode into the police station. And there was nothing for Patty to do but go along. The desk sergeant made no difficulties. There was a slip for Patty to sign—acting as agent for the owner. Pug fixed it up.

Then she and Pug went back to the street. She reached out a hand. "Pug—"

If he had been wearing a hat he probably would have tipped it politely. As it was: "Thanks for the ride!" That was all he said. Then he got into the jallopy, kicked the starter, and went on his way.

Patty got into Joe's roadster and drove back to the hospital, and to Pops. But after she was parked it didn't occur to her to get out of the car. She just sat, kind of blind and blivvy and looked off at nowhere. Presently another car came up and stopped behind her. Then somebody said, "Patty."

She turned with a rush of heartbeats. And it was Pug.

"Get in here," he said.

Patty practically fell out of the roadster, and into Pug's car.

"Where do you want to drive to?" he asked.

"Anywhere! Wherever you say!"

He seemed to have no special place in mind. They skirted the lake, past the smootching spot. "I'm not sore," he said at length.

Patty raised her head quickly. "Gosh, Pug—"

"It takes a smart woman to outwit me," he said. "Doggone you, you had me fooled!"

WHY DON'T THEY?

•

PUT all children's medicines in containers shaped in the form of toys, as an incentive for the youngsters to take the medicine and get the toy as a reward?—*Mrs. H. M Yensen, Dayton, Ohio.*

•

MAKE all clothespins in assorted bright colors, to banish wash-day blues?—*Mrs. J. A. Caldwell, Jr., Corning, Ark.*

•

REQUIRE all persons running for political office to take a good, stiff examination to prove their ability to fill the position?—*Anne Imel, Easton, Pa.*

•

MAKE men's ties always in long and short lengths for long and short fellows?—*D. R. Tompkins, Montgomery, Ala.*

•

MAKE all Bible covers in colors instead of somber black?—*Mrs. R. E. Barber, Jacksonville, Fla.*

•

PLACE a loop at the back of men's overcoat collars to hold a muffler firmly in place?—*Mrs. Bernice L. Wing, Pittsfield, Mass.*

•

ADOPT the inscription for all door mats: "Welcome—but wipe your feet!"?—*Helen Davison, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

•

PUT sliding fasteners instead of laces on basketballs and footballs?—*Stanley Anstutz, Berne, Ind.*

•

Each of the following questions was asked by 50 or more persons this month: Why don't they—

Eliminate the roar in electric hair dryers?

Devise a "windshield" wiper for spectacles?

Provide compartments in refrigerators to keep butter at "spreading" temperature?

Install tiny lights on theater seats that would flash on when the seat was unoccupied?

Put all auto bumpers at the same height from the ground to avoid the prevalence of "caught" bumpers?

Equip all curtain rods with rubber tips to avoid the tearing of hems when slipped through the curtain?

Put pay meters on gasoline pumps in all stations for the use of early-morning drivers when the stations are closed?

•

HAVE you a suggestion for this column? Address it to *Why Don't They?* The American Magazine, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

"How I hated doing it!" she told him in a gust of emotion. "Oh, Pug, there were times when I cried! But—you were going to have me thrown out of college—and what could I—I had to do it, didn't I?"

"Well, you did!" Somehow he seemed to be proud to be riding around with such a marvel. "But I'm broad enough not to hold that against you."

She swallowed and smiled and slid over an inch or two closer.

"And to think I didn't spot you by your dancing! The best dancer in the country, and I never even guessed it!"

"Pug, you're crazy! I never said that! I just said I was pretty good."

"We don't have to fight about it." And then: "Patty, I love you."

"You—" Her voice dwindled away.

"You grew up in me," he said, "like a doggone sunflower."

HE TOOK his hands off the wheel and stopped feeding gas, and let the jallopy go. It stalled in the middle of the highway. He turned and got her hands. "How do you feel about me?" he asked.

"You're a doggoned sunflower yourself—only worse," said Patty. "You're a crazy nut, and I love you. The minute I laid eyes on you I hated everything about you, and that's how it was! I love you, and you know it!"

He took her in his arms and kissed her, and re-kissed her and re-re-kissed her, and she got both arms around his neck and tightened them as hard as she could, and clung, and let him have his way, and had her own way, too—until presently neither of them had any breath left. When he stopped kissing her at last, he drew away and looked down, with his funny smile.

"We're going to have more fun," he said, "than any two people who ever lived! We'll finish up here at Midwestern. And then we'll work our way up to the top of the Braddock string. And, look—" He grinned happily. "If you're so set on Hollywood—we'll buy you a newspaper out there. . . . How soon can we get married, Patty? Tomorrow?"

She gave him a frightened look. "But, Pug—"

"My father wants us to," he told her. "The instant he saw you he said, 'That's her! Grab her quick!'"

"But—but—"

"He's like I am," said Pug solemnly. "He doesn't have to look twice at people."

"Wait!" Patty gasped. "Your father—he doesn't know! I'm nothing but a dancer. Chorus girl! Extra girl—"

"Extra-special-girl!" With that thought he had to stop and kiss her again, with not quite so much abandon but with more tenderness.

This time it was Patty who drew away. "Pug. Get this." She took his wrists in her hands and looked steadily into his eyes. "Most people, they're always looking for somewhere to go. But not me. All my life, all I've wanted was somewhere to stay. This place." She laughed unsteadily. "And it has you in it. It's too perfect. It couldn't be, of course—"

"I've got two more years here, Patty. And then, look—you switch over to the journalism course. And after I've graduated I can hop back and forth—"

"Wait!" It was the hardest thing she had ever had to say. "I've still got to go in there and sell myself to Major Pictures."

"*Huh?*" He broke away and stared at her, flabbergasted. "Patty—no!"

She faced him pathetically. "But—it takes only a few weeks to shoot a picture. And after that—if anybody should telegraph and say, 'Patty, come on back,' I'd come so fast they wouldn't even see my dust. I wouldn't—" She didn't go on. She saw his face, and let it go at that.

"Yeah?" he said fiercely. "Well, I wouldn't telegraph. I can stand anything except a dishonorable person."

"Dishonorable?" she said weakly.

"Crooked. This dancing business was for amateurs, or so it was stated. It's the same as college football. If you hire professionals for a so-called amateur team you're doing something crooked. And the players who take the money are crooked. The same as you would be, if you go into that contest."

"But I've *got* to go in!" Patty accepted it. "If I don't I've double-crossed Joe and Wurlitzer. Two good friends who trusted me, and gave me a break, and staked everything on me. If I failed them now, that would be crooked too. Well, if I have to be a crook, anyhow I play square with the other crooks!"

Pug threw his leg over the car door and stepped down to the pavement. "Drive it back to Rudd Hall. I'll pick it up there."

"Pug—no! Ah—please!"

"I prefer to walk back," he told her.

"But it's miles! And—I can't take your car. If you don't want to ride with me—I'll get out."

"No woman ever had to walk on my account," he stated crisply. He reached over to the floor, found the starter, and pushed it down. The ignition was still on. The engine started. "All right, Miss Hoofer! Pretty smart, weren't you? You've fixed me so I can't do a thing to stop you. Trapped me into giving my word of honor. O. K. Go on. Beat it!"

Patty squared her shoulders and took the wheel. She made a "U" turn on the highway and faced back toward town.

"I never want to see you again!" Pug said.

Patty let in the clutch. "You'll be seeing me in *Pictures!*" She gave him a gay salute, and then turned on the radio and drove back to Rudd Hall as fast as she could make the old car go.

And there Eve found her some time later, on the bed, clasping a pillow in her arms, and crying like a fool. . . .

THERE was only one more week to go. And then, no matter what, Patty's college days were ended. Pops was discharged from the hospital on Tuesday morning. The girls gave up their rooms in the dormitory, rented a furnished apartment, and took Pops with them.

There was nothing to be feared now, if they could keep him out of the local barrooms and discourage his propensity for exhibiting dance steps in public places. The doctor said he would have to wear his surgical dressings for another couple of weeks. After that, nothing mattered. In the meantime Patty could take him anywhere she pleased, and nobody was apt to recognize the face behind the bandages.

Patty saw Pug a couple of times, but only from a distance. He had quit the poetry class. "From now on, I stick to prose." That's what he told Professor Lange, and Lange told Patty.

They both had been suspended temporarily from the staff of the *Porcupine*, so there was no likelihood of direct contacts. But she did hear of him indirectly once.

It was Thursday night. Eve had gone off to bed. Patty had secluded herself under the breakfast-nook light with some of her books. And some time later she began to notice an unusual silence about the place. She got up hastily, looked through the other rooms, and discovered that Pops was gone. For the next couple of hours she fretted and worried. And then, just as she had about decided to dress and start out on a forlorn hunt, a key sounded in the lock, the door opened, and Pops came in.

She ran to him, and grabbed him. And he was absolutely steady on his feet.

"I've been stepping out," he told her. "Braddock and me."

"You—and who?"

"That Pug! We've been buying each other drinks."

"You mean you and—not Pug!"

"Sodas," said Pops serenely. "Double-giants."

"Oh." Patty suddenly collapsed in his arms. "You *sweetheart!*"

"I know all about it, baby," said Pops, and shoved his hand through her hair. "You're a trouper, kid!" . . .

SATURDAY morning broke with squally winds and rain. It was a beautiful day for an indigo mood. Patty's last day in college.

The noon train came in from the South, and Joe Drews hit town—and Freddy Tobin and Tad Horton, the Kleagle of Swing, and all the Kleagle's jivemen.

Joe immediately went into session with Genevah May, and the eurythmics teacher sent out a hurry call for her dancing class. And when the hundred or so young hopefuls had assembled Joe lined them up and broke a piece of news. "A bit of luck," he told them. "Henry Zobel, the head of Major Pictures, happened to be in Chicago today. And I talked him into running up here tonight. So, you're going to show your stuff, in the flesh, in front of the big boy."

At about that moment Freddy Tobin walked in, gave the high-sign to the fluttering dance class, and then wrapped an arm around the palpitating Miss May and stepped her out across the floor. It should have put everybody at ease, the way Freddy and Joe handled things. But somehow it never did. The girls mostly were too thrilled and awed to loosen up properly. Maybe that's what was wrong at the other colleges.

"Don't try too hard," Pops was always saying. "It muscle-binds you."

Miss May started the phonograph and whipped them into action, the whole line of girls. Then she and Joe and Freddy set about choosing the five best, who were to perform that night.

Miss May had a sneaking notion that Patty was the prize member of the class. But neither Joe nor Freddy looked at Patty. They outvoted the protesting eurythmics coach and said their first choice was the wiry, wild-haired young lady, Ticky James.

Then—again over Miss May's violent objections—the two visiting smart boys settled on Babe Harkness, the little Iowa number, as second choice. And after that the plumpish Toots Barton, and Christy Carter, the ash-blond sylph. That left room for only one more candidate in the

hand-picked team of five who were to compete tonight for the picture job.

Finally—well, Joe and Freddy just couldn't seem to decide between Corny, the Brady twin, and Patty. Miss May almost had to have hysterics before the two stony-faced young men gave in.

"All right," said Joe at last. "Number five—the redheaded gal."

Patty got away from them as fast as she could and hurried home.

Eve and Pops made her so nervous that she sent them out to dinner without her. At eight o'clock she started to dress. She got out the costume that Wurlitzer had sent her. A metallic, greenish thing of coque feathers, with a halter arrangement up top and practically no skirt. An extreme, somewhat bizarre effect, Wurlitzer had figured that it would knock Zobel right in the eye.

According to the arrangements, Tad Horton was to play a short dance program for his Midwestern following, and then, at ten sharp, the floor would be cleared and the contesting co-eds trotted out before Zobel. When she finished dressing it was a little early, but Patty decided she might as well go over to the gym and get the feel of things. Possibly, even Pug might be there . . .

She made a wry face at herself in the mirror, and then put on her raincoat and galoshes, got her umbrella, and went downstairs. Luckily a vacant cab was waiting right at the doorway.

She walked gingerly across the wet sidewalk, and got in. "Gymnasium," she said.

"Yessum." The driver started.

And then—Patty glanced out sharply into the beating rain. "Wait!" she cried. "You're going wrong—"

She choked it off. Three or four dark figures had emerged from the gloom and leaped onto the running boards on both sides of the car. The doors were jerked open, and a crew of wet huskies crowded into the taxi with her. She started to yell, and somebody clamped a muscular hand over her mouth.

"Just one peep out of you," said a voice in her ear, "and you get conked off!"

AS THE cab skidded around a corner under a street lamp she caught a flashing glimpse of grotesque shapes muffled in oilskins, and ugly blurred faces. She kicked and clawed and tried to shriek for help. But what chance did she stand? One of the mob held her feet, a second gripped her wrists, while a third wrapped a big, wet arm around her head, and muffled her.

"Let me—*ah*—go—" She was gasping, almost suffocating.

Something hard and metallic, like the mouth of a cannon, was shoved into her ribs. "Pipe down, dame," hissed a voice in her ear, "or yuh get blasted. See?"

The car raced away from the lighted streets and turned onto a dismal, deserted highway, heading off from the campus.

Desperately Patty started fighting again, choking, pleading. "Please—please—I gotta get back—I—"

The fourth man went to the assistance of the others, and shoved her shoulders flat against the cushion. "All right, dame! Yuh wanta get taped up?"

"But why—why—?"

"She wants to know why." A sinister laugh sounded in the darkness. "We pull these jobs for fun, don't we, Slug?"

They had her pinned to the seat, cramped and helpless. She could hardly breathe. Bewildering thoughts flooded through her brain. What did they want? Was somebody trying to keep her away from the gym? One of the girls? It couldn't be! The notion was too incredible. Was it—?

"I have no money!" she gasped. "I haven't—"

"Maybe your old man ain't got it, neither," sneered one of her abductors. "Or that millionaire we seen you runnin' around wit'."

"But—oh, please!" She tried again to break loose, grabbing for the taxi door.

"Shut up!" They slammed her back in the seat, and two of them braced themselves and locked arms with her.

The cab, she realized, was slowing down. The driver suddenly shouted a warning: "Hang on back there!" He swung sharply, and left the pavement.

THE car lurched downward through a ditchlike hollow, through mud, crawled up some kind of embankment. Then they made a tortuous journey over a winding, rutted road, in among trees and swishing undergrowth. At length, without any warning, the driver set his brakes. The taxi slued on a soggy spot, and stopped.

One of the men jumped down, and the others straggled after him. The last one dragged Patty out into the rain.

Off in the darkness somewhere she could hear the sound of floodwaters running. Probably the river. She felt the dankness of dripping trees, of a forest hedging her in lonesomeness. In the clearing ahead she caught the look of stark outlines—buildings of a sort, unlighted, desolate.

One of the men went forward. Rusty hinges creaked loudly. Two of Patty's captors hauled her up a path, up three rickety wooden steps, on into chill darkness, under a rain-beaten roof.

They shut the door and bolted it. A match flared up. Somebody lighted a lantern and slung it from a rafter. Patty stared at her abductors. They were a worse-looking mob, really, than she had even pictured, a villainous outfit. All of them were clad in disreputable raincoats. Two had long, untidy whiskers and one went barefooted. Another had a bandanna handkerchief tied over his mouth and nose. The fourth wore an old world-war gas mask, with the nozzle hanging on his chest.

The one with the bandanna shed his slicker, gathered some kindling from a box, and squatted down before an open fireplace. The gas-masked kidnapper brought an armful of logs and crouched beside his pal. One of them struck a match . . .

The interruption came from outside the shack. Footsteps out there in the rain and the dark. Somebody walked across the porch. There was a brisk knock at the door. All movement in the room was tensely arrested. "Who is it?" demanded the barefooted man.

The answer came promptly: "It's I." A cheerful laugh outside. "Lange."

Patty's heart jumped a few extra beats. Professor Lange!

"Be careful, Professor!" she cried. "They—"

Speech choked up in her throat. A sudden panic had seized the four gorillas. "Holy cats, the prof!" said one of the men. There was a rush of feet, a stampede for the window in the rear of the shack. Patty never saw anything like it. They flung the window open. They shoved and elbowed, each man trying to get out first. Patty just stood there stupefied. One of them sprawled headlong over the sill. The others piled on top of him. She heard the splashing thuds on the ground below. She heard them scrambling in mud and water, and crashing through underbrush. She heard the whine of an automobile starting up . . .

In a daze she turned back to the bolted door.

Lange was still outside, knocking impatiently. "What's the matter in there?"

Steadying herself, Patty unlocked the door. Lange shoved it open. He saw Patty and gaped at her.

"Why—why!" he said. "What in the world!"

"I've been kidnapped!" she told him hysterically.

He stared incredulously. "Why, Patty! You're all wet—you're shivering!" He went to the fireplace and touched a match to the shavings and kindling. "Come here!" he said. "Get that coat off!" He crossed to the window and peered out into the dark. Then he turned back, faintly smiling. "Kidnappers, you say?"

"Yes!" Patty had taken off her raincoat, and held her bare back to the hearth as the fire licked among the logs. "They grabbed me and brought me here."

"And then they scrammed. Guilty consciences, I suppose. Nervous chaps."

"They were terrible!" said Patty.

LANGE glanced at her short, feathered dress and her bare legs, and nodded gravely. "I remember now—you were in that dancing contest tonight. An enemy, perhaps? A jealous rival? Whom do you suspect?"

"Oh, I don't know! All I know is, I've got to get back to town!" That was her one consuming thought. "Take me to the gym! I've got to be there!"

"I wish I could," he said.

"Aw—please! Please!"

"I'm sorry—but I haven't my car."

"You mean you haven't—" She looked at him, aghast.

"I came for a hike early this morning and got caught in the storm. So I decided to stay at my shack for the night. This is Professor Carter's shack. I happened to notice the light over here, and thought—"

"What am I going to do?" asked Patty, in consternation.

"I could take you piggy-back," he reflected. "But after five miles in the rain—no, I don't think it would work."

"But, Professor—you don't know how important it is!"

"Oh, but I do!" He frowned thoughtfully: "I don't suppose Carter's phone is connected, this time of year. But—well, we'll try it, anyhow. Wait."

He strode off into an adjoining room, leaving Patty to get warm. She was toasting herself thoroughly on all sides, when she caught a sudden sound, outside in the night. There was a heavy tramping on the steps, on the porch. She stood petrified. The door was opened, and a tall, rain-soaked figure strode into the room.

It was Pug!

Patty stood, unbelieving, for an instant, and then, with a suffusing glow of warmth, of welcoming, she stumbled toward him.

She thought he had come for her. "Pug! Oh, my dear!" Something suddenly chilled her. She checked herself.

He stood in the doorway, water dripping from him, running down in rivulets. Grimly he ignored her. Just a big, hardy guy, blustering in, with important business on his hands. That was his attitude. "I see you got her!" he said, and glanced among the shadows, then turned sharply toward the inner doorway.

Professor Lange had come back. "No phone connection," he said to Patty, but he was looking at Pug.

For once in his life Pug Braddock seemed to be nonplused. He couldn't believe his eyes. "But, the—the—where—?"

"You mean the kidnappers?" asked Lange.

"Well, I—I didn't expect—"

"I think they had a nervous breakdown." Lange was quite matter-of-fact about it all. "Were they supposed to meet you here?"

"Why, *uh*—" Pug started to say.

"Wait!" Patty was staring at Pug, shocked, outraged. "It was you! *You* hired those mugs to drag me away from the dance!"

He shrugged his shoulders. "You don't have to yell at me."

"Is that right?" inquired Lange. "Did you?"

"They weren't mugs," said Pug.

"Who were they?"

Pug seemed a little disgusted with the whole thing. "Aw, just some of the football team."

"Not really?" Lange was startled for an instant, and then he grimly smiled. "And you're the man who doesn't believe in proselytizing!"

"Nobody can kidnap me and get away with it!" said Patty furiously. "You'd better get me back there fast!"

"BUT look, Professor," said Pug argumentatively. "This doesn't affect their standing as football players. They picked up ten dollars apiece, I admit, but—"

"If I were you, Pug," Lange dryly advised, "I'd take her back."

"I'll send him to the penitentiary if he doesn't!" Patty assured them.

"Go ahead!" Pug grinned mockingly. "And your father goes with me."

"My—my *father?*"

"Yeah. And I don't know where he got a daughter like you!"

"But not—not Pops!" Patty felt her world rocking. She recalled that Pops and Pug had been out together. But then—Pops wouldn't try to keep her out of the contest. "I don't believe a word of it!"

"Suit yourself," said Pug.

"But what's it all about?" asked Lange.

"He thinks I'm dishonorable," said Patty.

"Are you?" Lange asked.

"I don't know."

"If she goes down there and dances she is," said Pug.

"All I know is, I gave my word that I'd be there," said Patty miserably. "I've just got to!"

"It seems all mixed up," said Lange. "What is it, anyhow?"

"I can't tell you," said Pug. "It's off the record. But I could state a hypothetical case." Pug was deeply in earnest. "Look: Suppose you gave your word about something to a dishonest person, would you feel you had to go ahead and wreck everything, just to keep your word?"

"Yes, I would," said Lange.

Pug's eyes opened wider. "But—a dishonest person? A crook?"

"It wouldn't be the crook's word," said Lange. "It would be my word."

Pug swallowed and looked disconcerted. He crossed the room, scowling. He came back with his shoulders drooping. "All right!" He turned sullenly to Patty. "My car's outside. Come on!"

"But, Pug—it has no top! What would I look like?"

"That's right." He glanced around the room. "Hold on!" He disappeared into the kitchen, and then came back, trailing several long strips of fancy oilcloth. He must have denuded the table and the pantry shelves. Spreading the largest sheet on the floor, he motioned to Patty. "Lie down on it."

PATTY hesitated, but Lange thought it was a fine idea. He took her hand and helped her to lie flat, without disarranging too many feathers. Then the two men rolled her up like a carpet. After which they stood her on her feet and wound the remaining strips of oilcloth around her. She was as rainproof as a mummy. Only, they had covered up her mouth and nose, along with everything else, and she couldn't breathe. Pug fixed that. He got out his knife, found the place where her mouth ought to be, and cut a slit in the oilcloth. Then he hoisted her over his shoulder and took her outside.

Lange yelled after them from the doorway, "I'll be seeing you in poetry class!"

Pug dumped Patty into his car. He got in, himself, and started the engine. Then he switched on the radio and started down the rutty road.

"Please hurry, Pug!" Patty said it meekly through the slit in the oilcloth, but he turned on her savagely:

"Do I have to listen to your babble?"

The radio suddenly burst forth into wild music. It was the *Co-ed* number. Tad was playing it in the gymnasium. That was the tune they were to dance to—the girls, and Patty. . . . And she was here in the woods, miles from everything.

"I've got to get there!" she moaned. "Hurry—Hurry!"

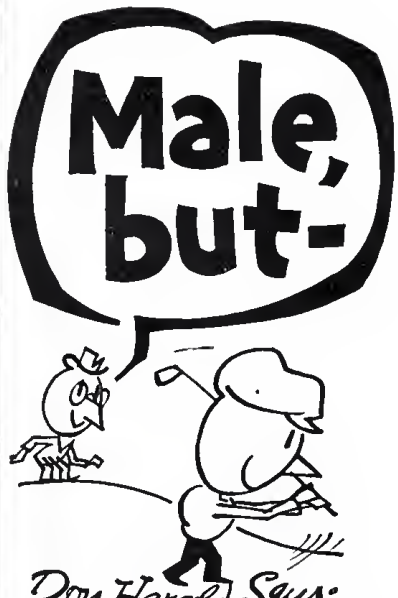
"Stop yelling, will you? I'll get you there! And when I do, I'm through. After you've stepped on that dance floor I'm through with you forever!"

"You get me there!" said Patty. . . .

Headaches and heartbreaks were practically chronic with Joe Drews. Such was show business, and he loved it. But you can stand just so much. That was Joe. He was strong up to the last minute, but he finally cracked.

The party went off splendidly, until ten o'clock came and they cleared a space on the floor for the stage-frightened tap-dancers to come on and make their bid to Zobel; and then—Joe suddenly discovered that Patty had failed to arrive.

At first he didn't go quite crazy. He kept a grip on himself. Unfortunately he was in a peculiar position. It wouldn't do to seem too upset over the nonappearance of one mere co-ed. He had to go on with the program. He stalled as long as he dared, and then he shot poor Toots Barton out on the floor. And—he didn't watch Toots at all—he just peeked over the



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MUM

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

banks of heads, across at Zobel's face. It told him all he needed to know. The first little contestant was all washed up before she ever started. After Toots was through, Christy Carter tried it.

Joe hunted up Pops. "Where the hell is Patty?"

There wasn't a trimmer figure on the floor than Sam Morgan, in his rented tails. Even a bandaged face did not greatly detract from his distinction. He shook his head. "Maybe she's been kidnapped!"

"Maybe what?" gasped Joe.

"Otherwise," asked Pops, "where would she be?"

Joe let out horrible muffled words and clawed at his hair. "Tell that next gal to get in there!" he moaned, and dashed for the side entrance of the gym where the performers' cars were supposed to pull in. He paced to and fro, and let the rain spatter his shirt front, and peered wistfully up and down the alley, and nobody arrived.

Then he milled back through the crowd, where Tad's brasses and winds were blasting things out behind a fantastic clatter of feet. Christy was gone, and Ticky James had taken over the assignment. And by the time Joe reached the side lines, she was just about through. She cleverly danced off her break, and looked expectantly at Zobel's box.

AND Zobel applauded politely. It was so darned polite that Joe knew one more candidate was on her way out.

"They try too hard!" Pops hissed in Joe's ear. "Too much racket, too much everything!"

Babe Harkness came up in a kind of daze in her brilliant costume.

One of the boys in the band had taken over temporarily at the mike. "Miss Babe Harkness of Ioway!" he announced.

With a set, determined look, the girl dodged onto the floor, and gave it to 'em. . . . And it wasn't quite enough.

She came off to a big round of applause, with tears in her eyes.

Zobel sat calmly in his box, bland and terrifically patient, while the crowds hung over the balcony rail, or jammed around the empty floor space below, waiting.

And that was when Joe began to jibber. In another minute he might have gone stark, raving, completely screwy—if it hadn't been for Pops.

"Patty can still get here, maybe," said Sam. "Why don't you send Eve in to hold 'em?"

"Huh?" said Joe.

"Go in there, kid, and stall!"

"Who?" Eve gasped. "You mean—? But I can't dance!"

"You don't have to."

"But—I'm not made up. I—" She ruffled out her party dress, a quaint, brightly flowered little cotton affair. "I have no costume!"

"You don't need one." Pops crooked his arm around her waist. "Just a little fake routine. Forget you got legs. Drift on top of the music. Go on, baby."

"But—"

"For *Patty?*"

Eve drew a slow breath, and for some reason her knees stopped shaking. Pops's arm tightened, quieted her. Then he shoved her out on the floor. . . .

People in the know must have been puzzled. This girl wasn't supposed to be out there. She hadn't even been announced. "Who's the little dark horse?" Well, sir, Genevah May almost fell out of her box. Even Freddy Tobin seemed a bit dashed. But a degree of quiet fell over the crowd. There was nothing to be heard but the music and the patter of feet. And not so much music, either. Tad Horton was a showman, and he took one look at Eve and toned the boys down. The baton did it—soft—soft and easy . . .

EVE didn't act a bit scared. And why should she? She was no glittering, would-be star, trying to sell herself. She was stalling for someone else. If she could just hold Zobel in his seat, nothing else mattered. And, with her skirt pulled up, she went through her simple routine, as she would have done it for Genevah May. In her cotton-print dress, with her tumbling dark hair and her shy, dark eyes and her chirky smile—she could have been any one of the hundreds of co-eds who looked brightly over other girls' shoulders.

"Look at her, Joe!" Pops kind of gurgled. "The kid don't know hardly any steps, and what the hell of it?"

But Joe was gone. He was out in the alley again, staring insanely into the night. A small, battered car had pulled up at the rear entrance of the gym. A tall man in a muddy raincoat jumped out, reached back in the car, hauled out an oilcloth-wrapped bundle, and dumped it over his shoulder.

The man lugged his package to the doorway of the gym, and stood it erect. From a pocket he produced a jackknife, and started to slash. A long slit yawned in the oilcloth, and an area of bare, pink flesh appeared. Joe stood with his jaw hanging limp. The man in the raincoat stooped and slashed again, revealing a couple of pretty female legs. Then he tore the rest of the wrappings away. A curly red head emerged, and it was Patty Morgan.

"I'm Pug Braddock," said the man. "There's your hoofer, Mr. Drews!"

"Patty!" said Joe in a stifled whisper. He choked.

Pug had turned away, but before he was gone in the rain, Patty had caught him, gripping his arms. "Pug! Oh, my darling!" Her hands went up to his face. She stretched to her toes and fiercely kissed him. "Good-by!" Then she turned and caught Joe's sleeve. "Am I late?"

"Come on!" he gasped. "Hurry!"

He dragged her by the hand, shouldering his way through the crowd, up to the forefront. Eve was still out there holding the floor. Joe called to her. She turned and saw Patty. She forgot her audience and Zobel. She broke it off on a time step, and left them flat.

"Patty! Where—where—? Oh, thank goodness!" Eve flung herself across the floor and threw her arms around her roommate. "Go on in, kid! Knock 'em!"

Patty nodded. She smoothed her dress feathers, fluffed out her hair. All right, here it was—her moment. She had been traveling toward it for a good many years. College. That was finished. Pug? Gone. Smile, then. There was Zobel over in that box. Let 'em have it. The jolly old stage smile. "Okay," she said to Joe. "Let's go!"

Joe signaled to Tad, and Tad grinned back knowingly and waved to the boys. The band crashed into it, that *Co-ed* tune. And in an instant Patty was in. Trick stuff. Flash. She started right off, far out ahead of anything her dancing classmates could have dreamed of attempting. With her agile bare legs and jaunty red head and not much of anything on her but feathers—that's how Wurlitzer, the production genius, wanted her to give it. And that's how she gave. She caught a glimpse of Genevah May craning out of the box, and wanted to laugh.

And Pops. Patty couldn't believe that the old man had tried to frame her, but if he had—she'd show him a thing or two. And Pug. She wished he'd stuck around for a while. Break a gal's heart, and so what? As if that could stop her! She'd show him, too. She'd been sent here to dance, and she was dancing—giving everything she had—not holding out! She wouldn't cheat for anybody—not even Pug. And Zobel. She'd show him something, too. Where was he anyhow—Zobel?

She stole a glance over toward the box, and he wasn't there. Then she was aware of a commotion behind her. She looked around. Zobel was walking out on her.

Joe was tugging at Zobel's arm, pointing toward Patty, and Zobel was nodding and smiling. "Very nice," Patty heard him say. "Another nice little hoofer."

Patty stopped dead in her tracks.

Zobel walked up to Eve. "We've been looking for you a long time, my dear!"

"But, Mr. Zobel!" Joe was almost frantic. "The redhead—"

The picture magnate didn't pay the slightest heed. He was beaming on Eve. "I was beginning to despair of finding an actual college girl in our colleges. From the tests I've looked at, you'd think they were nothing but a lot of hot hoofers."

"But—but—" Eve stood rigid.

"Maybe I'm old-fashioned," smiled Zobel, "but I had a feeling that the lead for our co-ed picture should be a sweet, intelligent-looking kid—not a hotsy-totsy!"

"But—" gasped Eve; "I can't dance!"

He laughed in her face. "You're so funny! My dear, you don't have to. We weren't expecting it. If we'd been looking for noise and trick-stuff and splash, we've got that kind in droves, right on our lot. But you're a natural for the part! Any polishing you need, we can give it to you."

"Oh, but—" Eve put a trembling hand to her mouth. She looked around wildly for Patty. She broke away from Zobel, and the two girls stumbled into each other's arms. "Oh, my dear," sobbed Eve. "What shall I do?"

"I'm so happy!" Patty kissed her friend and hugged her. "You've always wanted it, and I never did—I swear to you—Eve!"

"That's why it wasn't for you, baby," said a cool voice beside them. It was Pops. "I knew that from the start, the same as I knew the kid here was a natural!"

POPS dropped his arm around Eve's shoulder. "I knew it the minute I laid eyes on her. And Zobel, he knew! That's why he's the head of Major Pictures—"

"What's that?" Zobel walked over and stared at Pop's bandaged face.

"How are you, Zobel?" said Pops. "Pretty smart guy, ain't you? That's just what I was telling the kid. Suppose she can't dance—what the hell? She's got everything else."

Zobel peered sharply. "Who are you?"

"Sam Morgan. You met me often, backstage at the Palace—when you had that turkey show—"

"Oh, yes, of course!—Morgan & Mack," Zobel interrupted hastily, and then suddenly grinned "Where the heck have you been, Sam, all these years?"

"Here and there," said Pops lightly. "Just lately I've been giving this kid, Eve, a polish. Just to pass the time."

"I thought I recognized something there!" Zobel grew even more cordial. "Why don't you come on out with us, Sam, and finish your job?"

"Where?" asked Pops.

"Hollywood. Where'd you think?"

"Well, *uh*—" Pops hesitated.

"Steady job, Sam. You could whip up some of our other girls."

"Hum," said Pops. "A nice little place you got out there. Sunny California—"

"Look, Mr. Zobel!" interrupted Joe. A veritable rubber ball, Mr. Drews. He dropped an arm around Eve, competing with Pops. Then he held up the girl's slim wrist, to exhibit a dangling gold key on her bracelet. "A Phi Beta, no less! A genuine, bona fide college student!"

"Get a little of it in our publicity, why don't you?" Zobel suggested.

Tad Horton had shoved his way into the group with the microphone. "Just say something, Miss Greeley. People all over the United States want to hear your voice . . ."

Several cameramen were crowding around, shooting stills of the lovely, blushing Miss Greeley. And, before Patty quite realized what was happening, she had been shoved outside the excited mob that clamored about Eve.

Patty stood there alone for a moment. And then, with a lift of her head she turned away and started across the gymnasium floor. But before she had taken three steps, a hand reached out of the crowd and grabbed her arm. She faced around sharply, and saw it was Pug.

"What happened?" he asked. He still wore his boots and raincoat, and was splashed with mud from head to foot. All the nicer people were shying away from him, but that wouldn't mean anything to Pug. "I thought you were great, Patty!" he said.

"Thanks," she said quietly. "Nobody else did."

"Who didn't?" he demanded.

"Well, Zobel, for one."

"Oh, that guy!" Pug snorted. "For two cents I'd poke him in the eye!"

"Go ahead," said Patty, and hurried on her way.

BUT Pug caught her again. "Wait, where're you going?"

"I'm going home and change my clothes. And then I'm going to look for a job. At the Jelly Jar or some place." She smiled steadily. "If Peggy Royce can do it, so can I. I'm staying right here at Midwestern University—"

"Oh, no!" He vetoed that. "You'll do nothing of the sort."

"You try and stop me, Pug Braddock!"

"No waiting on tables. That's out." He suddenly took her in his arms, up against his sodden raincoat, right in the middle of the dance floor. "Look, Cub—we can't get a license tonight—but Monday, after poetry class, instead of stopping for hot dogs, we'll get married."

"But—but," Patty protested. "You said you were through with me—"

"Nuts!" said Pug.

SIX MEN *in sneakers*

(*Continued from page 41*)

period of transition and did not regard 11 as a sacred number. In his *Book of College Sports*, written in 1889, Camp said:

"As to the game itself, it often happens, not only in small towns, but even at schools—and in my time I have known it to happen on the varsity field—that there are not enough players to make up eleven to a side. Many times the sport is not undertaken because it is not possible to be sure of twenty-two men. Now, this is a great mistake; for, even if short six men, almost all the plays can be effected and the sport be just as enjoyable."

The Epler idea was assuming definite form. Precedent and Camp, the final authority, sanctioned reduced teams. Epler's next job was to determine how many players could be eliminated without affecting the fundamental characteristics of football.

Weeding out the guards was a step in the proper direction but not a very drastic change, since 9 players were still left. Dropping a tackle meant 8 men evenly divided between the line and the backfield. But 4 linemen would make for an unbalanced formation, since the center would be flanked on one side by 2 players and by 1 on the other, a setup which tended to stress the power plays Epler was trying to exclude as much as possible. Why not, therefore, cut out both tackles, leaving 3 men on the line, and drop one of the halfbacks, making for another 3-man combination? That was the answer: 2 ends, a center, quarterback, halfback, and fullback.

THE framework for the new game did not complete Epler's task. He still had to consider three important factors as applied to small schools. Six-man football had to: (a) be economical; (b) be safe; (c) retain the basic features of 11-man football to hold the interest of the players and spectators. Epler achieved his triple purpose with 10 simple rules, in sharp contrast to the 80 pages in small print which are necessary to explain the playing code for the 11-man game.

Epler's plan in giving football back to the small schools included:

ECONOMY—Six men can be equipped for less than $100, and injuries are so infrequent that large squads need not be main-

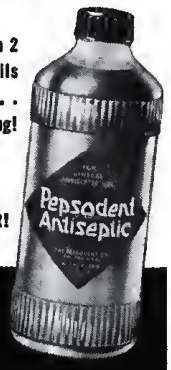


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tained to play a pretty comprehensive schedule. Eight players can carry a team through the season, approximately one third the number of players an 11-man team needs. Cleated shoes, often the most expensive item in outfitting a player, are ruled out, and rubber-soled basketball shoes, which every boy owns or can buy for comparatively little, are substituted.

All the school has to provide is the helmets and shoulder pads. One new ball a year, to be used in games, will do nicely, and it can serve as the practice ball the following season. This original outlay can be earned even when a dime is the price of admission to a game, since 6-man teams can play two games a week without undue strain. "Sixes" play 10-minute quarters; "elevens" play 15-minute periods. A boy who participates in two 6-man games is playing only 80 minutes, or slightly more than one extra period of an 11-man contest.

SAFETY—Epler's invention answers virtually every argument against the dangers of football. Piling on, the cause of many injuries, is almost unknown, because the game is played exclusively in the open field, and, besides, there are seldom more than 2 members of the defensive team to smack down on a ball-carrier as against the 5 or 6 players who are waiting to give the carrier in 11-man football a going-over.

Surveys have shown that 43 per cent of all football injuries occur in the leg and foot area. Heavy, cleated shoes are responsible for a great deal of the damage, and the substitution of rubber-soled shoes is calculated to reduce such hazards.

ANOTHER point of great significance: Boys of high-school age vary in size, weight, and strength. The difference of a year or two during this period of adolescence makes for a much greater difference than obtains in college. The Wisconsin Board of Control, in a study issued in September, 1935, covering 17,000 high-school football players, revealed that boys of fourteen and fifteen comprised only 7 per cent of the group but suffered 24 per cent of the injuries. The nineteen-year-olds, 12 per cent of the group, suffered only 4 per cent of the injuries. In small schools where 11-man football is played, available material is so scarce that boys of all ages are thrown into rugged competition. Six-man football tends to correct this danger by making it possible for schools to divide the players into more homogeneous groups.

THE GAME—The rules make an open game almost compulsory and, therefore, more interesting for the spectator and more satisfying for the player. It is mandatory that the offensive back who receives the snap from center must pass the ball, either forward or laterally, to another back at a distance of at least two feet before the ball can be advanced beyond the line of scrimmage. This eliminates mass line plays and places a premium on passes, open-field running, and tricky reverses, the most spectacular type of football from the spectators' viewpoint. "Elevens" depend on sheer power; "sixes" must stress speed and deception, which appeal to the spectator.

This new game holds keen interest for the players, too. Every one is a potential hero, a touchdown-scorer. Five of the 6 men on the team are eligible to receive a pass and run, fast and furiously, down the field, while their families, friends, and girls watch in the stands. And the rules may be amended this year to permit the center, who heretofore has been prohibited from catching a forward pass, to become an eligible ball-carrier after the play starts. In 11-man football the linemen get the bumps and the backs get the glory, if any. Epler's invention starts every player from scratch, theoretically. There are no unsung work horses and there are no youths around whom the entire attack is planned.

The "sixes" play on slightly smaller fields, 80 yards long by 40 yards wide compared to the 100 x 53.3 regulation gridiron. "Sixes," mathematically, have more space in proportion to the number of principals engaged. There are 267 square yards for each man in "sixes," whereas the field for "elevens" breaks down to 242 square yards per man.

THE news of Epler's ingenious solution to the difficulties which have been plaguing high schools for years spread gradually. Six-man football, however, was essentially a local experiment in the Little Blue Conference in 1934 after the Hard Chests—a combination team from Hardy and Chester—and the Belalexes—recruited from Belvidere and Alexandria—played that first historic game. The following year the Middle West adopted the new game, and by 1936 it was stampeding every section of the country.

Progress in the last two years has been phenomenal. Last September there were exactly 500 varsity and intramural teams registered, three times the number in operation in 1936, and there were more than 1,000 "sixes" organized before the season ended. This autumn the figure will probably be doubled again to make 6-man football an extremely lusty infant in the sports curriculum. The small high schools that play interscholastic 6-man football have an average enrollment of 38 boys. The average squad consists of 14, which means that 37 per cent of the boys in these schools are playing under competent supervision.

"Sixes" have been a rousing and instantaneous success in every section where this new line-up has been introduced. Beaver Head High School, in Dillon, Mont., tried 11-man football in 1934, and after the first game Coach Conrad Orr asked the spectators how they liked it.

"What's it all about?" they answered.

The sight and sound of 22 players hurling themselves about the landscape bewildered them. The complicated plays mystified them. So they stayed away from the games. Then Beaver Head adopted 6-man football. Now the spectators could see what was happening on the field. They could appreciate the technique of blocking, watch the pattern of play evolve. Capacity crowds were promptly attracted to the 6-man games where the "elevens" had played to tiers of empty seats.

New England is sprinkled with leagues which ultimately plan to embark upon a program of interesting competition. North Dakota has more "sixes" than "elevens." At Manhasset, Long Island, 36 boys were playing 11-man football last year, while 72 engaged in 6-man play.

The new game is flourishing in the cow country and in the shadows of skyscrapers, yet it is not in competition with the older, firmly entrenched form of football nor has it any illusions about displacing "elevens" in popularity. Epler and his disciples carefully explain that 6-man football, rather than encroaching on the domain of the "elevens," actually promotes *all* football. It has been demonstrated that the increase in the number of "sixes" has made for a corresponding increase in "elevens" in some states with scattered populations.

It is still too early to determine whether boys schooled in 6-man football can make college varsity "elevens," assuming they have the necessary weight and power, but some of the big team coaches—among them Biff Jones of Nebraska, Dana Bible of Texas, and Harry Mehre of Mississippi—are beginning to lend an attentive eye and ear to this new source of material.

Carrying the gospel of 6-man football into virgin territory was a severe strain on the patience of some coaches, but the bonehead plays which drove them frantic are remembered now as amusing interludes. Francy Young, coach of Weaver High in Frederick, Okla., likes to tell of the most futile punt ever made anywhere, any time.

Weaver had a first down on the enemy's 20-yard line and gained 8 yards on the next play. Two more plays were stopped cold, but Weaver still had one more shot to make 2 yards and a first down where it would do the most good. Imagine Young's surprise—to say nothing of his consternation—when his quarterback got off a soaring punt which went out of the ball park, across the road, and into a wheat field. It was a fine kick, a lovely kick. It traveled 50 yards in the air, but it lost the grand total of 3 yards for Weaver, since the ball in 6-man is put in play on the 15-yard line after a safety or a touchback.

After the game Young asked the youth why he had kicked when the ball was on the 12-yard line with a touchdown in sight.

"Didn't you," the kid naïvely replied, "tell me to kick when I was in doubt?"

IN SPITE, or because, of it all, the 6-man coaches and players are getting on famously. They have a national rules committee, of which Epler is chairman; they have an official handbook; and they even have the final touch without which no football season is complete—an All-American team. Selected for the first time last year, the All-American Half Dozen—augmented by two reserve backs and linemen—was eloquent proof of the new game's wide sphere of influence.

Nominated for special mention over and above their colleagues were: Clayton Wynne, Hulbert, Ark.; Elmer Hoffman, Gillett, Wis.; Joe Birt, Prescott, Iowa; Hubert Johnson, Hudson, S. Dak.; Morris Williams, Egeland, N. Dak., the linemen. The backs were Max Nunn, Davidson, Okla.; Houstan Spear, Tallahassee, Fla.; Erwin Sweet, Hardy, Nebr.; Wallace Bailey, North Bend, Wash.; Yokichi Itoh, a Japanese boy from Three Forks, Mont.

Any 6-man player probably would give a small piece of his right arm to make a major "eleven." No matter; the significance of 6-man football is that boys who, because of their limited physical equipment, would not have the ghost of a chance to indulge in 11-man football are playing an eminently satisfactory substitute.

Boys are playing and enjoying themselves—and isn't that the big idea behind every game?

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

All of my life



(*Continued from page 48*)

up a gang somehow. Some of my friends have kid sisters. And how about Gil Briggs? Hasn't he got a younger brother in college or something? He ought to be home during vacation."

They arranged for a party Saturday night. Henrietta first heard about it Friday evening. She had been on the beach most of the afternoon attempting to broil herself to the quadroon shade in vogue that summer. She realized now that she had tried to accomplish too much at one sitting. Her shoulders and legs were feverish, and the nape of her neck felt as if it were covered with a mustard plaster.

"WE'RE having a little party for you tomorrow night," Bea said. "I'm sorry I don't know many of your friends, Henrietta, but maybe you'd rather meet some new boys and girls, anyhow."

"It doesn't matter," Henrietta answered, wriggling uncomfortably. "You didn't need to go to all that trouble for me."

"Didn't you say, Lyle, that Henrietta knew Gil's young brother, Otho?"

"I think so," said Lyle, and, turning to Henrietta, "He was in your school for a year or so, wasn't he?"

The blood did its best to drain itself from Henrietta's face. "You haven't asked *him!*" she breathed.

"Why, yes. Don't you like him, dear?"

Henrietta stood up suddenly and laughed much too gaily. "He's all right, I guess, if you like that type. Only he's such a—such an ox."

"An ox?" Bea was astonished. "Why do you say that?"

"Oh, he's so big and all." The idea, grasped at in hysteria, began to appeal to Henrietta, so she elaborated on it. "You'd just better put away your best china and things, Bea, if you're going to have that old Otho Briggs in this house. He'll stampede around and put his big old feet all over things—and they'll just simply crack up under him."

Bea did her best not to smile. "You really terrify me, Henrietta."

"You'll see," Henrietta warned. "When's he coming out?"

"Lyle asked him to come out early in the morning and spend the day. The four of us will go to the polo game tomorrow afternoon—then the rest of the crowd will be over in the evening."

There was a faraway look in Henrietta's eyes. "Excuse me, will you please?" she said suddenly. She ran upstairs and into her room, shut the door, locked it, and sat down before the mirror at her dressing table.

First she subjected her round little face to a minutely critical inspection. Then, right hand on hip, she turned her head slowly to the left, lifted her eyebrows, sucked in her cheeks, and narrowed her eyelids to mere slits. Garbo would not have been flattered by the conscious imitation. Even Henrietta had to admit that she did not look just as she had thought she would. Perhaps the trouble lay somewhere in her eyebrows.

She searched through the box on the dressing table until she found an eyebrow pencil and a pair of tweezers.

An hour later she had finished. Her eyes were quite red from tears. She reassumed the pose she had tried earlier. The result was startling but effective, Henrietta thought. World weary, that's what she looked. Blasé. And yet, withal, mysterious. . . .

AT EIGHT o'clock on Saturday morning, long before either Lyle or Beatrice had stirred, Henrietta walked cautiously down the stairs and into the living-room. She was wearing a *bouffant* organdy afternoon dress with puffed sleeves. Her eyebrows, one-third her own and two-thirds cosmetic, gave her face an expression of congealed astonishment, and the green eye shadow applied over the sunburn made her enormous eyes look as if they were popping from their sockets.

Henrietta, however, was eminently satisfied with her appearance. She had to smile when she thought of how astonished Otho would be when he came upon her. "You're not Lyle Morrow's kid sister!" he'd say. "Why, I thought . . ." And she would say, with a little rippling laugh, "Just what *had* you thought, Mr. Briggs? *Do* tell me. I'm *fas*cinated." Then he'd just look at her as if he couldn't believe his own eyes. Perhaps he'd gasp, "Gad, Henrietta! You're wonderful!" And he'd think to himself, "How could I have been such a stupid ass, such a blind fool?" But there she would be, just smiling at him sort of enigmatically. She might even say, "You're such a naïve child, Otho. Aren't you just a wee bit flattered that I've remembered you all these long years?" "Flattered?" he would cry. "Oh, my very dear!"

She sat down. Already the day was hot. It was going to be a scorcher. Henrietta spread the skirt of her dress so that it looked like a great moth laid across the sofa. She could feel tiny beads of perspiration on her forehead, and her stomach was beginning to gnaw. Perhaps she ought to see if there wasn't something in the icebox. Still, Bea had said Otho would be out early. That probably meant he would be here for Saturday morning breakfast.

HENRIETTA settled down to waiting. Nine o'clock came, nine-thirty. Her dress showed signs of wilting. She was afraid to wipe the perspiration from her forehead lest she also wipe off the eyebrows.

At ten she heard a sound, but it was only Lyle and Bea moving around getting dressed. "*Oh, hurry, Otho! Get here before they come down. Dear Lord, please don't let him find me helping with the breakfast!*"

"Henrietta, where are you?" It was Lyle. "I'll bet you're starving. We'll be right down."

She got up and walked to the window giving onto the lake. It would all be ruined now. Everything was horrible.

Then there were Lyle's masculine footsteps on the stairs. "Morning, sis. How long have you been up?"

"Just a few minutes. I thought I'd just come down here and sit in this lovely room alone and enjoy the quiet."

"So you're at the I-want-to-be-alone stage, eh?"

She turned slowly to face him, looking, she hoped, at least half as tragic as she felt. She saw Lyle start visibly, then clap his hand over his mouth and break for the front of the house. Simultaneously there came the sound of the doorbell. Henrietta stood stunned for a moment, then raced to the sofa and flopped down, arranging her dress and her expression.

There were men's voices in the hall—Lyle's and—could it be Otho's? It was so much deeper than she had remembered it. And a moment later there were the two of them at the door to the living-room, Otho now surely six feet tall, very tanned and blond and sophisticated. Why, he was grown up. Suddenly Henrietta wanted to run, but there was no avenue of escape.

Then Lyle was saying, "Otho, I guess you remember my kid sister, Henrietta."

And Otho was approaching, holding out his hand, grinning. "Oh, hullo! Aren't you the kid that threw an overshoe at me once?"

Sheer panic took hold of her for a moment. She did not want to cry, but if she could have screamed she would have. Long and piercing, like a swan's death cry. Failing that, she did the next worst thing.

"Wasn't that the funniest thing ever?" she wailed. "Boy, did I catch you in the eye!"

"You certainly did," Otho said. It was obvious that the subject was not yet so convulsing to him as it was to Henrietta.

"I'd been hating you for months," said Henrietta, driving herself on and on in a suicidal fury. "I swore I'd take some of the conceit out of your pretty blond head, Mr. Otho Briggs, so I just took careful aim and—"

Henrietta had not seen Bea come into

the room. But now her voice interrupted: "Henrietta, what on earth are you doing in your organdy dress at this time of day? Why, I thought that's what you'd wear at the party tonight. Look, you've perspired right through it."

"It was the only thing I could find that was the least bit cool—not that I *like* it," Henrietta said desperately. "It's really just a—just an old rag."

Bea's first shock was over and she had better control of her words and voice when she spoke again: "Then I think I'd go up and change to something—simpler, dear."

Henrietta sighed elaborately. "Very well," she said, walking to the stairs. When she had reached them she stopped and turned her right profile to the three. "'When in Rome . . .'" she quoted wearily. Then she ran up the stairs.

HENRIETTA returned dressed in a simple cotton frock. She said almost nothing during breakfast and scarcely glanced at Otho. Her few contributions to the conversation were less than stimulating. Lyle asked Otho about his freshman activities at college, and the boy launched into a detailed recital of one of his escapades. When he finished, Henrietta commented, "How *in*teresting." The inflection she chose, however, was one of such monumental sarcasm that Otho lapsed into a moody silence. Bea and Lyle floundered about desperately for a topic of conversation, but the heavy atmosphere did not lift until they reached the polo match.

Henrietta had never seen a polo match, and before this one got under way she philosophized loftily about the awful indignity of subjecting such a noble beast as the horse to silly man's stupid conception of entertainment. "I wonder," she mused loudly, "what the horses' opinions of their riders would be if they could talk?"

When the game started, she was silent for a few minutes, and then she began to evince a certain amount of interest. Little by little she edged forward on her seat. One of the players made an astonishing drive, and Henrietta cried out in admiration. Otho gave her a queer look which made her subside momentarily. But soon she was following the play avidly, standing up in excitement with the crowd and cheering.

And then a strange thing happened. She was aware that Otho was laughing with her, was turning to comment on the game to her. "Gee! Did you see that?" he would say, or "Boy! Nice going!" And she was speaking to him of the play they were watching, speaking the things she wanted to say instead of having her own voice lead her to ruin. Suddenly her heart began to sing. And for the second time in one day she found herself praying: "Dear Lord, keep it like this. Don't let me spoil it all again."

After they went home it seemed almost as if her prayers were to be answered, too. She and Bea went upstairs to powder their noses, and when she came down she overheard Otho saying to Lyle, "You know, Lyle, your sister's changed a lot since I saw her last. She's going to be smooth when she gets a little older." . . .

The gang were mostly there by eight-thirty. The larger part of them were of Henrietta's own age, but she felt vastly older and more experienced. They were such—such *chil*dren. What could she possibly have in common with them?

Henrietta danced first with Otho. It was as if she were being borne through the air. Her happiness was a living, vital thing, gathered like a lump in her breast.

When the dance was over he let her go—reluctantly, she was sure. His "Thank you" seemed to say so much more than "Thank you." (It was one of Henrietta's firm convictions, arrived at after many years of serious observation, that people seldom said what they *really* meant.) She let her fingers linger in his. "It was *di*-vine!" she breathed, closing her eyes. "Perfectly divine!"

She danced with other boys, but they seemed so young, so callow. They did not know how to hold her, stepped on her feet, and talked a stream of nonsense. Otho did not talk when he danced. He knew you couldn't really sense things if you talked.

The evening wore on. She danced with Otho again. And yet again. Once she discovered that he and Lyle were out of the room together, and next time she danced with him she thought there was an awfully strange odor on his breath. Then she knew what it was. Lyle and he had had a drink of something stronger than the punch! She looked up into his eyes.

"It's all right," she said. "I understand."

"What's all right?" Otho asked, genuinely puzzled.

She laid her finger tips lightly across his lips. "Hush!" she whispered. "Don't think you have to explain to me." Henrietta was rather sorry that she could not tell him all her ancestors had died drunkards' deaths. She would be so good to him when he came home drunk—no nagging, no scolding. And if he beat her? Well, she would be his wife. He could do with her what he would.

THE young guests had their refreshments at 10:30 and left shortly afterward. Henrietta and Otho helped carry the dishes out into the kitchen. There was a great deal of laughter over running into each other through the swinging door. Finally Henrietta said, "Bea, you and Lyle go on out and enjoy the cool air on the porch. I'll stack these up."

It surprised her when they took the suggestion. But suddenly the house was very still except for the noise she made with the dishes. Otho stood with his back to the sink watching her work. She had been talking and joking, but all at once there was nothing to say. Then out of the almost oppressive quiet she heard Otho's voice.

"You're kinda cute," he said.

She looked up, startled. She tried to laugh—the little, rippling laugh, but the ripple got caught somewhere in her throat. For some unaccountable reason she held onto the plate she was scraping. Then Otho started toward her. He wasn't smiling. Then he was standing right over her, and she was looking up into his eyes and holding onto the plate.

His face was coming down to hers; his arms were encircling her shoulders. Why, he was going to kiss her! She twisted her head at the last moment so that his lips brushed her right ear. Then with a shove and a thrust she was out of his grasp.

She stood there in the middle of the kitchen holding her plate like a shield, her eyes blazing, her whole body quivering. At last she found her voice again: "Why, you—you—I thought you were at least a gentleman. I see I was wrong."

Otho was wiping the ice cream off his coat. It took him hours, it seemed. Finally he looked up and laughed. "Well, I'll be damned!" he said.

Then he walked out of the kitchen. . . . Henrietta did not see him again for six years. . . .

THE most revolutionary changes both in a girl's character and in her appearance usually occur in the six years between her fifteenth and twenty-first birthdays. It is ridiculous to assume that Henrietta's fifteen-year-old passion for Otho Briggs could survive those changes.

Specifically this is what occurred: *Item:* Henrietta was graduated from Center High at sixteen and from college at twenty. *Item:* Otho Briggs's family moved away from town and, if Otho ever returned, Henrietta did not know it. *Item:* Henrietta's promise of physical beauty was fulfilled. Her face grew up to be a suitable frame for her enormous eyes. *Item:* During her twenty-first year she persuaded her mother and father to let her come to New York, take a small apartment, and try to find a job.

She found one—receptionist to a large advertising concern. Her salary was $22.50 per week. Since her father had been hesitant about letting her leave home, she was sensitive over accepting money from him, so she tried to stretch the $22.50 to cover the necessities of existence. It was impossible on that income to keep up an apartment in New York and have anything left over for food and clothes, so she lived in what New York labels a "Girls' Club"—$12 per week for lodging, breakfast, and dinner.

Under these conditions New York was not so glamorous as she had thought it would be. Occasionally she went out to dinner and the theater or a night club with some man she met at the office, but for various reasons she seldom went with the same man twice. She was so strikingly beautiful that she frightened away men of her own age and position. They thought she would consider them small pickings, or demand that they spend $40 on her in one evening. She in turn was frightened by the men who could afford to spend $40 in one evening. They thought the $40 entitled them to far more than Henrietta chose to give.

She had endured a particularly trying Friday at the office. Everything had gone wrong, and she could hardly wait to reach her room that night. She would take a warm bath, eat, and go straight to bed. She stopped at the desk for her mail. There was one telephone message. "Mr. Otho Briggs called," she read. "Please call him back at Wickersham 3-5800 before 6:30."

Henrietta went into the public telephone booth in the lobby. While she waited for the connection to be made she felt no particular excitement. It would be nice to see somebody she had once known—that was all. He might buy her dinner, too. Finally she heard his voice. It was warm and pleasant.

"Hello, Otho. This is Henrietta Morrow. I just got your message."

"That's grand," he said. "I was hoping you weren't busy tonight and we could

have dinner or something. I saw Lyle a few days ago and I promised him I'd look you up next time I came to New York."

She ignored the duty angle of the call. "I'd love to see you again, Otho, and—isn't it lucky?—it just happens the man I was having dinner with has been suddenly called to Philadelphia."

They arranged to meet at the Hotel Metropole, for Henrietta was determined he shouldn't see the bleakness of her club. Otho was already there when she arrived. She had always thought he was handsome, and he still was. Handsomer, if anything.

After they had ordered, they said all the things people are supposed to say after a long separation.

Then Henrietta said, "Tell me about yourself, Otho. What are you doing?"

He told her as briefly as he could, and she caught herself watching his face, the play of expression over his fine, sensitive features. He said that after he finished school he had got a job traveling for a radio manufacturer. He was still traveling. There really wasn't much to tell. But Henrietta asked him more questions. For some reason she wanted to watch him, to hear his voice. The sound of it was much more important than the things he said.

AND then she realized what was happening. In all her twenty-one years only one man had ever affected her like this, only one man had ever made her pulse race and sent a flush to her cheeks.

She had been so deeply concerned with her own emotions that she was not aware he had finished talking about himself. Then she heard him say, "I never realized you were going to turn into such a raving beauty, Henrietta."

"I'm not beautiful," she said inanely. "It's just make-up. Remember that time I floored you in the organdy dress and green eye shadow at 10:30 in the morning?"

Otho smiled. "I'll bet you'd been waiting for me for hours."

"Only two. I thought you were the answer to a maiden's prayer in those days." Instantly she had said it she knew this was the wrong tack. But she went on: "Remember that scene in the kitchen when I held you off with one of Bea's best dinner plates?"

"I've always wondered about that. You did want me to kiss you, didn't you?"

"Of course! That was the whole idea of all my switching around that day. Kids are such strange little idiots, aren't they?"

Otho agreed that they were, and then there was a silence. It was almost as if both of them realized they were treading dangerous ground and must halt for a moment and await the reserves. Then Henrietta advanced several yards at a single bound: "I suppose you're engaged by now?"

"Whatever makes you think that?"

"Well, you're getting along. About twenty-four, aren't you?"

"I'm twenty-four, but—well, I guess the right girl just hasn't come along. I'm probably too choosy." He looked straight at her and smiled.

Henrietta turned her head away and felt the blush warming her cheeks. She did not quite know how to interpret either his words or his smile. There had been a time when she would have thought this was his subtle way of making love to her, but she was no longer so certain that people did not say what they meant. Men in New York were usually all too direct and asked for exactly what they wanted.

"How about you?" he asked. "Don't you ever get lonely here—all by yourself?"

Henrietta's heart was pounding hard and fast, but Otho could not know that He had no way of guessing, either, that her answer was made in desperation, that once more she was fending off an emotion so overpowering that, if she yielded to it, she would be lost. Even Henrietta herself did not know what she was doing.

"Lonely?" Henrietta laughed. Did he think she was such a mouse that she couldn't go out every night if she wanted to? "Lonely? Don't make me laugh. Why, I hardly have a minute to myself."

"Men?" asked Otho.

"So many of them."

"Is there any special one—one who means more than the rest?"

Henrietta thought wildly. "Well, there's Barry Carter." If Otho could only see Barry Carter!—Fiftyish, married, bald—

Otho tapped his fingers on the tablecloth. "I see. He's the one who went to Philadelphia?"

"He was going," Henrietta said. Once more her tongue was rattling on ahead of her. "But just before I came up here to meet you he called back, and said he didn't have to go. He begged me to have dinner with him, but I told him about you being an old friend from out of town and he let me come—if I'd promise to meet him later."

Otho's manner was suddenly very formal. "I'm sorry if I upset your plans. Don't let me keep you."

"Oh, it's all right." Henrietta's voice was very high and shrill. If Otho had any sense, she thought despairingly, he would know what she was doing and stop her.

Otho looked at his wrist watch. "I'll take you home."

Henrietta got to her feet and shoved back her chair. "You needn't bother," she said. "I'm not going home." There! That ought to hold Mr. Otho Briggs for a while.

HE DID not answer her, but laid a bill on the check, rose slowly, and followed her outside.

"This has been awfully nice, Henrietta," he said, taking her hand. He was smiling coldly.

"Thanks so much for looking me up, Otho. You can tell Lyle you saw me."

"I'll do that. Sure I can't drop you wherever you're going?"

"No. I'd rather you didn't bother." *Oh, Otho, you'd better go, and go fast. What are you standing there for? Go, you fool, or I'll cry.*

"Well. Good-by, then."

"Good-by. Look me up next time you're in town. Try to let me know a few days in advance."

"I seldom know when I'm coming—a few days in advance. I'd better just run the risk you'll not be busy."

"Well, good-by, Otho."

"Good-by, Henrietta. Remember me to your parents when you write them."

"I will." *Hurry, Otho! Go—go! I can't stand much more of this.*

Then suddenly he was gone, and she was sure that she couldn't stand that, either. His hat was on his head, and his broad shoulders were hunched up and forward like a man walking in the rain. He was

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gradually growing smaller in the distance.

Henrietta watched him dully. She had done it again. Just as surely as the time long years ago when she had hit him in the face with her overshoe, and then later lashed out at him with her tongue because he had done the very thing she wanted him to do. She would never see him again. This was final. Otho Briggs was going out of her life forever.

She could barely see him now, but suddenly she screamed, "Otho, wait! Otho!" Passers-by stopped to stare as she began to run, but she did not see them.

She caught up with him under a bleak street light, tapped him on the arm, and, as he turned around startled, threw herself against him so hard that he almost fell. She was trembling, and under the light he could see the tears raining down her cheeks.

"Otho!" she cried in desperation—and it was the desperation of a lost soul confessing its sins in the hope of gaining everlasting life. "Otho, all that stuff I told you—it's not true. I lied about everything—just to hurt you. I'm lonely—there aren't any men—I—"

She was crying so hard that she could not go on for a moment. His arms were about her, and suddenly she felt safe. It was the only time in her life, she realized now, that she ever had. "Damn it, there's never been anybody but you, Otho Briggs."

He held her very close. A number of people had stopped to stare at the tableau of the smiling man and the weeping girl, but the two of them might as well have been on a desert island.

"Oh, my dear," he said softly, his breath on her hair. "My very dear!"

Henrietta never told him why those words refreshed the torrent.

The kid from 43rd st.

(*Continued from page 35*)

is the despair of the foreign diplomatic corps in Dublin, who are reduced to entertaining one another in order to show their medals and decorations. His personal indifference to money is so marked that most "practical" men regard him with a mixture of suspicion and awe.

Eleven years ago—just halfway, as it happens, in the twenty-two-year struggle between the Easter rebellion and his present eminence—I had the good fortune to interview him, but not the good luck to call the turn. As a ship news reporter I went down New York Bay one gray morning, boarded the ship, and talked with him. He was out of power then, apparently for good. We who chatted with him liked him and admired his spirit, but we could not help thinking of him as an academic, likable, idealistic, slightly fanatical dreamer.

In my newspaper story I remember writing something like this: "Eamon de Valera, still clinging with tenacious optimism to his dream of an independent Ireland . . ." etc. I felt the tenacity, but I missed the terrific inner force of that tenacity, which brought him to power again, which defied England again, which gradually, like water on stone, seems to wear down all opposition. What fools you is the cold, calm exterior. It is like ice. What you fail to see at first, what so many of his opponents have failed to see, is that there is fire behind the ice, sometimes smoldering, sometimes flaming with oxy-acetylene heat.

Just recently I was in Dublin at a historic time. I talked with Mr. de Valera on the eve of the British agreement, and a few days later saw him come back to Ireland bringing the treaty which he and Neville Chamberlain, the British Prime Minister, had signed. I was present when he submitted it to the Irish Dail, or Parliament. And, most moving, I walked beside the veterans of 1916 to Arbor Hill, where De Valera laid the wreaths on the graves of the executed Irish leaders, while his surviving comrades fired their salutes.

On the way, the procession marched along beside the River Liffey, sparkling in the sunshine, its clouds of sea gulls cawing in alarm at the sound of the fifes. I have seen many Irish-American parades, gay and jubilant affairs. This was something different. These men of 1916, now getting on toward middle age, were deadly serious, devout, and yet you could sense a grim elation in their hearts. Even as an outsider I could not help feeling the thrill of freedom won after so many centuries.

Those centuries cannot be forgotten, for without the background of Irish history the life of De Valera must seem, to many Americans, grotesque, and the last quarter-century of British-Irish struggle a tragi-comic opéra bouffe. Just a few reminders:

Ireland has been under the sway of England for about 700 years. In government the English are, generally, one of the most gifted of races. In Ireland their rule, as most Englishmen now admit, has been a long series of blunders. In the days of Good Queen Bess, Ireland was treated to brutality, massacre, and treachery; in the seventeenth century, to wholesale confiscations of lands; in the eighteenth century, to religious persecutions which deprived Catholics of property and education and drove thousands to refuge in other lands. This is why so many of the "fighting Irish" marched with George Washington and why eight men who signed our Declaration of Independence were of Irish stock.

IN THE 1840's a calamity came upon Ireland which it is almost impossible for Americans to imagine. The potato crops, chief food of the peasantry, were destroyed by blight. There were then 8,000,000 people in Ireland. Within a few years 1,000,000 of these had died of starvation or its after-effects; 2,000,000 more had fled to other lands. Think of that a minute. It is as if, in America today, 15,000,000 of our people starved to death, and another 30,000,000 had to take refuge in Canada and South America.

Of course, England was not to blame for the potato blight. And thousands of good people in England reached deep in their purses to send private relief money to Ireland. But what Irishmen cannot forget is that the British *government* at first refused to admit there was a famine, and finally gave help that was grudging and miserably inadequate; and that, while there was no shortage of wheat and cattle on the estates of the British landlords, peasants starved in the ditches as shiploads of food under guard of soldiers went off to well-fed England. As a final kick, British law evicted starving farmers from their lands because they could not pay the rent.

This was not deliberate evil. But it showed a monstrous defect of imagination and sympathy on the part of England's then ruling classes. And it left a monstrous sense of injustice and outrage among the children of the famine, even unto the third and fourth generations, right down to the rebellion and civil war of our own recent memory. If some of what I tell here seems wild, villainous, or irrational, remember the oppression of seven centuries, the unchecked starvation of the helpless million.

AS THE 20th century drew near and arrived, England began to realize her mistakes of the past. Parnell forced great reforms in the land system. England made concessions to Ireland, one after another. But each concession was a little too narrow or made a little too late. Just before the World War she *almost* gave Ireland Home Rule—and then postponed it until after hostilities should be over. . . . And then came 1916, and De Valera.

"A Spaniard shall free Ireland." This, according to the ancient legends, was the prophecy of the good Saint Malachy. And long afterward the poet Mangan wrote: "And Spanish ale shall give you hope, My dark Rosaleen."

That was good guessing, but none of the old sages figured on the neighborhood around Lexington Avenue and Forty-third Street, New York.

About 1880 a young Spanish artist and musician, Vivian de Valera, emigrated from the Basque country to New York. We know little of him except that he was a man of charm and talent and that some of his forebears were high in the Spanish army. At the same time Catherine Coll, a pretty young schoolteacher, left County Limerick, Ireland, for New York. These two met, fell in love, and were married. Their son, Edward (or Eamon) de Valera was born October 14, 1882, at a spot near where now rises the towering silver spire of the Chrysler Building. He was baptized at St. Agnes Church, just around the corner.

In the natural course of events little

Eamon would have grown up in America's melting pot. He would have become, perhaps, a college professor, a dignitary of the Catholic Church, or a scientist. Not a politician. It took revolution and imprisonment to drag him into politics.

But history was changed. Vivian de Valera died when Eamon was just a baby. The mother felt unequal to raising her child in a strange land, and so, by her brother, Edmund Coll, who was just returning to Ireland, she sent the boy to be raised with her family in the hills of County Limerick. She remained in America, and later remarried. Her son by this second marriage, De Valera's half brother, is the Rev. Thomas Wheelright, a priest of the Redemptorist Order.

SO THE baby Eamon was less than three years old when he left our shores. His American birth, you may say, was an accident. Yet it saved his life in 1916, it added immensely to his appeal when he came to America for help in the dark days of 1919–20, and to this very day it adds an extra touch to the bewilderment with which British statesmen approach this Spanish-American-Irishman.

Apart from that, his whole raising was as Irish as harps and shamrocks. He grew up in a peasant's cottage, under the stern tutelage of a fine old uncle who, when the boy showed brilliance at school, sacrificed his own small savings to send him to the school of the Christian Brothers. From that time on De Valera won his own way to higher education by scholarships.

From boyhood he was a being apart. He read everything he could lay his hands on, loved to wander and hunt alone over the hills. He was also a fierce competitor, and that long but wiry muscled frame made him a star runner and Irish football player. Today, at fifty-five, his physical endurance is a marvel to those who know him.

As a student he was good at the classics and brilliant in mathematics. In later days he availed himself of one of his prison terms to master Einstein, and his mathematical studies are still his favorite relaxation from politics. He studied and taught at a number of the smaller Irish colleges and at University College, Dublin. A man who knew him then remembers him as a tall, long-nosed, serious fellow, dressed in rough homespun and wearing a queer sort of deerstalker cap.

He regarded mathematics as his career, but he was a believer in Irish freedom and an enthusiast for the revival of Gaelic, the ancient native language of Ireland which had almost disappeared during the centuries of British rule. One of his fellow students of Gaelic was a gifted young schoolteacher, Miss Sinead ni Fhlannagain (or Jane Flanagan), whom he married in 1910. It has been a congenial and happy marriage, through all the tribulations of prison, hardship, and war. There are four sons and two daughters.

The year 1914 came on, and England was locked in the death struggle of the World War. Hundreds of thousands of Irishmen, trusting England's promises of a deferred Home Rule after the war, or unable to keep out of a good fight, volunteered in the British Army. Nearly 50,000 of them fell in battle.

Other Irishmen, distrusting Britain's promises, or burning under old grievances, felt that Ireland must strike for her own freedom, and that now was the time: "England's danger is Ireland's opportunity." Old revolutionists and young patriots drilled in the glens, sometimes paraded in the streets. With them, commanding a battalion, marched young Professor de Valera.

Sympathizers in America sent money and some smuggled arms. In Berlin, Sir Roger Casement dickered for the help of Germany. The Irish Volunteers could muster perhaps 12,000 men. In the spring of 1916 the bolder elements decided the time had come. Divided counsels and the British Secret Service messed up the plans.

On Good Friday, 1916, the German ship Aud, loaded with arms and ammunition for the Irish Volunteers, was intercepted by the British and blown up by her own crew. Sir Roger Casement, landing in Ireland from a German submarine, was captured by the British and later hanged on the charge of treason. Nevertheless, the rising was called for Easter Monday, called, countermanded, and called again.

In this confusion, the Rising was confined chiefly to Dublin, and rallied hardly more than a thousand men to arms; a thousand versus the British Empire. Yet they struck so hard that they paralyzed Dublin, and for a time held forty times their number of British troops at bay. They seized the strategic buildings of the city, dug in, and hoisted the green, white, and orange tricolor of the Irish Republic. Their proclamation began:

"Irishmen and Irishwomen: In the name of God and of the dead generations from which she receives her old tradition of nationhood, Ireland, through us, summons her children to her flag and strikes for her freedom."

COMMANDANT DE VALERA and his battalion took over Boland's Flour Mill, commanding the railroad station and one of the chief entrances to the city.

But the rebels had no artillery; the British had, and were bringing it up strong, along with reinforcements by the ten thousand. The Easter Rising was doomed, as it had been from the beginning. The British smashed, swamped, and smothered it in a week. On Saturday the main force in the post office gave up the hopeless fight. De Valera was the last commandant to surrender, and he demanded written orders from his superiors before he would do so.

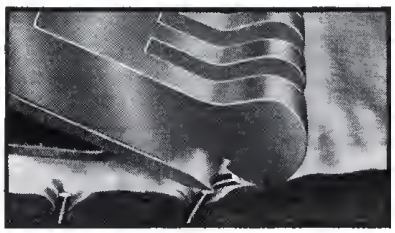
It is said that he went seven days without sleep. About two on Sunday afternoon a tall, gaunt apparition emerged from Boland's Mill, the face black with powder, the clothes white with flour dust. "I am De Valera," he told the British officers. "Shoot me if you want, but don't hurt my men." He was heard to mutter, "Ah, if the people had come out with knives and forks!"

You can't blame the British for getting the jitters. After all, a war was on, and this was an unnerving jab in the flank. They swooped down, arrested Irish people by the thousands, and deported about 2,000 of them to England as prisoners of war. Then they began systematically shooting the leaders of the rising: old Tom Clarke, Padraic Pearse, and Thomas MacDonagh on May 3d; later Joseph Plunkett, Edward Daly, William Pearse, Michael O'Hanrahan, MacBride, Kent, Mallin, Colbert, Heuston, MacDermott, Connolly, and Kent—all led out and shot within a

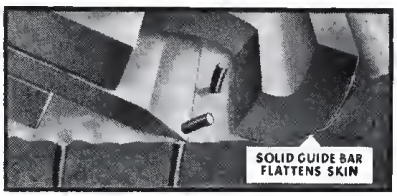
YOUR FACE NEEDS IRONING FOR A GOOD SHAVE



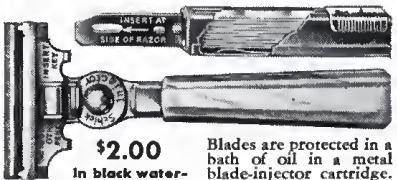
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week. With every volley of the firing squad Ireland's sense of outrage grew and old racial memories of the oppressor thronged back. The ground was sown for the long guerrilla warfare to follow.

De Valera was on the list and was sentenced to die. But England was coming to her senses again. The generals were sobered by protests from America and even in the House of Commons. It was remembered how badly England needed America as an ally and that De Valera had been born in America. His sentence was commuted to a life term in a British prison, and the executions stopped.

A few weeks ago, driving through Dublin in a taxi with a lovable old white-bearded gentleman, I expressed some doubts about the taxi driver.

"Oh, he's a thoroughly reliable, trustworthy chap," said the old gentleman. "We were in prison together." You get used to that in Dublin. A man is hardly respectable there, unless he was in prison some time during "the troubles."

IN 1916 practically all the leaders of the move for Irish independence were in British prisons. Among them De Valera, because of his military rank, because he was the last to surrender, because of his calm dignity and hidden fire, was the head man. He established a kind of secret military discipline among all the Irish prisoners. He organized prison strikes, hunger strikes, and revolts. The keepers, used to ordinary convicts, were baffled by the Professor. Solitary confinement and ordinary punishments seemed not to disturb him. Word of these struggles, reaching America, was stirring up sentiment against England. Finally England gave up the Irish prisoners as a bad job and released them in the spring of 1917—that was a 14 months' stretch for De Valera.

On his return to Dublin he was welcomed as a hero. Soon afterward he was overwhelmingly elected a member of the British Parliament from East Clare, but of course refused to take his seat—this paradox resulting from De Valera's being still legally a British subject, but morally an Irish subject. He was also chosen head of Sinn Fein (which means "Ourselves") and of the Irish Volunteers.

He was now the undisputed leader of the independence movement, but holding always a rather precarious balance between the moderates and the extremists, the compromisers and the fire-eaters. He toured the country, making long, earnest, sometimes inflammatory speeches. The British scratched their heads and puzzled whether De Valera was more dangerous in jail or out. Then they made the mistake of trying to apply conscription to Ireland. Sinn Fein feeling boiled up so fiercely that they clapped its leaders, including De Valera, into jail. Conscription was abandoned.

They put him into Lincoln Jail and managed to keep him there for eight months. Then he sneaked the prison chaplain's key long enough to get an impression of it on a warmed altar candle which he held in the palm of his hand. Another Irish prisoner, Sean Milroy, a talented artist, then made two drawings. One, captioned "Christmas, 1917," showed Sean wavering drunkenly on his own doorstep, holding a big key and saying, "I can't get IN!" The next showed him a prisoner in his cell, holding a key: "Christmas, 1918. I can't get OUT!" The prison guards, chuckling at this quaint Irish humor, obligingly mailed the Christmas cards, failing to note that the two drawings were small-scale drawings, from two angles, of the chaplain's key. Friends outside made a key from the drawings.

The key was smuggled in to De Valera in a cake. It didn't fit. It took three keys and three cakes before they got it right. On the night of February 3, 1919, De Valera, Sean Milroy, and Sean McGarry slipped like ghosts from the darkness of Lincoln Jail. They were met by the mighty Michael Collins, and were whisked away in a relay of motorcars. Dev was hidden in Manchester until the international hue and cry died down.

Ireland by now had two governments. Legally, the British. Extralegally and semisecretly, the Irish Republic. The latter had a parliament (the Dail), an army, and even law courts. De Valera, back in Ireland, was promptly elected president of the Dail. There were rumors that he was going to America, and the British watched the ports. But the ingenious Mick Collins smuggled him aboard a liner and stowed him deep in the hold. Ten days later friendly Irish-Americans met the boat in America to sneak him off, since he had no passport. The man who had come to brace Americans for a loan of $5,000,000, and to win the recognition of America and the League of Nations, had arrived with his clothes so gnawed by rats that his friends had to bring new clothes for him to wear off the ship.

BUT when he stepped ashore his return to the land he had left as a child thirty-four years before became a triumph. Great crowds turned out to see him, and not just those of Irish descent. His personality, his American birth, his romantic career, touched the imagination of everybody. He was hailed as the President of the Irish Republic, and raised a $5,000,000 bond issue on the pledge of that semi-imaginary state. Years later, to the surprise of many who subscribed, he paid it off. (I well remember the amazement of Lemon Lee Sing, a Chinese laundryman in Jersey City, when he received $100 for a piece of paper a belligerent Irish customer had sold him in 1920.)

When De Valera got back to Ireland in 1920 a real guerrilla warfare was getting under way against Britain. To the outsider that war may look like brigandage, sabotage, and assassination. But look at it from the viewpoint of the Irish leaders. History had taught them they could never win concessions by negotiation alone or force alone. The British Lion was too stubborn to persuade, too big to fight. The only course left was to worry him to death, by propaganda abroad (Dev had been 'tending to that) and by systematic ambush and destruction at home.

MEANWHILE, the excesses of the British had thoroughly united the Irish people for freedom. England enlisted thousands of ex-soldiers who still wanted more fighting, and sent them into Ireland to cow the country into submission. These were the notorious Black-and-Tans. They were given a pretty free hand.

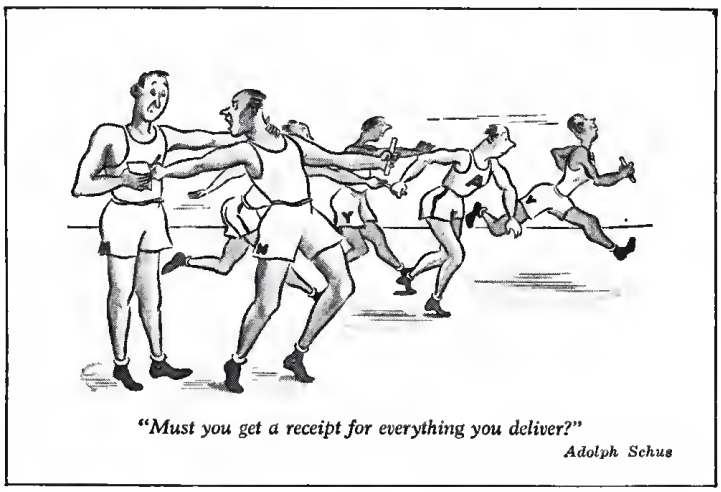
In 1921 a truce was called. Lloyd George, "the Welsh Wizard," probably the world's cleverest negotiator, started to bargain with De Valera.

They simply could not negotiate. It was a case of an irresistible force meeting an immovable body. Lloyd George, who could wind most men around his finger, was nonplussed by De Valera's long-windedness and tenacity. He said De Valera would not play the game—but Dev knew that the game was Lloyd George's own game. Later Lloyd George expressed his exasperation with De Valera in a number of phrases: "After we had talked for three days he had got as far up in Irish history as Brian Boru (970 A. D.)." . . . "Negotiating with Mr. de Valera is like trying to pick up mercury with a fork." . . . "Mr. de Valera is perfectly unique, and the poor, distracted world has a good right to be thankful that he is unique."

Finally De Valera withdrew from the negotiations. He decided to send a delegation to London. This was headed by Arthur Griffith and Michael Collins. They were to conclude a treaty with a delegation headed by Lloyd George.

After long, painful negotiations, at the end of which Lloyd George was said to have threatened, or predicted, immediate war, the tired delegates signed a treaty giving Ireland a kind of dominion status and brought it back to Dublin.

Tragedy followed. Collins, Griffith, and De Valera, who had fought shoulder to shoulder, now split. Collins and Griffith



"Must you get a receipt for everything you deliver?"

Adolph Schus

said the treaty was good beyond expectation; De Valera said it was a surrender. The Irish people, upset by the division among their idols, did not know what to think, but a majority seemed to favor the treaty. De Valera broke down in the Dail and wept. Hotheads on both sides fingered the triggers of their guns.

It is impossible for an outsider to pass judgment on who was to blame. Was the treaty good or bad? Who started the Civil War? Among Irishmen it is still bitterly debated.

Before long the guns began to pop.

In the Easter Rising of 1916 a little band of Irishmen defied England. In the Black-and-Tan warfare of 1920–21 Ireland as a whole stymied England. Now Irishmen killed Irishmen, brother fought brother. Collins and Griffith organized the Irish Free State Army to stamp out De Valera's adherents.

Within a few months little Arthur Griffith died of strain and, his friends say, a broken heart; Big Mick Collins was shot down; and from their dying hands the reins were taken over by William Cosgrave, who was to organize the Free State government and serve as its first president.

De Valera was a fugitive. Disguising himself by discarding his glasses and growing a beard, he moved through the South and West, rallying the flying columns, missing capture and bullets with his usual flair. In August, 1922, he came out of hiding to make a political speech.

As he began to make his speech in the town of Ennis, a Free State armored car swooped down and arrested him. Ten months later, when the Free State had won the Civil War, he was released. De Valera went back to Ennis, wearily climbed the same platform, and declaimed: "As I was saying when I was interrupted . . ."

What can you do with a fellow like that?

AND so, with his usual tireless persistence, De Valera slowly won his way back toward power. The cry of "Up, Dev!" was once more heard in the land. His party, now called Fianna Fail (or 'Soldiers of Destiny") grew stronger. In 1932 he again had control of the Dail, and things began to pop once more.

De Valera stopped the land annuity payments to England, and abolished the oath to the king. British cabinet ministers hurried over to Dublin to confer, but they found De Valera as tough as had Lloyd George. Dev said Britain should be paying Ireland large sums for damage done over the centuries. So the ministers went home and clapped heavy penal duties on farm products imported from Ireland.

This was playing into De Valera's hands, because it gave him an excuse to put similar duties against British manufactures entering Ireland. He had long argued that Ireland should not be a British ranch, but an independent, self-supporting nation, with a balance between industry and agriculture. And the result was that a great many factories and industries have sprung up in Ireland in the last six years behind the tariff wall.

All the same, it was an "economic war," which badly hurt Irish farmers as well as British manufacturers. De Valera merely bade the farmers pull in their belts, while he planned his next stroke: a new and freer constitution for Ireland.

Here he, who had so often been helped by Americans, received the unintended help of another American: a divorced lady named Mrs. Simpson, of Baltimore. Because of this Mrs. Simpson the new British king, Edward VIII, renounced the British throne. The resultant uproar and hullabaloo were so great that the distrait Britons scarcely noticed when Professor de Valera seized this strategic moment to cut the main hawsers which still held Ireland to England. And the keening for Edward was quickly succeeded by the cheering for the coronation of quiet George VI.

When the British rubbed their eyes after the coronation festivities and looked across the Irish Sea, there sat Mr. de Valera, prime minister of the new nation of *Eire*, with a new constitution (which has since come into full effect), declaring that Eire is "a sovereign, independent, democratic state;" that Eire may choose to associate itself, in international affairs, with the British Commonwealth of Nations, but may at any time revoke that association, overnight, by act of the Irish Parliament. (The constitution incidentally provides, with little gratitude to Mrs. Simpson, that divorce is absolutely forbidden in Eire.)

WHAT could England do about it? Englishmen who knew De Valera said: Nothing. And in justice to modern England it must be said that she had no great desire to do anything about it. English statesmen have realized that coercion in Ireland is a mistake; has been a mistake for a long time past. That a free, voluntarily friendly Ireland is better than an unfriendly Ireland bound by British restrictions.

Having thus cleared the air, De Valera was ready to do some negotiating. In January (1938) he began conversations with London about annuities, the economic war, and the ports. After three months of enlightened horse-trading, he made a settlement. In brief, he agreed to pay England a lump sum of £10,000,000. England agreed to take her men from the coast defenses in Irish ports. Both countries agreed to cut their import duties and end the "economic war." So favorable was it that, with all the bitterness of Irish politics, it was ratified by the Dail with only one dissenting vote, that of old Jim Larkin, the veteran labor agitator who visited for some time in American jails during the World War. Even he seemed to vote "ag'in'" more out of habit than conviction. And in England also the agreement was received with satisfaction.

All, then, is serene in Ireland—relatively. There remains the burning question of "Partition." The island of Ireland is still divided. The six northern counties, with a Protestant, pro-British majority, remain a British province. Irishmen in the South, and a sizable minority in the Six Counties, feel that all Ireland should be united in the independent nation of Eire.

But lately there are signs of a friendlier feeling. De Valera's new agreement with England helps. His new constitution contains specific guarantees of religious freedom. And the new President of Eire, the venerable Dr. Douglas Hyde, is a Protestant. This office, under the new constitution, is largely honorary and symbolic, but that Eire should give such a high honor to a Protestant is at least reassuring to the Six Counties. De Valera hopes for the early uniting of all Ireland, but says that he will work for that end, if necessary, as long as he lives. . . .

I talked with De Valera in his modest, plainly furnished office in Government Buildings. In the anteroom I noticed a full-sized facsimile of the American Declaration of Independence and a bronze statue of Abraham Lincoln, the gifts of Americans to Ireland.

Mr. de Valera asked me about conditions in the United States. I told him some of our recent troubles, with which he seemed familiar. The best brains in America, I said, seemed thoroughly divided as to the source and cure of our recurrent national headaches.

The same is true, Mr. de Valera pointed out, in countries all over the world. There is a riddle in economics, finance, and unemployment which has so far proved too complex for the powers of the human mind. Ireland faces it, on a smaller but no less baffling scale. As he discussed it, his face grave and intent, I could feel how eagerly and persistently his own scientific mind had been struggling with this challenge.

I suggested that human nature in the mass, the unpredictable, might be the variable which upset all the equations of economists and statesmen. Mr. de Valera disagreed. With long experience, he believes, that variable can now be fairly well allowed for. No, it is something else.

"Shall we ever solve it?" I asked.

He said he had high hopes that we would, now that the pressure all over the world was so great, the stakes so high, the minds engaged so keen and varied. And then, he said, we may all wonder why we wandered so long in the dark.

Ireland is free, but could she stay out of any Continental war in which England was involved? How safe would Ireland be without the protection of the British fleet? Shall Ireland develop her own coast defenses, submarines, air force? Shall she live by trading her farm surpluses for British-manufactured goods, or try to become "self-supporting" by developing complete industries of her own? Will she go in the direction of socialism, or follow the model of British modified capitalism? These are some of the questions which will be decided by the remarkable mind and personality of De Valera.

IN THIS article I give a friendly view of De Valera. It must be mentioned, however, that there is a minority in Ireland which dislikes or hates him. The scars of the Civil War fifteen years ago are still deep. I have heard his more bitter opponents describe him as a vain, egotistical, cold-blooded schemer, whose real study is Machiavelli rather than mathematics, whose policies are crippling the country, whose life has been a curse to Ireland.

With all respect, such talk seems to the outsider to grow from old passion and tragic memories rather than from reason.

No. Eamon de Valera has been a leader for twenty-two years. A man can't be a knave or a fool and get away with it that long. You can laugh at him sometimes; you can point to good luck here, or bad judgment there. But take him all around—how can anyone deny that the baby from Forty-third Street, the kid from the Limerick hills, the professor from the barricades and prisons, has come to greatness?

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FOR BEAUTY'S SAKE



(*Continued from page 39*)

annoyed. After which I found myself being introduced to a number of people whose names I have forgotten and, being in an uncomfortable state of embarrassment, whose faces I did not notice particularly until the final introduction was made. "And Rodney Blynn," said Miss Curtis.

Mr. Blynn was standing, and was looking at me with an odd expression. "Mr.—er—Dr. Erasmus and I have met," he said, with a smile that I did not altogether like.

"How do you do," said I.

"How's the beauty racket?" he asked.

I made no reply to this, but I distinctly heard a young man on the opposite side of the table ask his companion, "Is this really the egg that runs the beauty joint?"

"It would seem so," she answered.

"Whoops!" said the young man. "What's Dime Pringle doing with it?"

"Perhaps," said Mr. Blynn, "she likes old-fashioned flowers."

It was apparent to me that this was in some manner intended to be offensive, hut if there were some hidden implication I did not detect it.

Miss Pringle pinched me viciously. "Just grimly keep your shirt on," she said.

"I have no intention of removing it," said I.

I WAS aware of a hostile atmosphere, but Miss Pringle maintained an admirable, if surprising, placidity. She showed no traces of resentment or of anger, but turned and looked about her as if she were looking for something. Apparently she found it, for she nodded to herself contentedly.

"Does he embroider beautifully?" asked the first young man.

Miss Pringle sighed wearily. "I just reluctantly have got to ask him to do his stuff," she said. She stood up, looking exceedingly dainty and childish and charming, I thought; and quite deliberately pushed a pot of exotic artificial flowers from its standard, so that it crashed on the floor startlingly. Everyone in the room paused in whatever he or she was doing and stared.

The pot had rested upon an iron standard, a rod of the bigness of one of my fingers, and some four feet high. This, Miss Pringle lifted and pushed toward me. I was nonplussed. Her behavior seemed eccentric, to say the least.

"Dr. Erasmus doesn't embroider—exactly," she said, "but he makes just the most absorbing designs with these." She indicated the iron rod. "Bend it, stupid," she said in a whisper. "Twist it into a bedspring."

I sat staring at her. She pushed the rod over into my lap, and her eyes were cold and level and intense. "Bend that," she whispered. It was a command. There was something so dynamic, so forceful about her tiny person that her will quite took possession of me and, before I realized how absurd I must appear, I was upon my feet, with the rod grasped in my hands. I looked down at them and they seemed large. I had never been aware of their size before.

"Bend!" she whispered again.

I SHIFTED my hands so that they were some ten inches apart and exerted downward pressure. The room seemed to have got very still. The Cuban orchestra stopped playing and stood to crane their necks. I became determined and stubborn. For some reason not perceptible to me, it became vastly important for me to bend that rod. I set my teeth and put my back into it. Something gave between my shoulders, but I was not aware until later that I had split my coat down the seam. So great was my exertion that moisture covered my forehead and I felt as if my heart were struggling to burst from my chest. There was also a feeling of immobility. It was as if I were carved from stone—a statue of supreme effort.

And then—my heart leaped with a strange sort of joy—I felt a slight movement, perceived a slight arching of the rod. I persisted with every ounce of strength I possessed, and my hands moved downward and inward as the bar surrendered to me. Now my hands touched; now they passed each other; and I was aware that I had bent the rod into a circle.

"Enough?" I asked chokingly.

"A scrumptious plenty," said Miss Pringle. "Just show them."

I held up the bar and stared into their faces, and some of the men's faces seemed to be strangely pale.

Miss Pringle spoke, and there was a little gay lilt in her voice. "How," she asked, "would you just dotingly like to scram out of here before I tell him what those cracks of yours meant?" she asked.

I stood, looking and feeling very foolish, indeed. For the second time that night the Pringle family appeared to desire exhibitions of physical strength, and twice one of them had inveigled me into a vainglorious exhibition. But no one laughed. As a matter of fact, almost in a twinkling there was nobody left to laugh, at that table. The party was making its way rather hastily toward the door, with Mr. Blynn bringing up the rear.

"If," said Miss Pringle, "you had fallen down on me I'd just cannibalistically have gnawed your bones."

"It was absurd," said I.

"It was," she said, "a darned good answer to their argument." She laughed blithely. Then she looked at my back and laughed again. "I guess I'll just sympathetically have to take you home," she said. "You've busted your coat." . . .

I WAS greatly disturbed next morning when Miss Le Roy, our advertising person, brought me a clipping from a certain gossip column. "A girl," she said, "can go places with publicity when she's got someone to work on."

I read the piece. It said:

"Dr. Erasmus, who makes the beautiful more beauteous, and who has disturbed the public consciousness of late, was seen in the Bon Marché last night—and how!—with the Pringle sub-deb calling the signals. I am informed that a party of gay young things descended and made cracks about old-fashioned flowers and lavender cravats. Whereupon, egged on by the always unpredictable young Pringle, Dr. Erasmus seized a piece of the house bric-a-brac, consisting largely of an iron rod, and bent it into a true lovers' knot. Were their faces pallid! From now on, at least to his face, Dr. Erasmus will be spoken of strictly in he-man phraseology."

I tossed the clipping back across my desk. "Excessively distasteful," said I.

"It does the business," she said, and then stood a moment hesitant. "Dr. Erasmus," she said finally and with some diffidence, "will you give me my formula?"

I stared at her. "You mean you wish me to give you one of those—er—fraudulent examinations and a meaningless formula?"

"Yes," she said.

"But," said I, "you know it's worthless. If anybody in the world should know it's a fake it is yourself."

"All the same, I want one."

"Knowing it is charlatanry?"

She hesitated. "Well," she said, "it sort of does things to you. I mean you—well, the way you go about it."

I was puzzled. "Write out your own formula," I said. "You can do it as well as I can."

"It would be different," she insisted. "I want you to do it. I want to be able to say I've been done by Dr. Erasmus."

The situation was astounding. Here was Miss Le Roy, a keen and able young woman, who had herself invented the silly hocus-pocus of my beauty examinations and formulae—herself desiring and willing to pay for one! And, I gathered from something she said, in some measure convinced of their efficacy. It was incredible. She knew the whole thing was an utter fake.

I shrugged my shoulders. "Make an appointment for yourself," said I. "By the way, has the girl who—fainted yesterday returned to work?"

"No."

"What was her name?"

"Mabel Long."

"When she comes in," said I, "I wish to see her."

"Yes, Dr. Erasmus."

"Where does she live?"

"I don't know, but Miss Sawter will have the address."

"Please get it for me," I said.

She returned presently, and her face wore an expression that seemed peculiar. "Miss Sawter hasn't the address," she said curtly.

"Strange," said I, and then, "Why are you looking so queer?"

"I'm not."

"You are," said I. "What caused it?"

"I guess you'd better forget about Mabel Long," said Miss Le Roy. "The subject isn't popular with Sawter."

"Ah," I said, and had still another item to add to the peculiar things that were happening in and about the establishment. . . .

IT WAS in midafternoon that there was another episode. I was walking down the hall toward the barbering department, now supervised by Blimp Moggs, when I heard the unmistakable sounds of sniffling in one of the cubicles used for beauty treatments. I looked in. The operator, a young and pretty child, sat hunched in the client's chair, sobbing softly.

I entered. "What," I asked, "makes you cry?"

"I—I can't bear to hear such things," said the girl.

"Such things as what?"

"Oh, Miss Sprig said we were never to repeat, and not to listen if we could help it. We were to try to head them off."

"From what?"

"Telling perfectly dreadful things. But you can't. They will talk. But it never was as bad as this one. I—I'm frightened. I'm going to get in some other business. I *won't* hear any more things like that. I won't! I won't! *I won't!*"

"Still," said I, "I fail to understand."

"It was Mrs. Gault. I couldn't stop her. I had to listen. Dr. Erasmus, why do they do it? I wouldn't tell such things even to a doctor or to my lawyer. I *wouldn't*. But these women come in here and sit, and the first thing you know they are telling us girls things that—that are awful. About themselves. About their husbands. About their children and their friends."

"You mean this is a common experience?"

"Common! They all do it. I'm afraid. It frightens me."

"How long have you worked here?" I asked her.

"I'm new. Miss Sprig took me on only a month ago."

"Indeed. Do the other girls feel as you do?"

She bit her lip and looked at me almost with terror. "I—I don't know. I—sometimes it seems as if a few of the girls encourage them."

"Everyone loves scandal," said I.

"Miss Sawter does," she said with sudden spitefulness.

"What do you mean by that?" I asked.

Again she looked frightened. "Nothing. I didn't mean anything. It just slipped out."

Here, it seemed to me, was a matter to

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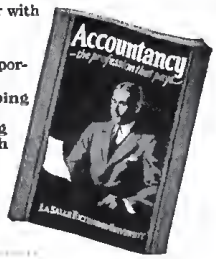
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be handled by some woman; by Miss Sawter or Dottie, not by myself. I patted her shoulder in a fatherly and encouraging manner. "Don't permit it to upset you," I said. "Just mind your own business and it will be all right."

She said something under her breath which sounded as if the words were, "If I'm allowed."

I WAS proceeding on my way, when a girl spoke to me.

"A Mr. Sandys to speak to you on the telephone," said she.

Mr. Sandys! That would be the betting person, whom, in the press and excitement of other affairs, I had all but forgotten. I went to my office and lifted the receiver. "Dr. Erasmus speaking," said I.

"Tomorrow's the day," said Sandys.

"For what?" I asked.

"For you," he said, "to kick in with the bank roll."

"I have," said I, "no intention of doing so. Not upon the flimsy evidence of indebtedness you produce. In addition to which, this business has no such sum at its disposal."

"Read the papers?" he asked.

"Daily," said I.

"There was a piece yesterday about a gee by the name of Moxson."

"I believe," said I, "he was murdered."

"Nothin' like that," said Mr. Sandys. "This Moxson he welched in a crap game. The boys said to pay up or else. So he didn't kick in, and what happened to him was *else*. Get the idea, Doc?"

"You intimate," said I, "that if I fail to submit to this extortion I shall suffer bodily injury?"

"What do *you* think?" he asked. "You got till noon tomorrow."

"I am not," said I, "to be intimidated."

But it seemed I was talking to no one. There was a click and the phone was dead.

The situation was fantastic. Here was I, wholly dissociated from horses and betting—an innocent bystander, so to speak—but nevertheless threatened with violence if I failed to pay a large sum of money. And upon no better evidence than the word of an individual whose rectitude seemed to be his least prominent quality. It was not pleasant. It was reasonable to assume that I might actually be in peril.

As I was mulling over the thing, Mr. Middlesex was announced and entered. His face was grave. "I came to discuss the Devore matter," he said.

"It never rains," said I, "but it pours."

"I have been investigating this claim," he said. "My office has gone into the matter thoroughly We have interviewed the woman. She has submitted to an examination by a reputable physician. Her face is badly scarred. It could have been the result of malpractice by some member of this institution, or of the use of some faulty material causing infection. Or burning. The evidence, conclusive, I must admit, points to the fact that Dimity Sprig, Incorporated, was at fault."

"Regrettable," said I.

"It is more than regrettable," said he. "It is a catastrophe. I can only advise making such a settlement as is possible. But Jackman is stiff in his demands. I am frank to say that if we have to raise so large a sum it will cripple, not to say ruin, this business."

"Indeed," said I. "And what will happen if, in addition to this, I also have to raise the sum demanded by this Mr. Sandys?"

"Bankruptcy," said he grimly.

"Nevertheless, you advise settling this Devore claim?"

"It is," said he, "the only way of minimizing loss."

"You are asking me," said I, "for authority to effect a settlement?"

"I am."

"Mr. Middlesex," said I, "I am an astronomer, not a businessman. I had no desire to be snatched from my chosen employment and metamorphosed into the charlatan that I am. I do not like it. But, on the other hand, having accepted the obligations imposed upon me by my aunt Dimity's will, I am reluctant to fail."

"Naturally.'

"One learns from a study of the heavens to search for causes, and to make certain of the genuineness of phenomena."

"Very rightly."

"There have," said I, "been a number of phenomena apparent in and about this business that are at present inexplicable. Too many. And in too close juxtaposition. Something unnatural is taking place."

"True. But what—?"

"Proceeding logically," said I, "if one of these factors is patently open to suspicion, that disability attracts itself to all other factors possibly flowing from the same cause."

"But—"

"Therefore," said I, "in spite of your undoubtedly efficient investigation, I am forced to the conclusion that the claim of Miss Devore is as spurious as the claim of Mr. Sandys. A simple exercise in logic."

"But the facts. I still must advise—"

"And I," said I, "must decline in this instance to be advised. I shall follow the course that my intellect tells me is the true course. I shall resist with every weapon at my command both the claim of Miss Devore and that of Mr. Sandys. Because I believe both of them to be spurious. Because I believe both of them derive from a common motive. I believe that motive to be the forcing of myself out of this business, so that it may fall into certain other hands."

"FACTS are facts," said Mr. Middlesex. "Until," said I, "they are demonstrated to be fictions. Science accepts only proved facts. Very well, let Miss Devore prove her facts in the laboratory—that is to say, the courtroom."

"Mr. Sandys will not prove his facts in court," said Mr. Middlesex.

"Mr. Middlesex," said I, "I have studied your face and your manner. I have reached the conclusion that you are trustworthy, but I am in some doubt as to your resourcefulness. Are you resourceful?"

"I have had some successes," he said gravely.

"Here," said I, "is an opportunity to demonstrate. Or do you prefer to withdraw?"

"What about Sandys?" he asked.

I am not one to use common or vulgar language, nevertheless there comes a time in every man's life when he finds there is only one way to express exactly what is in his mind. "To hell with Mr. Sandys," said I.

Mr. Middlesex was silent for a brief space. Then he nodded. Then he rose and extended his hand, and he, too, relaxed the precision of his speech. "Doc," he said, "you're quite a fellow. I'll ride with you." . . .

I STOPPED beside the little room where ladies are fitted for face powder something in the manner that a man is fitted for a suit of clothes by a tailor. I did not enter, because a patron occupied the chair before the mirrors and our powder specialist was busy with variously tinted powders.



"Fifteen dollars—twenty-five—forty—and this next one is on sale for ten dollars!"

Schus

"Madam," the operator was saying, "a gracious make-up is essential to beauty in the modern mode. It is indispensable. But, applied by clumsy hands, it becomes ghastly—ghastly. That is why, madam, we try not only to attune our preparations to your individual skin, but to teach you to apply them as an artist."

This was interesting. I lingered and listened.

"No matter how lovely you may be, you desire to create an illusion of greater loveliness. The most perfect face requires high-lighting. We strive, madam, to see our clients, not as Nature made them, but as Dimity Sprig can refashion them. We evoke latent qualities; we—to put it baldly, madam—cash in on your distinct individuality. We bring out the lovely undertones of your skin—and a carefully blended powder draws a concealing chiffon veil of loveliness over an imperfection."

I wondered how our client would react to this exposition, which seemed to my scientific mind to savor of utter rot, so I peered cautiously. The woman's face was intent, almost rapt, as she drew in the precious knowledge. She was avid.

"Madam," asked the operator, "have you ever been taught how to apply rouge?"

"Never. I—I just put it on where it did the most good."

Our operator made a sound which stood for dismay, discouragement, sympathy. "Madam, don't you know the fundamental—that you must put on rouge only when you smile? At any other instant it is suicidal, suicidal to beauty. Place yourself before your mirror, assume your most charming smile. Then *hold it*. . . . That's the way, madam."

The client had assumed a mechanical, toothy smile. Having done so, she fixed it upon her face with muscular determination.

"Perfect," said our operator. "Now I apply the rouge. Note the high lights brought out by the allurement of your smile."

THIS woman, who might have appeared normally intelligent in other surroundings, drank all this in with a face so avid as to be almost imbecilic. I waited to hear no more, but proceeded on to Miss Sawter's office.

"Miss Sawter," I asked, "which of our operators gave the actress, Amy Devore, the treatment that is said to have resulted in the scarring of her face?"

"Mabel—" she said, and stopped as if she had said something which should have been left unsaid.

"Not Mabel Long?" I asked.

"I believe it was."

"Miss Long has not reported today?"

"No."

"I sent for her address," I said.

"It seems to be missing," replied Miss Sawter. "What did you want of it?"

"May I ask," I inquired, without answering her question, "what occurred in this room to cause Miss Long to faint?"

"She came in," said Miss Sawter, "looking pale and complaining of dizziness. Then all at once she passed out."

"Doubtless," said I, "striking her chin against some hard object."

"I didn't notice," Miss Sawter said.

"It must," said I, "have been embarrassing to Mr. Rodney Blynn."

"Oh, Mr. Blynn! He was quite solicitous and helpful."

"And what," I asked, "was Mr. Blynn doing here?"

Miss Sawter looked at me with eyes that suddenly seemed to blaze. "He was a personal caller," she said coldly.

"Do you think," I asked, "you can supply me with Mabel Long's address?"

"Oh," she said carelessly, "she'll probably show up tomorrow."

"But if she doesn't?"

She shrugged. "You never can tell about girls. If you make a point of it, I'll try."

"Please do," said I, and, turning on my heel, went back into my own office.

PRESENTLY I was summoned to keep an appointment with a Mrs. James Ogleby, who was already in the examination-room when I arrived. She was a slight woman in her late forties, with a large mouth, excellent teeth, and discontented eyes. She was already talking to the young woman whose business it was to take down my formulae as I uttered them.

"I never," Mrs. Ogleby was saying, "was so shocked in my life. And you can't tell me it was accidental. Sleeping tablets—nonsense! Mary Vance always slept like a horse. What did she want with sleeping tablets? Suicide it was, and I'd like to know why."

"Will you take this chair, please," I directed. "Face the light. Hold your face impassive."

But she did not quiet her face. She continued to talk, with gestures: "Funny thing, but it was Mary Vance who induced me to make this appointment. It was, Doctor. She said you did amazing things for her. I hope you can do them for me. I've always gone to Madame du Bruyere. Mary Vance swore by Dimity Sprig. We used to squabble about it. Now, what would drive a woman like Mary Vance to suicide? She had everything. It wasn't ill health. What do you think, Doctor?"

"I remember the lady only indistinctly," said I, which was the fact.

"There's a nigger in the woodpile," Mrs. Ogleby said with relish.

"Smile," said I. This was a new bit of technique I adopted from the powder-compounding girl. "I wish to study the high-lighting of your face."

She paid no attention whatever. "I never saw such a day for things happening. There's Eleanor Branson. What do you think? I called her on the phone this morning and she had sailed for Europe, last night, without bidding a soul good-by. I was so startled that I called her husband at his office, and what do you think?"

"Probably," said I, "he told you to mind your own business."

"You must have been listening in," said Mrs. Ogleby.

"And," said I, "I'm tired of listening in." It seemed the proper emergency in which to make use of the technique of insult. "Either," said I, "you will stop this scandalous clatter or I shall ask you to go elsewhere." I stood back and peered at her.

"But you know Eleanor Branson, too. She was a client of Dimity Sprig's."

"I don't know her. I don't care to know her. Your mouth, madam, is rather depressing in repose, and even I am doubtful if I can make it attractive in motion." Then I spoke sharply. "Close it," I snapped.

She wore a startled look, which passed, to be supplanted by an expression of delight. "Oh," she said to my assistant, "isn't he cute! I *did* hope he would insult me."

"It was no hardship to me," I said shortly, and then, to my assistant, "Skin, pasty. Formula: Gab 3 m6 plus ¾ tab." And so on. . . . It meant nothing, of course, but during my examination I managed to point out a number of defects which would not please my client. I derived a curious pleasure from this, and, strange to say, so did she. At the end I stalked out of the room without paying her the courtesy of good-by.

I sat at my desk in my chair, experiencing a feeling of mental discomfort, of apprehension, if you will, and for some moments I could not tell why, or just what had caused such a state of mind. It was something that touched myself, a coincidence. I do not like coincidences. This coincidence was that both the women mentioned by Mrs. Ogleby had been clients of Dimity Sprig, Incorporated. One had apparently committed suicide; the other had unaccountably flown to Europe.

The only common factors I could discover were that both of them knew Mrs. Ogleby, and both were customers of the business of which I was the head. I hoped it signified nothing. Indeed, it was improbable that there was any connection between the conduct of these women and myself. But it was possible. My training compelled me to ask the question: Did the common factor of patronage of this beauty salon have anything to do with Mrs. Vance's suicide or with Mrs. Branson's flight?

From which, inevitably, flowed another and more disturbing query: If Dimity Sprig, Incorporated, were involved, what was the nature of its involvement?

Absurd, perhaps. Farfetched. But I think I am to be pardoned, for so many odd, eccentric, inexplicable things had been happening since my incumbency that I had gotten rather into a state of mind. I was ready to be suspicious of anything.

Science teaches one thing. One may state it as a basic principle. It is this: When suspicious—investigate!

THERE were a number of points to look into. (One always has to select a starting place in every investigation, whether it be of human activities, chemical reactions, or the behavior of the heavenly bodies.) First, in order of occurrence, was the interest of Mr. Rodney Blynn in the affairs of Dimity Sprig, Incorporated. Second, there was the matter of the actress, Amy Devore. Third, there was the scene in which our employee, Mabel Long, had fainted, or, as Miss Pringle suggested at the time, had been struck violently on the chin. And, fourth, because it itched the curiosity, was the reason for the suicide—if it were suicide—of Mrs. Vance and the flight to Europe of Mrs. Branson.

With these four points of departure it became a matter of selection. I chose the Mabel Long incident, for two reasons. I had some idea how to start upon it, and it was the only one of the four puzzles which seemed to touch any one of the other four. It seemed to connect itself with Mr. Rodney Blynn. Indeed, I could almost take a

connection for granted, because Mr. Blynn had been present—and, if Miss Long had been assaulted, the indications were that Mr. Blynn had been the assailant. I resolved, therefore, to make a systematic search for our missing employee.

To this end I called in Dottie Nickerson, who, since her arrival in New York, had modified somewhat her personal appearance. She was no less rotund and her hair was approximately of the same painful shade of orange, but her face was now made up with greater skill, if with a less bizarre effect. Indeed, she had, it seemed to me, patterned herself upon the model of Miss Sawter. She was affecting the same immobility of countenance and, if a rather fat, short girl can resemble a tall, slender woman, she was endeavoring to do so.

"Dottie," said I, "you must have formed the acquaintance of a number of our employees."

"Sure," said Dottie, moving her jaws slowly, and then suddenly stopping the motion as if in fear it would crack the surface she had applied to her face. "It ain't elegant to chew gum," she said, "but a girl's got to have some pleasures. Mostly I just hold a wad of it still in my mouth."

"Did you by chance form any degree of intimacy with Mabel Long?"

"I seen her around and talked to her."

"Did you observe her closely?"

"Not special. We had lunch down to the drugstore a couple of times. What about her?"

"Did you notice anything peculiar about Miss Long?"

"Such as?"

"Did she seem to have anything on her mind? Did she appear frightened?"

"Nervous, kind of, and jumpy. And once she cried kind of soft into her banana split. I figured she was havin' trouble with her boy-friend. It's how girls act when they think they ain't bein' done right by."

"Did she say so?"

"She didn't," said Miss Nickerson inelegantly, "open her puss about anythin'."

"Do you know where she lived?"

Dottie frowned. "I know it was an apartment somewhere. Lemme see. She took the bus up Fifth Avenue."

"Had she any particular friend here?" I asked.

"She was always talkin' with Harriet when she got time."

I had no idea who Harriet was. "Will you," said I, "approach this Harriet in a discreet and diplomatic manner and endeavor to obtain Miss Long's address?"

"What goes on?" asked Dottie.

"That," said I, "is what I am trying to find out."

"I was wonderin'," she said, "how long it would take you to get onto it that there was somethin' to find out. I'll see what I can dig up."

IT WAS just before my luncheon hour that she returned and laid a slip of paper on my desk. On it was an address in East Eighty-eighth Street.

"Dottie," said I, "I shall be glad if you will report to me any unusual incidents that fall under your eyes, and give me whatever conclusions you draw from them. And ask Blimp to do the same."

"I ain't a spotter," said Dottie.

I understood this term. It signified an employee who is hired to spy upon other employees. "I am not interested in the peccadilloes of those who work for us," I said. "I refer to happenings of another nature. To things which might give rise to a suspicion that something of an unpleasant nature is going on."

"I get you," she said. "I'll keep the tin ear open."

FOLLOWING Dottie Nickerson's exit I went to lunch, or rather I started for lunch, because I was intercepted. It was as I walked down our impressive stairway. Miss Diamond Pringle was walking toward me down the broad passageway.

"I am practically almost starved to a shadow," she said, without preamble.

"Then," I replied logically, "why do you not eat?"

"Because," she said, "almost the foulest thing I can think of is to have to eat alone. And so I knew you go to lunch about now and I hung around looking at bottles of Skin and Tissue Builder, and thinking about how they would give me an immediate bloom and revivify my tissues with a glowing, vitalizing warmth and an indescribable sensation of exquisite coolness at one and the same time . . ."

"You prattle," said I.

"It was a quotation. You should be glad I am so interested in your business that I learn your blurbs by heart, and all like that. I know how the basic elements penetrate the derma, whatever that is. So I thought we would go to Marti's and you would buy me a lunch."

"I am busy," said I discouragingly.

"So am I," she said promptly.

"Busy at what?" I asked.

"At what any girl, who has the tiniest particle of sense is always busy at—going after the man I want. And Papa says you are just perfectly, popeyed crazy, but that it will be fun to watch."

"What will be fun to watch?"

"You and I being married," she said calmly; "because Papa says also that I am too utterly balmy. And so we'll be an interesting couple and his old age will be livened up quite a lot. And I think so too."

"You are too young," said I.

"For what?"

"Thoughts," said I, "of marriage."

"Young man," she said, "I was absolutely logically thinking of marriage when you were in short pants, and so was every other girl. Did you get that way looking through a telescope." She stamped her foot. "This solid stuff under us is the Earth. Like you talk, anybody would think it was the Milky Way."

By this time we were at the curb, where her car waited with the chauffeur behind the wheel, and quite against my will I found myself inside being driven to some destination selected by Miss Pringle.

"What," she asked, "shall we do after lunch?"

"Separate," said I succinctly.

"Try again. You get three tries."

Whereupon I sought refuge in silence, but it did not serve, for she paid no attention to my mood and continued to follow her own train of thought—if she could be said to have a train of thought. And so we came to Marti's restaurant, where our luncheon came to $5.70, which was outrageous.

I could not prevent myself from looking at her now and then as we ate, nor could I compel my mind not to reflect upon the difference between her appearance and that of Miss Sawter. It was not alone the matter of age. Miss Pringle gave the impression of being extremely and invitingly alive. It is true that I set a low estimate on her intelligence, but she did not look unintelligent. On the contrary, if one were to judge from her pert, rather elfin little face with its pointed chin, and from her quick eyes and sudden, unexpected gestures, one would have been forced to the conclusion that she possessed a quick mentality. If this impression was destroyed by her inconsequential and never-ceasing prattle, it was regrettable. I commented upon it.

"If," said I, in an unexpected pause, "you would maintain a complete silence the beholder would credit you with a decent mentality."

"You, Mr.—I mean, Dr. Erasmus—are so dumb you are adorable."

"Miss Pringle," said I, but she interrupted. She was always interrupting.

"The name," she said, "is Dime. Call me it." This was peremptory.

"Dime," said I.

"Do it again," she said "I liked it. You couldn't try saying Dime darling, could you?"

"No."

"No hurry," she said, "I can wait another day or two. Where are we going now?"

"I," said I, "am going to look for someone."

"A man?"

"No."

"A girl?"

"Yes."

"That, practically and to all intents and purposes, just positively settles it. Where shall I tell him to drive. When you go to look for any other girl I'm going to help you." She nodded her little head positively. "You bet!" she added.

"It would not interest you," said I. "I am going to call upon the young woman who fainted in the office the other day."

"Oh, that one?" she said musingly. "Then I had better go along. You would ask the wrong questions. I think it would be better if you told me everything, because how can I do anything if you don't? Papa tells me practically everything, which is very lucky for him. Speak right up and don't omit anything important."

SO, AS we drove, I found myself telling her the various occurrences that had vexed me and aroused my curiosity. For once she listened without interruption, and when I was through she sat quiet for so long a time that I stole a glance at her to see if she had perchance fallen asleep She had not done so, but sat with puckered brows staring at the toes of her absurd but probably expensive shoes.

"It is pretty fortunate," she said, "that I picked you out, because with practically any other girl on the job you would get in a pernicious mess. Now, be still. You keep talking all the time. I want to think."

This was manifestly unfair. I had not been talking all the time. It was the other way around. I was about to explain this, when she said "Hush," in a very peremptory manner. I did not speak again until we were turning into Eighty-eighth Street. Suddenly she became very much alive and waved her hand and cried out impulsively, "Hoo-hoo, Papa! Hoo-hoo!"

But the other car, drawing away from

the curb ahead of us, did not slacken. Apparently Mr. Pringle, whom I recognized through its window, did not hear his daughter.

We drew up to the address written upon the slip Dottie Nickerson had supplied me, and I alighted. Miss Pringle followed. We entered the vestibule and I found a letter box bearing the name of Mabel Long. There was no answer to my ring. "She is out," said I.

"Lots of times people don't answer their bells," said Miss Pringle. "Especially if they don't want to be seen."

She reached over my shoulder and rang another bell, and the mechanism of the door clicked. Miss Pringle pushed it open. She walked to the stairs, for there was no elevator, and I followed her reluctantly. Miss Long's apartment was on the second floor, to the rear. We found her door.

"If she is out," said Miss Pringle, "she is pretty careless, because she left her door ajar."

I rapped upon it, but there was no response. I rapped again more loudly, and after waiting a reasonable time I turned away. "You see," I said, "she is not at home."

MISS PRINGLE, or Dime, as she preferred to have me call her, was not so easily discouraged as I, or put fewer bounds upon her curiosity. I would have gone away, to return at another time, but she was there and seemed to feel that her visit should not be wasted.

"I wonder," she asked, "if Miss Long has a nice apartment?"

"Doubtless," I replied, "it suits her."

"If I had to work in a beauty shop," Dime said, "I wonder if it would suit me. Let's have a peek."

"Certainly not," said I.

"Don't be a perfect old foozle," she said. "I'm going to look. People oughtn't to leave their doors wide open if they don't want people to look in. So I'm going to, and you can stand here like a slivery old stick."

"You mustn't," said I. "It isn't legal to intrude into an apartment that isn't yours, even if the door is ajar."

"If," she retorted, "you go around all your perfectly humdrum old life worrying about if things are legal you just monotonously won't have any fun."

She pushed the door wide open and craned her neck to look inside. All that was visible was a sort of vestibule, a view which did not in the least content her.

"Behave yourself," I said testily.

She made an impertinent face at me and stepped over the threshold.

"Suppose," said I, "she should come home and find you snooping inside?"

"You could apologize," she said, and went on into the living-room. It was rather large, with a cheap piano in one corner but several pieces of comfortable furniture which, even to me who had never bought any furniture, had a more expensive look than one would have expected to find in the apartment of a working girl. There were also some rather excellent prints, a rug in one color which was deep and soft, and no less than two large vases of flowers.

"Aha!" exclaimed Dime. "You don't think it could be what the tabloids call a love nest?"

"I sincerely hope it is not," said I.

"Why?" she asked. (*Cont'd on page 132*)

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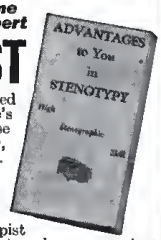
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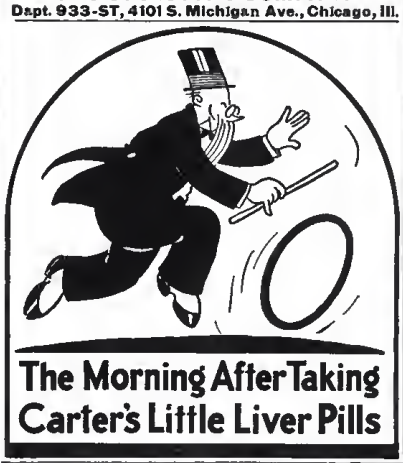
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"A superfluous question," said I.

"Wouldn't you like to have a perfectly exciting little love nest?"

"Certainly not."

"Then," she said, "you're going to need more working over than I thought."

She left the living-room, traversed the vestibule past the bath and kitchenette, into which she stuck her little nose, and then, before I could stop her, opened the bedroom door. As she did so her whole little body twitched as with a sudden shock, and she stood very still. "Darling!" she said in an odd voice.

"I am not darling," I replied.

"I'm not going to faint—or anything," she said, and in some manner I was conscious that she was not speaking to me, but to herself. It startled me.

I stepped to her side and looked past her into the bedroom. It was in disarray. The window was open as if to air the chamber. At first I did not see what Dime had seen, but then my eyes moved to the bed, and upon its rumpled sheet I saw Miss Long. She lay in a twisted position on her side with half her face exposed. It was a curious, unpleasant color. I brushed Dime aside and stepped to the bed. One glance told me that Miss Long would never come to work again in the beauty salon, and the same glance informed me that she had died unpleasantly and not from natural causes. Her throat was lacerated as if by fingernails and was bruised. Someone, someone with long, strong fingers had grasped her little throat and strangled her.

I WAS conscious that Dime stood beside me. She did not cry out, but I felt her fumbling for my hand with hers, and I could sense its quivering. "It isn't nice," she said.

I bent and touched Miss Long's cheek. It was not cold. I felt for her pulse, but there was no movement in her wrist.

"It—it has not been long," said I.

I straightened up. "Was there a telephone? I must call the police."

"Wait!" she said. And then, "What have we touched?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Fingerprints," she said.

"But—"

"Hush your perfectly bothering noise," she said. "We are going away from here. Quickly. Because it will not be a good idea if it is known you found her. Because it will tell too many things to the wrong people. Don't you see? Give me your handkerchief." She snatched it and wiped doorknobs and everything else her or my fingers might have touched.

"Now we just hurriedly go headlong out," she said; and I, having in some way lost command of the situation, followed her. We descended the stairs without encountering anyone and entered her car. She leaned back and closed her eyes for a moment.

"We have behaved in a very foolish manner," said I.

"Listen, precious," she said; "there's something going on around Dimity Sprig's that brings on murder. Are you just superlatively dumbly advertising yourself as the next candidate?"

"No," said I.

"Then" she said, "you better darn' well listen to me."

(To be Continued)



(Continued from page 13)

Despair clutched at her heart. "Dane, let me—"

"Answer me."

"Yes—it's of my own free will."

He rose and picked up his ax. "That's all, then. Good-by."

"Dane, please."

Savagely he whirled on her. "Don't let's talk any more. I might say things to you I'd be sorry for always. But I will say this—I never want to see you again. I wish I never had seen you, never known you."

With the sound of her voice in his ears and an emptiness in his heart bleaker than he had ever known, Dane headed down the trail. In a kind of dull wonder he realized it was not yet dark. It had all happened within a few short minutes—short, but enough to raise a man to heaven and send him down to hell. Savage anger seized him. He had been a fool. And his rage brought him a perverse comfort. On he hurried, until the smell of wood smoke rose sharp and biting to his nostrils. Here, at least, was work to do. Thank God, there was always work to do.

A HALF-MILE farther on he came upon Pedro's crew. They were stripped to the waist, their bodies gleaming with sweat. Dog-tired from long hours of unceasing labor, they worked stubbornly on. With mattocks, long-handled shovels, and axes they hacked, grubbed, and dug their way forward, opening a lane through the forest, throwing the brush and limb-wood of their cutting on the side toward the fire.

Throughout the night Dane worked with them, and something of that gnawing pain within him grew quieter.

Midnight came and went. With torches and fire guns Dane's men started the backfire all along the line.

One o'clock. A cold mist crept in from the ocean, and wearily Dane flung himself down by the side of the trail. He sat motionless and brooding, eyes on the flames, until a twig cracking below made him turn.

A man somewhat taller than Dane, but not quite so stocky, was coming up the trail. He wore the usual flannel shirt and khaki breeches of the woodsman, but the clothes were just a shade more carefully cut, a little more thoughtfully chosen, than the clothes of the men of the Coast. The firelight accentuated his pinkish skin and his closely cropped blond hair. There was a well-groomed, well-cared-for air about him—he seemed on excellent terms with himself.

"Been looking for you," he said, when he saw Dane. "How goes it?"

Dane waved a hand toward the fire. "Just as you see it." Then, with an effort, he smiled. "Ollie, when we christened you 'Lucky Leighton' twenty years ago, we said something, didn't we? I hear you haven't lost an acre."

"Not a tree." Leighton laid his finger on a twig. "I'm touching wood, though. My turn may come next." He looked up at the lowering sky, then at Dane. "Look here, Dane," he suddenly blurted; "I want to talk to you about Beth."

Dane moved slightly.

"I don't want to be a damned snob," Leighton went on, "but, after all, Beth and I are going to be married in a short while. We're no longer school kids together. There's a certain position—" His eyes fixed on Avery. "You understand?"

"No, I don't."

Leighton looked impatiently up—Dane wasn't being helpful. "Well, damn it, I don't like the idea of her spending the first night she's back down at your mill. Can't you get someone else to do your nursing?"

Dane's surprise showed in his eyes. "Is Beth down at my mill?"

"Didn't you know? I thought you asked her to go. She sent me word you needed a nurse and she was sitting up with young Thorpe until the doctor got there."

DANE found a grim pleasure in the look of annoyance on Leighton's face. "Better send her away, Ollie," he suggested.

"Don't talk like an ass. You know nobody sends Beth anywhere. Of course, if she's not there at your request—"

"She's not."

Leighton seemed relieved. "Then let's forget it." He smiled a trifle ruefully. "Beth'll do what she damn' pleases, anyhow." He yawned. "I'm off to catch some sleep."

"Wait a minute, Ollie." Dane had risen. He pointed toward the fire line. "I need more men to hold this line tomorrow. Mine are all out here working. How many of yours can I count on?"

Lazily Leighton stretched. "You and Beth come down to the lodge tomorrow. We can talk about it then. There's no use squabbling over more men until you really need them." Anxious to avoid further talk, he called, "See you tomorrow," and he was gone.

Dane stood looking after him. So this was the kind of stuff they made senators of, this was the coming man of California. And it was with him that Beth— Breaking off the thought, Dane turned up the fire line, following it to the main logging road. After a half-mile walk he reached the edge of the clearing that surrounded the Avery Brothers' mill.

ABOUT the bunkhouse dozens of sleeping forms were curled up in blankets, and still others lay stretched out beneath the sheds.

Weaving his way between the prostrate figures, Dane stopped at the base of a flight of wooden steps that reached upward to where a rough, rectilinear room projected from beneath the roof of the mill. "The sickroom," his men called it. He had built it high up there to get it away from dust and heat.

Mounting the steep steps up to the little railed porch, Dane looked inside. Yes, she was there. He walked inside, bending his head beneath the low doorway.

"I don't want you here." His voice sounded strangely loud in the deep hush of early morning, and, putting a finger to her lips, Beth led him outside to the porch.

"They're sleeping," she cautioned.

"You heard what I said. I don't want you up here."

"But who else can stay with them?"

"I can."

"You're dead on your feet, Dane. And the doctor isn't coming until morning. Let me stay—please."

He looked at her. "Do you want me to carry you down those steps?"

She laughed. "I'll come back up."

"You'll do well to marry Leighton," his low voice growled. "You're both a couple of spoiled brats."

He was too tired to argue with her all night. Moodily he turned toward the steps, then looked back. "Be careful of that latch," he warned. "It locks on the outside." He stamped heavily down the steps.

Crossing the road, Dane entered his room, drew off his heavy shoes, and threw himself back on the bunk. He was dead tired—so tired he ached. His eyes closed wearily. . . .

He awoke to a sense of sunlight and warmth. Sitting bolt upright, Dane looked at his watch. Nearly ten o'clock. He went to the window and looked up at the sky—cloudless. His eyes searched the feathery line of treetops beyond the clearing—no wind. He drew in a deep breath of relief. A quiet day lay before them.

Out in the office he could hear his brother talking over the telephone in a voice that sounded hoarse and strained. Poor Vic. Those past days had laid a burden on him beyond his strength.

Vic's voice rose louder: "You've got to do it, I tell you. You've got to do it now. . . . No, I can't come down and talk it over." The voice cracked in panic, and, hurrying across the hall, Dane opened the office door. Vic whirled, and Dane caught sight of his pale, terror-stricken face.

"Anything wrong?"

Vic made no answer. His hand was trembling as he hung up the phone. He hurried from the office.

Troubled, Dane went thoughtfully back to his room and began shaving. Vic would have to take things easier—men had cracked up fighting forest fires before.

"Hi!" A clear young voice called from just beyond the door, where a girl stood in a patch of sunlight. Scarcely more than a child she was, with freckled face and arms, and great, earnest eyes. A ribbon knotted about her head held back a mop of bobbed hair. She stood watching Dane doubtfully, both hands clasping the sides of the doorway. The girl had reached the awkward stage of late childhood and she was painfully conscious of her thin arms and of the feet that seemed too large for her body. But her face held a great capacity for friendship, and as she looked up at Dane the large eyes reflected a child's adoration for the big, sunburned man

Dane wiped the soap from his face. "Hello, Maisie. How's the old sweetheart?"

"Fine." The thin face reddened with pleasure. "Had breakfast?"

"Not a bite—and I'm hungry enough to chew off both your ears."

"I'll bring you some."

"If you go asking for breakfast at this time of day the cook will throw you out."

"No, he won't. I'll fix it myself. How about a flock of fried eggs, some crisp bacon, hot coffee, and—"

"Stop!" Dane clapped both hands over his ears, and, laughing, the girl went racing down toward the cookshack. Dane peeled off his clothes and, stepping into the little shower-room, turned on the water. The cold stream made him gasp, and after a minute he emerged, glowing. He brought a tweed suit from the closet and dressed.

SOON Maisie returned with a large tin plate literally festooned with eggs and sizzling bacon. In her other hand she held a cup brimful of steaming coffee.

Dane sniffed the air. "If you knew how good that smelled to a starving fire fighter. Put it on the table, Maisie, while I conquer this necktie."

She laid the breakfast down, tied the knot for him herself, then, with a final pat, surveyed him critically. "What are you all dressed up for—going to town?"

"No, just over to Leighton's lodge." He raised her in his arms, perched her on the table, and, drawing up a chair, began eating.

"Is the fire still bad?" Maisie asked.

"Bad enough." He waved a fork at her in admonition. "I don't want you back on the line or in the timber until this fire's dead out, young lady. Anybody who fries eggs and bacon like this has got to be preserved."

Again the child's color heightened, and with an instinctive movement she raised both hands to pat down her hair.

Catching that characteristic gesture of embarrassment, his own eyes softened. "What's new in town?" he asked.

"There's a grand movie tonight. Two of the girls saw it down in San Francisco, and they cried until the usher had to tell 'em to be quiet. It must be swell. Couldn't



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we go to see it, Dane? Just us two?"

"Not tonight, dear—it's bed for you and the fire line for me."

A shadow fell across the floor, and he heard Maisie's startled "Oh!" Beth Costian had entered the room. Unwillingly their eyes met, and Dane could feel his own harden, until he saw the weariness in her face and remembered she had been up all night with Thorpe. Still perched on the table, Maisie looked from one to the other

"How is Thorpe?" Dane asked.

"Sleeping." Beth's voice was cool and detached. "The doctor was up early to set his shoulder. It's a simple fracture. The man in the cot nearest the door has a fever. I told the doctor I'd watch them both tonight."

"You'd better sleep, instead," he said.

"I'll sleep this afternoon."

Her eyes turned toward the child. "This is Maisie," Dane explained. "She takes care of Vic and me. She's the real boss around here."

Smiling, Beth held out her hand. "I hope you don't spoil him, Maisie?"

The little girl shook her head. "Not much, anyhow." She spoke shyly, but her eyes were still wary, and, sensing the unspoken question, Beth added, "I'm an old friend of Dane's and Vic's. I used to know them when we were all younger than you are now. We went to school together."

MAISIE made no answer, and Dane turned toward Beth. "Oliver's expecting you down at the lodge."

"Aren't you going, too?"

He nodded.

"We can go down together."

He hesitated, then, "All right. Maisie will keep an eye on the sickroom."

He kissed the child. Then he and Beth went out into the sunlight.

They walked in silence for a while. Then Beth said, "Dane."

"Yes?"

"Can't we act like two civilized human beings for the short time we're to be together? We can't just spend the time glowering at each other."

He looked down at her. "What shall we talk about?"

"We might begin with that little girl, Maisie," Beth said. "Who is she?"

"Her parents were the Magees. You remember them. They had a little stump ranch up the valley. Three years ago they died within a few months of each other, and I brought Maisie to the mill. It's done her a lot of good to play mother to Vic and me—makes her feel that she's needed." He stopped. Then, as if to himself, he added, "It's a grand thing in life to feel that you're needed."

She bit her lip. Following a dim trail, they left the clearing and began descending a steep grade through a forest of uncut redwoods. Tall and dark on either side of them the great fluted trunks towered in serried ranks, like the columns of a cathedral. High above them, green, feathery, and lacelike, the foliage spread a screen against the sky.

BETH stopped. "Cathedral Grove. It's just as if I'd never left," she said.

"A forest that's twenty centuries old doesn't change much in five years." He pointed to a dim trail that branched back into the forest. "I imagine that hasn't changed much, either, although I haven't been there for the last five years."

"Don't." It was the very ghost of a whisper. Did she remember? As if she could ever forget! It was up that winding path he had taken her the night before she left. Up there he had asked her to be his wife, and even now she could feel the sweep of strong arms about her, could hear the deep, thrilling resonance of his voice.

She looked up at him, and a sudden sense of loss and loneliness seized her. "Dane," she said, "I'd give so terribly much to know we could still be friends."

"Does friendship ever come after love?" he asked, and, when she did not answer, "Don't lie to yourself, Beth. It wasn't friendship brought you crying to me in the cabin yesterday. It was something stronger than that. Turn your back on love if you must, but at least let's be worthy of our memories. Let's make a clean break of it between us. Let's not babble about friendship when this very minute I want to lift you up and cover your mouth with kisses. Yes, just as much as you want me to. Well, this being the wife of California's coming man has its price, Beth, so why not pay it honestly?"

For a moment she stood watching him; then, turning, she walked before him down the trail.

At the lower end of the grove the forest thinned rapidly. Below them they could see the straggling buildings of Noibla, reaching down almost to the beach, and close to their left, inside the little cove, rose the tall burner and smokestacks of Leighton's mill. Biggest lumber mill for miles along the coast, the Leighton plant was a scene of noisy, bustling activity.

They walked on, and Beth asked, "What have you been doing in the last five years, Dane?"

HE MAY have only imagined that a challenge lay in the words. "Mine," he said at last, "are the short and simple annals of the redwood logger. Vic and I went into partnership a year after you left, and bought up patches of redwood here and there. That was tough scratching, too. In 1930 the bottom dropped out of the logging game, and we found ourselves loaded with stumpage and lumber nobody would buy. Only one thing kept me going—I knew the world would need redwood again, just as she always has—and about a year ago things did begin to pick up. I've got the mill paid off, and I can see daylight ahead. This fire will set us back, but there's enough lumber in the yards to take care of that."

Skirting the town, they began climbing a long slope, following a path that led up over the cliffs, where, on the very summit, a low, rambling log structure stood out against the sky. For almost two years now, Oliver Leighton's lodge had been pointed out to tourists as the show place of the northern California coast. Set well back among ornamental evergreens, the lodge itself was built wholly of redwood logs. Here Leighton lived during the brief periods when he was not in San Francisco, and it was here Beth found him, seated in a deep glider on the porch. He ran down the steps to meet them.

"Oliver, it's wonderful," she called out to him. "I had no idea you had built a palace like this. It should have some impressive name."

"I thought of calling it Leighton's Folly," he laughed, but she could see that he was pleased at her praise.



"I did write to Washington, but they don't know anything about it, either."

Robert Marko

Her eyes were friendly. "Oliver, you never looked more fit. Still boxing?"

"Still boxing—and still amateur champion at my advanced years. Some day I'll get my beak knocked off and quit."

The telephone rang and he disappeared, returning in a moment to sit down beside Beth. "That human dynamo's been on the phone all the morning."

"What dynamo?"

"Aunt Hattie. An hour ago she called up from Willits. Now she's phoning from Mendocino that she'll be here in a jiffy. She wants to know first why the good Lord had the audacity to let some of her redwoods burn up, and second why I had the stupidity to stand by and watch it." He rumpled his blond hair. "Believe it or not, Beth, Aunt Hattie is my cross—yet I wouldn't change her for the world. Just before she rang off she said, 'If the people of Sequoia County re-elect you state senator, I don't know human nature.'"

Beth laughed. "That's just her way. She's really very fond of you. She's predicting you'll be governor in ten years."

"That isn't what she tells me." Leighton turned toward Avery, and his easy cordiality vanished. "I suppose you're going to devil me about more men for the fire."

PATIENTLY Dane answered, "If this fire gets away, with the forest dry as tinder and two years' slash on the ground, we'll have the worst disaster the redwoods have ever known. The boys on the line have been at it for three days and nights They're dead on their feet. Every man from my mill is on the line. So far you haven't taken a single man out of your mill, and I need every one of them—not tomorrow or tonight, but *now*."

"You're crazy," Leighton's voice broke in angrily. "It's damned nonsense to ask me to shut down the mill until there's a real emergency. I'm behind in my shipments. And, finally, I'm not convinced you really need more men."

Dane's face had flushed. "When the loggers put me in charge of this fire, Ollie, I was to have every available man. I need at least a hundred more."

"Where do you expect to get them?"

"From you."

"Then get that idea out of your head."

Dane's voice had dropped: "Ollie, you might have saved the day by laying off your men for just one eight-hour shift. You might have shown the loggers up here that you meant some of those high-flown phrases about mutual co-operation when they elected you state senator. But, since you won't, I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to call the men out from your mill and take them up on the line."

Leighton laughed. "On what authority?"

"On the authority of the law of California which gives state officers the right to call on any citizen to fight fire in time of need."

"And since when are you a state officer?"

"Since two days ago. When the timber owners asked me to take charge of this fire I was sworn in as a fire warden."

Violently Leighton's hand struck the table. "You try anything like that, and you'll stay fire warden only until I can get the state capitol by telephone."

"Please!" Two small hands were shaking them by their shoulders, and Beth's voice was speaking. "You look like two bad boys I knew years ago. Can't you ever be friends?"

Little by little the men's tense attitudes relaxed.

Leighton was the first to smile. "He keeps bullying me, Beth, about his damned old fires, and I'm so far behind at the mill I don't know where to turn."

But whatever decision Leighton might have reached was forever lost in the sound of a long, black limousine that swept over the brow of the hill and came to a halt before the door.

Leighton gave a sigh of resignation. "Aunt Hattie! God help us all!" He hurried down the steps.

With good reason Hattie Hunter had been known as the "human dynamo" to her strange assortment of friends along the northern California coast. She was like nobody else. Twenty years ago her husband had been one of the best-known redwood loggers of his time. He had started with a crosscut saw and a mule, and some years later, thanks largely to his wife's foresight, he owned the controlling interest in two redwood companies and a large sugar-pine mill in the Sierras.

With increasing affluence, they had bought themselves one of the old homes in the Broadway district of San Francisco, but Hattie, herself, never forgot the days she cooked for her husband's logging camp. Throughout the redwood empire she was "Aunt Hattie" to every lumberman who knew her, although Leighton alone could claim actual kinship, and at her husband's death Hattie bought a half-interest in the Leighton mill. "I like to keep a little sawdust in my hair," was her only explanation.

Beth's father had been Hattie's first partner in the lumber business, and when he and his wife died Hattie had been Beth's guardian until the girl came of age. Through her inherent business insight, the woman had saved all that could be saved from the wreckage left at the death of Beth's father.

NEARLY a year had passed since Beth last saw her, and from the shadow of the porch she looked curiously down as Hattie stepped from the limousine. She was an erect, vigorous woman in her early sixties.

Aunt Hattie had come with a purpose, and now she lost no time. Pecking Oliver absently on the cheek, she launched into full conversational sail before both feet touched the ground: "What this county needs is another state senator—not so much another, but a different one."

Leighton laughed disarmingly. "What have I done now, Aunt Hattie?"

"It's what you haven't done. The San Francisco papers are full of news about this wretched fire business, and, from all I can learn, everybody up here is taking it with the utmost good nature. What in the world is the use of deluding people like myself into digging down in their stockings to buy redwood groves if you people are going to let them burn up overnight?"

"Aunt Hattie, the fires haven't destroyed a single redwood grove yet."

"I love that word 'yet'—it shows the proper fighting spirit. And how about the Noyo Grove?" she shot at him.

"One corner of it got singed."

"That leaves three more corners to be singed, and it'll be no more a grove than the Sahara Desert."

Beth came to Leighton's aid. Running down the steps, she threw both arms about the woman and kissed her. "Don't I get one small word of welcome?"

"Beth!" Blank surprise was in the woman's voice, surprise and something else—it might have been apprehension. "What in heaven's name are you doing here?" she boomed.

"I flew out. I reached San Francisco yesterday. When I phoned your house they told me you were driving up from Los Angeles, so I came here to see Ollie."

"But why couldn't you let me know? It only takes four bits to wire me."

"I hadn't time. It was all on impulse, Aunt Hattie." Again she flung her arms about the woman's neck. "Tell me you're glad to see me."

"Why should I be glad? You were supposed to be working on your trousseau back in New York. What are you doing here, anyway?"

"I decided I'd rather be married here than in New York. Noibla's my home, isn't it?"

HATTIE straightened her hat, her keen eyes on the girl's face. "This sudden sentiment for the home ties sounds just a little fishy to me. But we can go into that later. Just now I've got this fire on my mind." She thumped up the steps to where Avery was standing. "Dane, the papers say you're in charge of the fire fighting. Why haven't you stopped it?"

"Not enough men."

"Get more. That's your job."

Dane nodded. "You're right. That's my job." He glanced toward Leighton, but from inside the limousine an unseen voice interrupted. "If you're all quite through quarreling," the voice suggested, "might I venture out?"

A slender ankle emerged, a white hand reached out to take Leighton's, and a girl stepped from the car. Taller than Beth, very slender and blond, the first impression Gertrude Rollins gave was of a delicate and pastel grace. She had a way of looking at you very calmly, as if making up her mind about you in a cool, unhurried fashion. One never saw Gertrude Rollins hurried; neither could one be sure of what lay behind those calmly speculative eyes.

Or where she came from. She had arrived in San Francisco a few years before, taken an apartment not far from Aunt Hattie, and furnished it with a distinction that immediately threw open to her the doors of the artistic world that centered about the Bay region. She was one of those who know both how and whom to entertain. Hattie, though she admired her, was puzzled by her. She didn't know what Gertrude Rollins was up to, and that was a challenge the older woman could not ignore.

"Whoever thinks that Gertie is just a frame to hang good-looking clothes on is mentally defective," Hattie once confided to the world at large. "She's a strong, silent woman, and I'm for her."

Now, as she stepped from the car, Leighton led her up to the porch. "I think you know everyone here," he said, "except the lady who has come back to be my wife."

Smiling, the two girls faced each other.

Gertrude extended her hand. "It's like meeting an old friend—I've heard so much about you from Oliver."

"I keep telling him never to talk about

one woman to another," Hattie lamented. "Faulty technique, Oliver; it'll never capture you the female vote."

Gertrude had seated herself in the chair that Dane had brought forward. "Where's that nice brother of yours?" she asked him. "He hasn't been down to any of our concerts in months."

"He's been busy orchestrating our tractor," Dane answered.

The girl picked up a cigarette, and as Leighton extended a lighter he took one of her fingers between his and held it. The gesture was shielded from the others by the man's body, but her cool eyes met his, a ghost of a smile passed over her lips, and, inhaling deeply, she watched the smoke float upward.

"How quiet it is up here," her slow voice broke the silence. "Not a sign of the wind we had coming over the bridge."

Dane turned quickly. "Was it blowing down there?"

"Blowing like mad as far as San Rafael."

FOLLOWING Dane's glance, Leighton looked out over the sea, now flecked with whitecaps, then overhead, but the feathery tips of the redwoods still hung motionless, and, reading Dane's thoughts, he said, "That breeze will probably go down with the sun. Let's not borrow trouble, eh?" He patted his aunt's arm. "And now that you're here, young lady, what's up?"

"I want to see how much timber I've lost, and how much I'm likely to lose."

Leighton raised despairing hands. "How do you expect to do all that?"

"Down in my car you'll find a pair of high shoes. Bring them up and put them on me. I want to get back on the fire line."

"But, Aunt Hattie—"

"I know," she cut him off; "I'm old and only a woman and I wouldn't understand, and it's dangerous, and I couldn't see anything, anyhow. But just the same you get those shoes. . . . You better come along too, Dane," she ordered.

"Sorry I can't go with you, Aunt Hattie," he said. "I'm going down to Oliver's mill and order out a hundred fire fighters."

He took a step toward the stairs just as Leighton rose to block his way, and with a gasp of warning Beth sprang between them.

"What nonsense is this?" Hattie snapped. "If Dane needs men, Ollie, why don't you let him have them?"

"Because I'm behind in shipments."

"Damn your shipments! I've got a fifty-one per cent interest in that mill. If the people up here put Dane in charge of the fire, you've got to give him a free hand." She nodded toward the telephone. "You call the mill foreman to come across with those men."

For a second, but only for a second, Leighton hesitated, then, going to the phone, he gave the orders, but his eyes were still bright with anger when he hung up the receiver. . . .

For three hours Aunt Hattie, like an inspecting general, walked the fire line, talking to the workers, consulting Dane's map, asking innumerable questions. And at the end of those three hours they emerged upon a ridge above the clearing where Avery Brothers' mill lay.

Puffing from the climb, Aunt Hattie propped herself against a redwood log. "The old girl can still take it," she breathed, "but the cost is terrific. I'll admire the scenery a minute."

Restlessly Leighton gazed about him. "I'll stroll on ahead and see you down at Avery's mill."

Hattie was looking at Avery with shrewd, kindly eyes. "I can remember when your grandfather hand-logged down in the valley—he was one of the first. Then your father followed him."

Dane nodded. "And when I took over I knew it was up to me to make a big decision. I had to decide whether to cut out what was left and quit, or try to make a permanent business out of it by cutting my forest so that the mill would never lack for timber. Well"—his hand swept over the burning country—"this fire isn't helping any." Anger glowed in his eyes. "Aunt Hattie," he burst out, "this fire is only a symptom of what's wrong with the whole valley. There's no teamwork—there never has been. If all the timber owners had worked together at the start this fire could never have happened. But that's the one thing we're never able to do—we can't get together and work together. That's why all this valley country is on the downgrade. Five years more and Noibla will be another ghost town—the timber cut out, houses rotting, and the place empty. I hate to see it, for it's my home and my country."

Hattie looked skeptical. "It's Oliver's town too, and he doesn't seem particularly worried about Noibla's future."

"Why should Oliver be interested? He's up here only about half the time. The rest of the time he's in San Francisco. He's been cutting at full speed ever since the depression was over, and his whole interest is centered in turning his timber into dollars. He feels that if the valley is headed for economic suicide, he's not going to be here when it happens. But I am. And, if I can, I'm going to keep it from happening."

"Is that why you want to start an association of the timber owners?"

"Yes"

"Oliver says it won't work."

"He doesn't want it to work."

"Why not?"

"As long as the loggers keep cutting one another's throats they have to sell their logs to his mill, and Ollie can make more money."

The old lady smiled blandly. "Not such a screwy idea, is it?"

"Not if you don't care what happens to the forests or to Noibla. But I do care."

She sat for a moment in thought, then, without answering, led the way down the long slope and through the clearing to the little office of Avery's mill. Leighton was already there.

HATTIE sat down, with a sigh of weariness. Then, catching sight of Maisie outside the door, Aunt Hattie called her in.

A little shyly the child complied, for she stood in wholesome awe of this woman.

Aunt Hattie's hands prodded the child's meager frame. "You need filling out, child. They don't feed you enough."

Maisie smiled through a torture of self-consciousness.

"Let's see those teeth," the old lady demanded.

Maisie squirmed. "I scrubbed 'em this morning," she countered.

"Oh, they're clean enough. Dane, she needs her teeth straightened. You bring her down to San Francisco next time you come. I've got a dentist who can do just the job." She reached in her bag and gave the child a coin. "You'll come, won't you, Maisie?"

"Will it hurt?"

"Sure, it will hurt. Most things we need in life hurt, but it'll make you more beautiful, and if you're like the rest of us frail women you'll be willing to walk over hot coals for that." She rose. "I'm off."

With a brief nod the woman hurried down the logging road, followed by Leighton. Hattie spoke first: "Ollie, why did Beth come back?"

"She's taken a sudden notion to be married in Noibla, at the church where her parents were married. It's understandable, but—" Leighton had stopped in the middle of the road. "See here. Suppose I told you it might be inconvenient for me to have her back here. Could you get her away—quick?"

Hattie pondered the question. "I might," she said at last.

He slipped his arm through hers. "You're a dear." . . .

SHORTLY before sunset Dane called in his crew chiefs and by midnight he had made a circuit of the line. Everything was in good order—the hundred men he had got from Leighton were steadily widening the line at its point of greatest danger. Later the cook's helpers arrived with steaming kettles, and, throwing himself down beside Pedro Ortiz, Dane drank a cup of black coffee. "How are the men doing?"

"*Bueno.*" Ortiz was busy with a thick beef sandwich. "It had a good effect on the rest of them when all those men arrived from Leighton's mill. You must have—" The voice ceased, and together both men turned anxious faces toward the west. A low booming came swelling from out there—the voice of the sea. The wind was up!

Instantly Dane's eyes sought the treetops. "Stop backfiring!" he called. "Pass the word along the line." Again his eyes rose to the north. Already it was reddening. He beckoned to Ortiz. "Get down the line and see that the boys are on the lookout for spot fires. This wind will start a hundred of them before morning. I'm going to the head of the gulch."

On the ridge it was even worse. To the north the heavens were a blaze of blood-red light; over the treetops billowing pillars of smoke came rolling. And minute by minute the wind was rising.

Two o'clock; three o'clock; four.

Through that heartbreaking night they fought their dogged fight, held by Avery's voice and example. Like an elemental spirit he raged up and down the line. He spared no one, himself least of all.

Five o'clock passed. Every hour was an hour gained—and the line still held!

Ascending the ridge, Dane climbed a tall fir, pulling himself up hand over hand until he commanded a clear view above the forest. To the north and east the whole world blazed with flame. Bad—but no worse than he had expected. As far as he could see the line was holding. Hope filled the man's heart. The backfire at last was beginning to draw the force of the oncoming flames. All they had to do now was sit tight and deal with the spot fires later.

He climbed higher, parting the branches for a view of Big Forks . . . and in that moment black despair seized him. The fight was already lost—the fire had jumped

the line! Already the trees had become columns of living fire. But Dane watched only for a second—Pedro Ortiz and his men were working down there!

Clambering down the fir, Dane thrust the flashlight back in his knapsack. The fire itself lighted the trail, while his mind grappled vainly with the one question—how had the fire crossed that line, with a hundred men down there? How could they—?

He stumbled into a crew of half-blinded men working doggedly. "Get out! We've got to get out." Dane's voice ripped high and harsh above the roar of the flames. "The fire's crossed the line behind us. Get on back to the mill. Wet down the roofs of all the buildings." And he was gone.

Throughout the length of the trail Dane called his men from the fire line, sending them back to make their last stand at the mill, but, as he climbed the ridge that broke over into Big Forks, he found the fire blazing across his path. Somewhere beyond that barrier of flames were Ortiz and his men. He would have to go around, circling through the fire-riddled forest, before he could get back on the line again. If he lost his way or the wind shifted—he put the thought behind him and turned from the trail.

The fire was all about him now, the heat of it fanning his face with every blast of wind. Gasping for breath, blinded with sweat, he hurried on Still no sign of Ortiz's men. Once he stopped to call, but his only answer was the roar of the fire.

MINUTES later he found them. They gathered around him, clustering close, like frightened animals.

"Are you all here?" he asked.

Choked with smoke, Ortiz could only nod.

"Where is the crew from Leighton's mill?"

Someone answered, "They went down the trail an hour ago."

No time to say more. Signaling the men to follow, Dane cut back down the hill. Laying his direction by the wind, he passed swiftly along the narrow neck of timber between the two walls of flame. Twice he stopped to let the stragglers catch up with him, and for a time they crouched with faces close to the ground, wheezing and gasping in the torturing smoke. It was like a ghastly, unreal dream, but at last they were through. Ahead stretched the unburned trail. Casting themselves face downward on the ground, they lay like dead until slowly strength flowed back into them.

Not until then did Avery ask, "Why did Leighton's men leave that line?"

Ortiz answered, "Leighton came for them himself. He said the fire could not jump and he needed them at the mill."

"So he needed them." Dane's voice trembled. "Leighton needed them worse than we did." He cursed with the pent-up bitterness of defeat. "I could have stopped that fire with those men. The whole line was holding except there. But Leighton needed them!" Savagely he turned back toward Ortiz. "Where's Leighton?"

In spite of weariness, the little man read the threat in Dane's wrathful eyes and recoiled, but in the next second Dane had mastered his anger. He laid a reassuring hand on the old man's arm. "Never mind that now. Let's get down to the mill."

Eyes red, lungs aching with the hot, bitter smoke of the fire, Dane plunged down the winding road to the clearing. Before his office the men had gathered in a little knot. The last remaining truck was drawn up beside the door, and Vic was piling files of records in, while beyond the cookshack two fire crews had trained streams of water over the roof of the mill. Farther back a dozen men were wetting down the lumber piles out in the yards.

He felt a tug at his sleeve, and saw Beth at his side. The girl had paled. "Will the fire reach here?"

"Why not? We're right in the path of it. This is no place for you. Are the men still up in the sickroom?"

"Yes. They all said there was no danger here."

"There's plenty of danger here." He called to one of his foremen: "Alec, get those men out of the sickroom and put them in the truck."

From out the shadows he heard his name called, and saw Maisie running toward him. Tears were streaming from the child's eyes and her arms were filled with old magazines, photographs, and a small bundle of clothes. A throb of pity pierced him—she, too, was losing her home.

Very gently Dane lifted her in his arms. "Don't cry, little sweetheart," he whispered. "Everything will be all right." He seated her in the truck beside the driver. "Don't get out of there, whatever happens," he warned her.

A moment later the big truck rumbled down the road.

Back at the mill it was bedlam. In spite of the two hoses, a brand had caught the roof, and, amid shouts, orders, and counter-orders, men were bringing up still more hose to play on it.

Crossing the road, Dane mounted the stairs three at a time, pulled himself up to the roof, and crawled out. With a dozen strokes he chopped away the burning fragments and kicked them to the ground. He waited to make sure no smoldering embers remained, then climbed down to the sorting table. Pausing to draw breath, he started—from somewhere came the rattle of shattered glass, followed by what might have been a faint scream. He looked about him. Nothing. He listened, but the sound was not repeated, and after a moment he rejoined the crowd.

Near the mill a dead fir suddenly blazed into flame. Three men sprang at it with axes, but the heat drove them back.

A LOSING battle. On every side defeat stared Dane in the face. The men were being driven back foot by foot. Little to be done now except for the men on the hoses. Then, without warning, one hose burst, and the men dropped its useless length to the ground.

"Let it go," Dane told them. "That trickle of water won't help. We're just about finished."

Vic stood helplessly by, clasping his violin case. "Is it—? Dane, are we—?" His white lips refused to form the words, and for answer Dane pointed across the clearing. "There goes the office," he said.

The roof was burning in a dozen places. Now, as Dane spoke, the center fell inward, and a shaft of flame darted upward.

Doomed! The slow harvest of a lifetime doomed. Timber, mill, and thousands of feet of lumber. All doomed. He was too

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tired to greatly care. Then dully he realized that dawn had come—an angry, windswept dawn.

Very calmly Dane spoke: "Better be going, boys. You did your best, every one of you. I'll meet you tomorrow morning for the pay-off."

The fight was over. Backs bent, heads lowered, like a beaten army the men trudged down the road.

Just before he topped the rise, Dane turned for one last look. The north side of the mill was burning now, the smoke boiling up thick and heavy over the sorting table. The long cable that anchored the smokestack had snapped and was rattling in the wind. Maisie's shack and the little office were already gone. And these things had all been his. They belonged to him no longer—they belonged to the flames.

But—he might have won. That was always the thought which pierced deepest. He could have held that line except for Leighton.

Suffering, dumb with weariness and grief, he stood at the head of the trail, sunk so deep in bitter reverie he did not see the hatless figure running up the road—not until the sound of racing footsteps caused him to raise his head. It was then that he caught sight of Leighton. In that instant the mill, the fire, his own danger, were forgotten. Over him surged a red wave of anger, blotting out all else, obliterating everything but the fact that here, a few yards distant, was the man who had robbed him of his chance for victory.

HE TOOK a step forward. Leighton had not yet seen him. Head down, at a half-run, half-walk, he labored up the trail. Then suddenly Dane loomed before him.

Without a word, Dane closed his hands around Leighton's throat. All the bitterness, all the black misery of those past hours were focused in the steadily tightening grip on Leighton's windpipe. He leaned forward, and Leighton sank to one knee. He felt Leighton's fists lashing twice against his jaw, but that strangling hold never loosened. With a kind of cold interest he watched the other's bulging eyes.

Once more Leighton struck, then in desperation threw himself upon his back and, doubling his legs beneath him, thrust both knees into Dane's chest. Dane braced himself as Leighton's legs straightened, but, shaken by that violent impact, his hands relaxed their hold, and the two men rolled apart in the dusty trail.

Like a great cat Dane was after him, but Leighton screamed, "You fool! I'm hunting Beth! Where's Beth?"

More than the words, Leighton's terror-stricken voice forced itself in upon Dane's consciousness. Beth! It was about her. "Where is she?"

"I don't know. She's not down below. She never went down the trail."

The eyes of both men had turned toward the flame-ringed clearing, and, like a brand from the forest itself, the memory of that scream and the sound of shattering glass seared itself into Dane's flagging brain. The sickroom! With the door latched on its outer side! At a dead run he made for the blazing mill.

(To be Continued)



REMEMBER THE Night..

(Continued from page 25)

her closer. "Damned crooning! Wish they'd quit."

"Phyl sang that the night you eloped. Remember? It was my birthday. We had a party at the country club."

"And we were all a little tight," Ken added grimly. "Otherwise there'd have been no elopement."

"You'd have married Phyl just the same."

"Sure! But not like a drunken fool. I often think the way we did it was a fair prediction of our life together."

"We all piled into your roadster and drove to that funny old Billings, justice of the peace. Tod and I in the rumble. And you and Phyl still soaking wet."

Ken didn't answer.

Quite imperceptibly Nina had slid out of his arms. Her hands clenched around her knees and her feet dug deep until the sand surged over them like quicksand. "Remember?" she prompted.

"Not a thing," he answered finally, and kicked at the sand. "Let's talk about something pleasant."

IT WAS exactly as though he drew a curtain over an unwelcome picture. She should have been satisfied.

But his very reticence made her anxious. It made her persist. "Ken, let me say just one thing. I've wanted to ever since." She paused as he held a light to her cigarette. "It's not easy to say but it's true, so I've got to. Phyl was part of both our lives, Ken. It isn't natural to avoid her name. If we do, it'll make us self-conscious. As though—as though we're afraid."

"I'm not afraid, dear. I'm through." The match burned down to his fingers. He flicked it into the sea and took her bare shoulders in his hands. "The love I have for you is so different from my insanity for Phyl, they don't belong in the same world. You ought to know that."

"I know Phyl's crazy, mad hold," she forced herself on. "People don't reason about her. I used to give her my dolls—and once my pet puppy—and hate myself for being so spineless. That's why if ever . . . No, don't stop me. Let me say it. If ever she pops into your thoughts, let me share them. Don't shut me out."

"I never want to think of her again. Get that! You're all that counts." . . .

Often Nina recalled that night. She remembered it when they got back to Centerhaven, to their new home on top of a hill.

She wanted, the first day, to be alone with Ken, but an hour after their arrival the young married set blew in for cocktails. In this crowd of moderns, where divorced husbands and wives were pals and inhibitions obsolete, there was no silly silence about Phyl. They raced from room to room, splashed liquor on chairs, tables, gay chintzes, rugs; scattered comments like confetti:

"Nina, what a duck of a house! I'll never forget Phyl's cockeyed taste. Early American crossed with early Egyptian!" . . . "Ken boy, you look tops! Nina's the right dose for you. Never believe you did five years' time with that so-and-so." . . . They rattled on, not a whit concerned with what Ken or Nina might feel. Not caring.

Casual . . . and why not? thought Nina. That's how people take life these days. You face facts. You face them with a shrug. And a laugh if you can make it light enough. She and Ken had to learn to laugh that way. He mustn't freeze or turn furious, as he was doing. If he did, Centerhaven would talk. They'd say Ken still cared for his ex-wife. This frightened her beyond everything.

THEN came Phyl's aunt Charlotte. Rustling in, her eyes sunk in wrinkles of fat but sharp as the bead eyes of a stuffed bird, she settled layer on layer in the depths of Ken's favorite lounge chair. No cocktail or highball for Aunt Charlotte, but tea with cream, sugar, and the latest gossip. No poison on her tongue, but plenty dripping from it.

"Did you hear the latest about Phyl, Nina darling? Of course, in my day I wouldn't dare mention her. But modern young people have so much more sense."

"And about Phyl?" prompted Nina, trying to keep the smile in her voice.

"Coming over!" Aunt Charlotte took a square mauve envelope from her bag, and instantly Nina knew she had called for no other purpose than to display that letter. "Signed with the Modern Opera Company for next season! Phyl's the big card. American soprano! She'll have all the important roles except Wagner. Isn't it magnificent?"

And Aunt Charlotte watched Ken with her small, sparrow eyes.

"Never let that horrible old woman in the house," he warned when finally she rustled out, "or I'll insult her."

"So Phyl's signed with Modern Opera," said Nina.

"So what?" The question crackled like burning wood. "Does it mean anything?"

Abruptly he closed the subject. He never referred to it again. Even when Phyl's insinuating little face appeared in the New York papers, and Centerhaven's *Weekly Courier* ran long columns about the glorified return of a native daughter, he showed no interest. For the first time in years he was happy. He and Nina worked in their garden, rode, played golf, and let the rest of the world skim by. . . .

"They're turtledoves [*Aunt Charlotte wrote to Phyl*]. I honestly think—though who knows what a man really feels?—that he has completely recovered from you.

"Anyway, Ken and Nina are sufficient unto themselves. Sweet, isn't it, after the wreck he was? Maybe Nina is going to have a baby, but I don't think so just yet. I'm inclined to believe they don't need the outside world because they're so terribly in love. It must make you happy, too. Ken is his old, handsome self. When you see him you'll be astonished at the change. And I'm sure you'll be pleased. It must have worried you a lot, taking all that alimony from him after you treated him so shabbily. . . ."

Not long after Aunt Charlotte's letter reached Paris—just as long, in fact, as it took a scented note to speed across the ocean on a liner—Nina heard from Phyl.

"Darling Nina [*she began affectionately*]:

"I make my New York debut December sixth in *Le Coq D'Or*. You and Ken will be there, of course.

"I shall spend a great part of the winter with Aunt Charlotte—the poor old dear is so lonely—and I'll be seeing you. But I can't possibly make my bow as a Modern Opera star if you two aren't among those present.

"I was a yellow pup to Ken, but surely by this time he's forgiven me. And I do love you both in my irresponsible way. Nothing on earth gives me greater joy than hearing how happy you lambs are. . . ."

For several weeks the letter lay in Nina's bureau drawer. She laughed at herself for making a problem of whether or not she should mention it to Ken. Such a friendly letter. So disarming. Still, she said nothing to Ken.

NOVEMBER came, with Phyl arriving on a luxury liner. There she was, perched on the rail, fur hat immensely tall, fur-smothered suit provocatively short, her legs slim and young and gauze-shod.

"Phyllis Leslie, who in *Le Coq D'Or* on December sixth will have opportunity to prove her gifts not only as lyric soprano but as a dancer. The beautiful American songbird has been a student of the famous Russian ballet master. . . ."

Nina looked from the news photos across the breakfast table. Ken's paper was spread, hiding his face.

She suggested carelessly, "Oughtn't we to go to Phyl's debut?"

"What for?"

"Oh, I don't know exactly. But it seems strange not to."

"Why?"

"We've got to prove that her being here can't embarrass us or mean anything in our lives."

"To whom must we prove it?"

"To this crowd." She didn't add, "To ourselves."

"The hell with this crowd."

"Ken—please look at me. Phyl wants us to come. I had a letter from her."

He glanced up. Nina was relieved to see the humor in his eyes. "Nice of her to write." But he did not ask to see the letter.

"Don't you want to hear Phyl sing?"

"Look here." His tone was bantering. "I've got a sneaking suspicion you're afraid that lady still has some irresistible attraction for me."

Nina bit her lip and managed a tone equally bantering: "If she hasn't, there's no reason on earth why we should sidestep."

"None," he agreed, "and I'll just about prove to you, young woman, that the particular ghost you're scared of doesn't walk any more."

AND so, at the première of the American songbird, her ex-husband was conspicuously present. It made a nice item for the society columnists. They could bang out on voluble typewriters:

"Chief among the fascinated spectators were the distinguished Kenyon Leslie and his lovely Nina, who watched the performance with absorbed interest. . . ."

Absorbed interest—yes! With Ken's gaze on the stage and Nina's on Ken. After Phyl's entrance in Act II he didn't know Nina was watching him. The audience, the proscenium, even the other singers, were blotted out. Satin tent flaps opened, and down a flight of steps came Phyl as the barbaric queen. Spotlights blazed on her. Yards of gold-colored chiffon trailed from her half-naked body. A cloud of soft, dark hair fell from a jewel-studded gold crown. Her eyes had an Oriental up-tilt. Her mouth was savage-red. Her tiny feet in studded gold sandals seemed scarcely to touch the steps.

Then her lips parted and Phyl's thrush voice swelled. It was magic. Magic they had both known in the old days. Magic intensified by the years of training. Magic that from a throat amazingly girlish summoned the full volume of enchantment.

Nina saw—what she had felt and feared and forced herself to face—that for Ken the magic of the old days was not vanquished. It had merely lain dormant waiting for the moment to leap to life. He sat forward, unconscious of his expression. It was not that of a man giving himself to the charm of music but of one caught in the lure of a woman.

After the second act he strolled with Nina to the bar and had drinks with the Centerhaven crowd. He stood without a word listening to the excitement: "Isn't she divine?" . . . "Who'd have dreamed little Phyl could do it?"

When the final curtain fell they went backstage to Phyl's dressing-room. She kissed Nina on both cheeks and then Ken, thanking them for the sheaf of American beauties Nina had sent. She didn't pause to talk but moved about the jammed room, bubbling with delight. Her animation had the purr of the bracelets that slipped incessantly up and down her expressive arms.

"Oh, yes, I shall come out to spend week ends with Aunt Charlotte," she told inquiring old friends. "The country always rests me."

Later, Ken had a chance to congratulate her on tonight's triumph. Her eyes slid over him, his bigness and breadth. She gave a glance toward Nina, who was on the way out. The noise covered her answer like a blanket: "I came back, Ken, because I couldn't stay away from you."

She said it in a husky whisper, while her hot little hands, restless, possessive, crept into his. They took hold of him as if in those years of separation they had never let go. Then she was at the other side of the room, talking demurely to a dowager.

Most of the way home Ken sat slumped beside Nina. He didn't speak. Neither did she. Each swift mile they made seemed a hundred. Nina pulled the collar of her fur coat around her ears. She was cold. She wanted to reach out and touch him. But he was as aloof as a statue.

Every now and then came a click as he lit a cigarette. This was the only sound, until suddenly she heard: "Why didn't you let me alone? Why didn't you let me forget her?"

Nina's heart turned over. For a while she said nothing, then: "Would it have made any difference? Would it be any different now, Ken, if I'd never spoken her name?"

"I didn't want her! You knew I didn't. But you kept her here. Right here with us. In our home. In our life."

"Ken—do you—?" She couldn't go on.

They lapsed into another silence, blank as a stone wall.

THE lantern over the entrance to their house revealed Ken's face—set, harsh-lined. He unlocked the door, followed her up the stairs.

She went into the dark bedroom and switched on the light above her dressing table. She heard Ken moving about but she couldn't look at him. She couldn't look at her own face reflected in the mirror, the twisted mouth she had no way of controlling, the eyes that must not give way to tears.

"Ken—" She broke through the wall of silence.

"Why didn't you leave me alone?" he hammered. "We had happiness, didn't we? Why did you have to chuck it away?" Then he was beside her. "No, forgive me! I didn't mean that, Nina."

She turned and looked up at him. Squarely, for the first time. "Ken, do you still love Phyl?"

He didn't hesitate. "I hate her," he blazed.

"But you do—want her. You do want her again?"

"Yes, God help me! I want her. You can't understand that, can you? How can a man hate a woman and still want her? It's like dipsomania. Or dope. . . ."

"If I made a mistake, it's only because I tried to understand. I—I'd tear the heart out of me to make things right for you."

"I know." He didn't look at her.

"She'd come to you, Ken, if you asked her. I saw tonight. I couldn't help seeing."

"Not because she cares, but to prove she can get me. She'd like to wear me, like one of those jangling bracelets."

"And I have given you back to her. That's almost funny, isn't it? I, who love

you Ken, do you hate me, too?"

"Nina, for God's sake!"

"Why not? Why shouldn't you hate me?"

"Nina—there's two of me, don't you see? The one who loves you has to fight this out. I need you."

She reached out, clung to him. "Darling, darling; that's all I ask. It's my fault. I've made a terrible mess of things. But just go on needing me. As long as you need me, I'll stand by, whatever happens." . . .

PHYL came out the following week end. On Sunday the country club gave her a luncheon. The Leslies were there. Ken was on the board, and, besides, by this time Centerhaven was satisfied that Nina and Ken were acting sensibly about Phyl. Which made things comfortable for everyone and a little disappointing to Aunt Charlotte, who had hoped for fireworks.

Radiant, looking impossibly young, Phyl was met with a wealth of flowers champagne, toasts, and tributes.

"I can't make a speech," she said softly, "but let me sing my thanks." She ripped off bracelets and rings, poured them in a pile on the piano. Her fingers trickled along the keys. She sang for the homefolks. All they asked she gave them.

And all the while Phyl's eyes, the color of storm clouds, searched for Ken's.

Seated with Nina beside the fireplace, he paid no attention at first. Not until, like a call to memory, she began to chant *Moanin' Low*. Then he got up and moved to the piano, leaning an elbow on it.

Nina kept her gaze turned from the eager octopus eyes of the room. She listened blindly. That voice, naked in its passion! Phyl was singing for Ken. They must all know. As he knew. As Nina knew.

"Moanin' low—my sweet man is gon-na go.
When he goes—oh—Lordee!
He's the kind of man—needs the kind of wo-man like me."

A throbbing sigh that trailed away, and Phyl's fingers slipped from the keys. She lifted her head, her moist lips still parted. Then, without warning, she flung herself against Ken and planted her mouth on his.

Shouts of "Good girl!" "Brava!" and wild applause were followed by panicked quiet, as Ken unhooked her arms and put her from him. He took a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped the red smear of her lips from his. He glanced ruefully at the stain, shrugged, dropped the handkerchief beside her pile of jewelry. Coolly, appraisingly, he stared into the furious eyes of his former wife. They stood that way a moment. And then his voice cut sharply across the quiet: "Stick to singing, Phyl! It's the only thing you do well."

He might have hit her and she would have winced less. She looked quickly around the room. The ridicule that every woman who plays to the gallery secretly fears rippled through the crowd. Laughter hung suspended, waiting for what would happen next.

But Ken did not wait. Unruffled, he strolled over to Nina. Only Nina knew the truth. That the hand gripping hers was shaky; that he had done this as the only way to save their marriage from Phyl and from his own madness. Phyl would be through with him now. They could belong to each other.

THE Jilting

(*Continued from page 31*)

homesteader whose husband was dead and who used to tell Mary Barth about getting messages from him on a ouija board.

Uncle Ben was putting his weight on his feet and going through a series of vicious grunts. "She's a sweet kid, Mary," he grunted. "Not sweet—exactly—"

No, not sweet, Jud thought; more like the taste of a wild strawberry that has tang and fragrance.

This was May. Last October he and Mary Barth had been washed up. Let the dead past bury its dead. Let Mary Barth do her own worrying about the Zona mare. He yanked his thoughts back to his corn-listing and the young gelding he was breaking in.

The next evening when he came in from listing, Uncle Ben, forlorn and fatigued, waited for him. He'd driven to the Bruff place, said his little speech about trading for a jack, but hadn't got to first base about buying the Zona mare. The mare looked starved and wretched of eye, but the Bruff boys said she wasn't for sale.

Two days later Jud came in with his lister and four horses. It was late and he was weary. Uncle Ben called out to him, "I got her—the Zona mare. Howard Bruff brought her over. Got her for my own price because she's wire-cut."

"Wire-cut?"

"Yeah. He said she got scared of lightning and bolted into the fence. But they're such liars! Most likely one of them was whaling her with a rawhide and she broke away. The poor wreck of a thing. I put her in the small corral."

THE soft peace of dusk and the nice contentment of a day's ending were all about. Jud pushed into the small corral. There stood the Zona mare, high-headed and used to being babied. She had lost blood from that jagged breast cut till she was weak and wavery, her bay hide had no luster, her eyes were sunken, bewildered. Into Jud's eyes sudden tears welled, and when he went to her and lifted that thin lop of mane and put it back where it belonged, and said, "There, there, Zona



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girl," his voice was swollen and thick.

After supper Uncle Ben wrote to Mary Barth to tell her about the Zona mare; about Jud cauterizing the cut, and pulling the flesh together and fastening it with clips so that the cut should leave a clean scar.

Five evenings later, across the lamplighted, oilcloth-covered table, Uncle Ben read Mary's answer to his letter:

"Poor, poor Zona! I'm sending out some cube sugar for her, and apples. And I'm sending you a crate of oranges, Uncle Ben, and you eat oranges for breakfast instead of buckwheat cakes and your arthritis won't be so bad. I asked a doctor, and he said plenty of citrus fruit. If I hadn't spent the money for a dress to wear to the Press Club banquet I could send out the thirty dollars the Bruff boys sold her for. But I'll start saving again."

The Press Club banquet! And she'd gone with Clive Connor. She'd given to Clive Connor that slow smile which invited generously, "Come inside where I keep my dreams." Jud's blood stream quickened with retaliative anger.

So that he put a letter in with Uncle Ben's. He told how he kept Zona in the big stall with the window (he didn't tell her that Zona's poor, thin head twisted about till she could look toward the old Barth ranch), and how old Matt resented her being in the stall he'd always had, and, though he kept Matt shut out of the barn, he tried to pick a quarrel with her from the outside. Then he added:

You needn't worry about paying for the mare. Don't suppose you'll ever have any use for her. When her cut is healed, I'll gentle her down for Clara to ride.

JUD WHITTAKER wakened in the middle of the night by that sixth sense which ship captains, mothers, and farmers have. The dog under his window was stirring restlessly. Jud dressed swiftly.

The wind had blown open the barn door and Matt was in the barn trying to crowd Zona from the disputed stall. With an impatient whack of hip Jud sent Matt out with sulky speed. But, in the crowding and pushing, Zona's scab was broken and blood was trickling down her left leg.

Jud went over the process of cauterizing, fastening the hide together with clips, salving. The mare was fidgety, her heart jumpy with unease. Jud pushed the forelock back from the white-splashed forehead, said, "Zona, I'll take you to your own home pasture, where you won't be so hectored. That's what you've been wanting all this time, isn't it?"

He saddled the buckskin and slowly led the mare toward the Barth ranch. (Not a farm, by gosh!) The mare didn't stay behind, but jogged along beside him. And a ghost rode on Zona's back, a ghost that hummed, and sometimes hooked one knee over the saddle, and once got off and broke off the ivory and waxen bloom of a soapweed, and held it in her hand. "It's a chalice, isn't it, Jud? . . . Drink ye of this. This is My sunlight. This is My smile. . . ."

At the Barth ranch he found himself murmuring aloud, "Look, Mary, this is good clover here—this leaky tank will hold enough for her." . . . And when he rode away he was slow at opening the first gate. For here it was that Mary had often come for one last good-by.

At home he tiptoed softly into the kitchen. He sat down at Uncle Ben's desk He'd write Mary about taking Zona to her old place. In this mongrel hour that was neither night nor dawn all the cluttery, petty things that come with day were faded away, and all the doubts that belonged to the night were gone, too, and he knew only the ache of longing for Mary Barth. He wrote:

Mary beloved:

I'll always love you. The mean and indifferent things I've said to you were just to cover up my hurt. Even if our life together wouldn't be smooth or taken-for-granted, it's life with you I want, Mary.

There now! He'd never send that letter. Not when daylight came and he remembered that even now she might be Clive Connor's wife. But it relieved something tight inside him to put in onto paper. He slid it under the spotted blotter and fell into relaxed sleep in the chair. . . .

ON THE night of June third the flood came. It was a dividing line in the lives of so many, many people: Before the flood. After the flood. . . . The gentle little Republican went on a rampage—that little trickle of water about which people joked, "They call it the Republican because it's almost dry."

The days preceding had been hot, with dry, searing winds. The ground was hard as a tin pan. Everyone said, "If we'd only get a rain." Early in the evening of June third a heavy rain fell. Uncle Ben puttered about, worrying because the turkey hen wouldn't cover her young turkeys. "Don't seem to have any mother instinct," he grumbled.

Jud went to bed with the good feeling that the drought was broken. It was past midnight when he suddenly found himself sitting on the edge of the bed groping for his shoes. Some horror of nightmare had wakened him. No, not a nightmare, for Uncle Ben was in the doorway, saying in a constricted whisper, "Can you hear that roar? Just listen. Hear it?"

That was the last coherent thing Jud remembered. The rest of the night was a chaos of roar and swirling water; of mud underfoot that weighted down your shoes; of hurrying to waken the hired man; of his wife screaming because she had a niece with four children who lived up the river; of trying to save pigs out of the hog lot that sloped to the river. And, over all, that roaring blackness of water. Uprooted trees and posts and bits of buildings in it, and always dark somethings that might be heads of animals—or could that be an arm?—a man's boot sticking out?

Uncle Ben was obsessed with trying to rescue turkeys from the trees. He tried to get to them, he yelled at them, trying to scare them down; but they only clung there, even when he got a long pole and threw it up into the tree like a boy knocking down apples. Finally Jud had to pick up the little man and carry him, kicking and fighting like a tantrummy child, back to safety. . . . The river kept spreading, spreading. Jud thought of his Angus cattle in the low meadow. But he was helpless.

At dawn the river was two miles wide. It had lapped at the foundations of their house, had carried away the lower corral. But now the lash was gone from it. Jud let the hired man and his wife hitch up the wagon and the only two horses on the place, and go to see if her folks were safe.

While Jud stood watching the water recede, Uncle Ben plucked at his arm. "Could you—kind of help me—into—inside—?" His face was the mottled grayness of buckwheat batter, his tongue thick. Jud carried him into the house, put him in bed without undressing him, for he was shaking with a hard chill. Jud piled blankets on the old man, put hot stove lids, hot jugs around him, put tablespoon after tablespoon of hot liquid between his chattering teeth, before he at last sank into an inert coma.

The very unrealness of the first day was numbing. Uncle Ben at the point of death. Folks dropping in telling of what had happened to this one and that. Haystacks gone. Every bridge was out. Barns gone. Mowing machines and tractors buried in silt. Hundreds of horses and cows gone. Yes, and lives lost. You've heard of the Luces, who came out from Missouri? Three of them were drowned when their house was swept away. A little girl hung onto a tree all night; she had a broken arm and was delirious with horror when they rescued her.

But the next day came the flatness of realization. Of desolation. All his pigs but five were gone. Every turkey was gone. The hired man and his wife had not returned. Uncle Ben lay in a weary stupor. Jud went on foot to make a hasty survey of what stock was in the low pastures. So that was his pasture land, that barren, pebble-covered, cut-out, tree-strewn waste. Out of his 163 head of Angus purebreds he located only 21. Of course, he might find more. If only he had a saddle horse. If only he had someone to leave with Uncle Ben. Another thought tugged at him, nagged him: He wanted to see about the Zona mare.

TOWARD evening Herman Goebel and Clara stopped in on a neighborly visit. Clara had brought him a cinnamon-crumb coffee cake. The Goebels, as usual, were untouched. (Good night! Doesn't anything ever happen to the Goebels?)

Jud thought that Clara might offer to stay with Uncle Ben. But she didn't. When Goebel started his engine Jud said, "Can you wait just a minute, Goebel? Till I give Uncle Ben his heart medicine? And then I'd like to ride with you as far as the Barth place."

When he came out Goebel asked, "Why do you go to the Barth place?"

"I put a mare there. She's been barbed-wire-cut—pretty wobbly on her pegs when I left her there."

"I saw that old mare there two days ago," said Herman Goebel. "She's not worth worrying over. She's all bones. She'll eat up a year's feed before she fills out."

"I know," said Jud stubbornly. "But I've been taking care of her—and I'm kind of uneasy about her." That wasn't it exactly. He felt that he wanted the odd comfort of the mare; he felt that she was waiting for him.

Clara Goebel meant her words to be casual, even coy, but instead they were venomous: "Of course, it's Mary Barth's saddle mare!"

"Yes," he admitted.

He rode in the back seat of the car—a neighbor could do no less than take him—

but he felt the begrudging coldness of the two in the front seat. The creek was muddy and had deep holes in it. Herman Goebel said, as the water splashed out from the car fenders, "This does no good to the ignition wires."

He let Jud off at the corner of the Barth fence. Jud knew when he said, "Thanks! Good-by," that it was good-by. . . .

YES, Zona was waiting in the pasture. Her cut needed dressing. Again, as Jud put her lop of mane back in place and Zona shoved at his shoulder blade, his throat grew thick. "Well, Zona—will you come back and share my desolation?"

He rode her home slowly, worrying because he had left Uncle Ben, worrying because the river's dirty water came as high as her breast cut. Once, taking a short cut across a field, Zona stepped into a slough and sank in up to her withers, and for a few moments both man and beast struggled in desperate panic for footing—for life—before, weak-kneed and shaking, they went on. Jud rather dwelt on that narrow escape, because it took his mind off the awful despair that lay in wait for him.

At home he fixed Uncle Ben fresh coffee, coaxed him to eat a few mouthfuls of egg. He took a long time to dose Zona's wound. Darkness and an awful let-downness and desolation came over him. A skimpy moon came out.

His dog set up a furor of barking. In the darkness Jud could see the moving bulk of black beasts. They were his black Angus cattle. He stood staring at the driver on a horse that had been in mud up to its belly. Mary Barth was in the saddle, and she was muddied and mussed. "Good night! This horse rides like an elephant, but it was the only one I could get. I've got sixty-two head here. Three of them are lame. How many did you lose altogether?"

Jud stared stupidly, incapable of subtracting 21 from 163.

"Mary Barth, where did you come from?"

She slid from the saddle and pushed back her hair with a cross gesture. "Oh, gosh, Jud! Make some coffee, will you? I flew down with Clive Connor to get a story on the flood. I wrote up that poor little kid who hung in a tree all night—God love her, she liked my green beads and I put them on her. We landed down there where the new forty-thousand-dollar bridge is out. I counted eight of your black stuff dead in the mud and debris. They've started a sort of general roundup of flood stock down there. Dad always told you you should slap a brand on your Angus blacks. If I hadn't been there—why, it was surprising how many people had lost black critters." She laughed with relish. "I had a fight with Howard Bruff and took two away from h m."

"Is Clive Connor waiting for you to fly back with him?"

"No. I had a fight with him, too. About bringing your cattle back and the old woman homesteader's milk cow. The important thing to Clive was to get his stories in—but what the heck! I couldn't rest till I got these cattle back where they belonged. I guess I'm more of a hayseed than I am a writer. I had to bring your cattle home, Jud."

Jud said, "Mary, I've been reading Clive Connor's stuff lately, and Uncle Ben goes around quoting it. He's brilliant. He'll go a long way."

"Yes, he will," she said slowly. "But he doesn't really live—he just writes. And I want to live. Don't you see?—I'd rather be in the flood and suffer from it than just to fly over it in a plane and hunt up all the descriptive adjectives and write about it. Why, even at a funeral of someone he loves, he doesn't feel grief; he only thinks of words to describe it."

She saw Zona then, and stumbled on muddy shoes to her; she hunkered down and ran careful fingers around the cut dabbed over with white salve.

Jud went on: "Mary, all I've got left here you could hold in one hand. It'll take ten years to get back."

SHE lifted her face, and he saw that she was sobbing and that she was angry because she was. She berated him: "Jud, why didn't you ever tell me before that you felt that way about me? I thought that you thought old touch-me-not Clara would make a better wife for you. It was just this morning when I got your letter and you called me Mary beloved—"

"My—letter?" he repeated. . . . And then he knew just what had happened. Uncle Ben had found it and put it in with his. But he knew a great, welling thankfulness that Mary had seen it.

Mary was still scolding and sobbing together. "I'm going to stay here with you and Uncle Ben. I can write here just as well as I can up there—yes, better; because I'll be living. Some day I'll be a great writer—and lots of days I'll forget to churn, and I'll fight with you and Uncle Ben—"

Jud Whittaker took her in his arms, and felt the honesty, the hard-breathingness of her—all the Mary Barth he had hungered for. "And we'll love it," he said.

LET'S Celebrate

(*Continued from page 34*)

slid his hand down her arm. She was trembling.

It had been pretty swell after that. Until she began to talk about leaving college. She didn't want a degree, anyway. She wanted a little white house and Jimmie. She was too eager, and too sure. She was so possessive, too; Jimmie began to feel like an animal struggling in a snare. And last night she had actually talked about settling everything!

"I told Rusty not to call me up any more," she said. "He might as well know. It wouldn't be fair to deceive him."

"Great heavens! What did you say?"

"I just told him our engagement was all a mistake."

So the retreat was beginning. Jimmie shivered as the icy water sluiced down his back. He felt flat, stale. His head ached. He dressed, poured himself a drink, looked at himself in the mirror. His face looked drawn tired. He saw a pinch of gray in his crisp hair. Wrinkled, etched lines around the blue eyes deepened the shadow from nose to mouth. It was the wretched light; he jerked the shade higher. His belt was in the last notch.

What a day; what a mess! And he really had to drop in at the office—Bill wanted him to plead the Price case. Poor old Bill; wife and three kids sick with measles, and the cook gone. That was marriage for you.

He dropped in at the office, fortified by a couple of fried eggs and three cups of coffee.

"It's eleven," said Bill. "I was just going to call you."

"I overslept. Late last night."

"I was up late too"—Bill spoke dryly—"with the kids."

Jimmie shivered. "How do you stand it?"

Bill laughed. "Oh, well, they aren't sick all the time."

As soon as Bill had gone Jimmie reached idly for the phone. "Marta? How about the club dance tonight?"

Marta hesitated. "Why—what's the matter with your own date?"

"I'm just trying to make it, with you."

"I was going with Alan"—she was doubtful—"but I think he's been called to Richmond."

"I'll be around." He felt definitely better. Marta wouldn't be demanding. He wanted to see her. He wanted to be with a woman who had some intelligence, charm, character. A woman you didn't have to play up to every minute, a woman who—well, he wanted to be with Marta. He yawned, riffled through the brief for the case, ignored the facts, decided to concentrate on an appeal to the jury to protect the ideals of Southern life, God bless it. God bless Virginia, Mother of Presidents—maybe he ought to look up how many presidents—no, they'd not need it. . . .

AT NOON he tried to get rid of the flat feeling by a cocktail. Haze hung over the town; the mountains were dark and quiet.

It was the business of ending things quietly with Elaine that troubled him. He decided to make it a quick, clean break, leave out some of the nicer touches, like the last gardenias and the wistful note. Get it done with. He was sick of this sort of thing.

Rounding the corner, he almost ran into a group of college girls. They wore bright jackets, soft bright hats, and swing skirts; they were laughing, absorbed. But one of them gave a little cry, flung herself from the group, and ran to him. "Jimmie! Oh, Jimmie, how marvelous to see you!" Parted lips and eager, soft eyes and breathless voice—Elaine was radiant.

"What will people think," he asked lightly, "if you run after me in public?"

This was too subtle for her, of course. She said, "I couldn't have gone through a whole day without seeing you."

Oh, hell! he thought. "Where are you going?"

"I was going to the movies," she said. "But not if—"

"I'm working," he said hastily. "Just after a man now."

Her face went white. "Don't be cross, Jimmie. I won't keep you a minute."

She left him, walking with her head bent. She must have told the girls she would stay with him; they had gone on and she had to run to catch up with them. They would kid her. Jimmie felt angry at her, at the girls, at himself. What could he do? He couldn't marry this child, just to keep her feelings from being hurt. She ought not to act the way she did. . . .

HE CALLED for Marta. She wasn't ready. Her mother had had a bad day. Jimmie waited in the living-room. A pile of play scripts lay on the rosewood desk. Marta's notes were clipped to the top one; she had fine, slanting handwriting. Jimmie opened the play, ran his eyes idly down the dramatis personae. It would be good to be in a play again. There was his part—Ralph Craigill, young, handsome, in love with Louise. Louise Lawrence, young society girl—that was Marta, of course. Let's see—Louise was nineteen; he would be just twenty. He skipped over the other parts—the girl's father and mother, strong character parts, the other man, steady, reliable, a barrister. Servants—officers—

Marta said, "I'm ready now." She came in, wearing a dress she had worn in the last play; Marta didn't have much money. The dress was garnet-colored, soft and full, with a belt of linked metal.

"Mother's asleep now," she said, "but I mustn't be late."

Jimmie said impatiently, "Marta, you ought to have a nurse."

"I do pretty well."

Her square, firm hand rested briefly in his as he helped her into the car. "But you're so tied down!" Jimmie fretted.

Marta settled back, moonlight on her hair. "She's my own mother," she said.

She didn't ask any questions about Elaine. He didn't have to explain what a hard time he had, or how unreasonable Elaine had become, or how he wished every girl didn't go after a man to marry him. If a woman fell for a man, she couldn't rest until she had him, tied for life.

The old crowd was at the club; it was all the same as usual. He meant to call Elaine at nine, just to keep her from getting too upset, but at nine he was doing a rumba he liked. Nine-thirty would do just as well. But at nine-thirty he was bringing a cocktail to Marta, and the phone was a long way from the bar. He was dancing with Marta at eleven when he heard the commotion at the end of the hall.

Marta, facing that way, said quickly, "Jim, it's Elaine. You didn't, by any chance, stand her up tonight?"

The music stopped. He saw Elaine in the doorway, eyes widening, face deathly white. Before he could move, she had crossed to him, and her clear young voice was clearly audible to everybody. "So this is what you meant," she said.

There was an instant of terrible silence.

Elaine lifted her head. "Why didn't you say it if you were tired of me?" Scorn and anger and tears were all in her voice.

Jimmie said, "I meant to call you."

Elaine said, "Rusty told me you'd be here with another girl. I wouldn't believe him—and he was right all the time!"

Marta spoke quietly: "I'll have to apologize. I called Jimmie up and asked him if he could run me out here." She reached for Elaine's trembling hand. "Come on, my dear; we'll get stepped on if we talk in the middle of the dance floor."

Elaine came, still dazed with shock. As they stepped on the veranda Jimmie heard the stir of voices behind them; talk was beginning already. As the door closed, a dark, huddled figure rose from the steps.

Elaine gasped, "Rusty—you came!"

"I told you," said Rusty in a harsh voice. "I told you."

Marta said gently, "Good evening, Rusty."

Jimmie said stiffly, "I'm afraid this is all over my head. I had no idea—"

Rusty's voice shook with anger. "You wouldn't have." He stepped closer. "You took my girl away from me. And then you played around with her until you got tired of her, didn't you? And then you thought you'd walk out, didn't you?"

Jimmie said furiously, "If I have any explanations to make, I'll make them to Elaine. This is hardly the time—"

"Yes, you'll explain," Rusty said bitterly, "the way you always do. You'll let her down easy. Like tonight, you just happened to be here with somebody else when you had promised to bring her."

Marta said, "Rusty, you must be sensible."

He turned on her then: "You always stick up for him, don't you? Every time he gets in a mess. Well, this time is different. Because this is the first time he's picked a girl whose man stuck. But I—" His voice broke. "I'm crazy about her, no matter what she does to me!"

JIMMIE, thoroughly enraged, forgot to be tactful. "Oh, go away," he said wearily. "I've had enough of this scene."

Rusty said wildly, "It's the same old story! The whole town knows it. But this time it's got a different ending!" And he swung the whole weight of his hard young body at Jimmie.

Jimmie twisted aside, slipped, stumbled against the railing. There was the sound of rotten boards ripping, the railing gave way, and Jimmie plunged down into the rosebushes below.

Elaine screamed, and people poured from the dance hall. Marta did two things at once. She pushed Elaine toward Rusty and said, "Go home, both of you!" and stepped forward to shield Jimmie. "Are you hurt?" she asked.

Jimmie got up the steps, scratched and bleeding. His eyes flicked over the crowd. "It wasn't Troy falling," he said laconically. "It was just the fall of a barrister." He wiped the blood from his face. "I leaned on the railing," he explained casually, "and the railing couldn't take it. Come on in. Let's all have a drink."

Over cocktails he grinned at Marta ruefully. "I look damaged?"

"I'm afraid you'll have a black eye."

He said soberly, "I'm sorry you got dragged into this. Pretty childish."

Marta fished for her cherry. "Well"—



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she was grave—"as long as you play with children—" The words trailed away.

Jimmie finished his drink. He was angry, humiliated beyond words. Knocked off the club porch by a high-school kid. It sounded worse the more you thought of it. It might easily have been the talk of the town, and he, himself, ridiculous. Sally Jane would love a chance to make him out a figure of fun. If it hadn't been for Marta—well, he never wanted to see Elaine or Rusty again, that was certain. And he didn't want to remember that moment when he felt guilty, facing the boy's white anger.

Marta was very quiet on the way home. At the gate she said, "Don't come in. It's late." She made a little gesture of farewell.

Jimmie caught her hand. He said, "Marta, you're—pretty swell." Then he kissed her, finding her mouth unexpectedly yielding and sweet.

She drew away almost immediately, looking up with a half-smile, but with something sad about her eyes. "Oh, Jimmie," she said, "if only—" Then she went in, without looking back.

He was tireder than he had ever been. The whole affair was theatric and silly. Looking back, the things he had said to Elaine no longer seemed glowing and romantic; all that stuff about the lily maid—to an empty-headed little thing with neither pride nor dignity. He got to bed, but couldn't sleep. He wished Marta had let him come in. He wanted to talk to her. He wanted her serenity, steadfastness. He had better send her gardenias in the morning as an apology for a rotten evening. . . .

THE morning paper took his mind off flowers. He had made the headlines. Rising young attorney takes a fall, said the reporter whimsically. Last night at Lakewood Country Club—his eyes raced down the column—rejoice to report injuries slight, unless possible heart complications develop— Who would—? Sally Jane, of course; it was her idea of sport. He crumpled the paper up and ordered his breakfast sent up to the apartment.

His face was bruised. Pretty sight to take to court to plead that case with. Somebody would know the truth about last night; somebody always did in a small town.

The case went badly. There was a ripple of laughter as he came in court. It angered him, and he got off on the wrong tone with the jury. He lost the case. When noon came he left court and drove to Marta's. She was in the kitchen with a pink apron tied around her slim waist.

"Cook's got the mizry," she explained. "Want some fried chicken?"

Jimmie sat at the kitchen table eating golden-crisp breast of chicken and drinking Marta's clear, strong coffee. He told her about the case, and it was good to sit there in the sun-filled kitchen and tell her what a flop he had made of it. It eased him.

"Let's take a drive up the mountain," he suggested.

"I've got to work," said Marta. "I spent the whole morning with the casting committee. Now I've got to meet the property chairman."

"Oh, yes, the play." Jimmie lit a cigarette and sat back, grinning. "Well, where's my part?"

Marta came over and leaned on the table and looked gravely down at him. "Jimmie," she said gently, "I don't know whether you will take this part or not."

"What's wrong with it?"

"Nothing's wrong with it. It's a grand part. But it's not—it's not the kind of part you usually play."

He laughed. "Do I seduce the gal?"

"No," said Marta. "You see, you aren't the young lover; you're—the father." She went on hastily, two spots of color in her cheeks, "It's really the best part in the play; the whole action turns on the love between the father and mother—"

Jimmie said incredulously, "The father?"

Marta pressed her hands on the table and said steadily, "The casting committee felt the young lover might be played by—by one of the younger members. You see, the boy is only twenty, and it seemed—"

HE CRUSHED out his cigarette. "Letting me down easy, eh? Well, as a matter of fact, I won't have time to be in the new production, anyway."

Marta said in a low voice, "I was afraid you'd feel like that. I'm—sorry, Jimmie."

He laughed lightly. "Naturally, I don't care what part I have. But I've got some special work coming along—and the time it takes—" He made a business of consulting his watch, giving a start. "I've got to run. Thank you for the lunch."

Marta stood quietly at the table as he left. She said nothing. So they were putting him on the shelf, were they? Amateur dramatics—he jerked the gear. The car roared down the street. Not young enough—not young enough—why, it was his part! He had played the young lover for five years. He knew all the tricks, he always carried the play! So they wanted someone else, did they?

He set his lips grimly. He mustn't get upset over such a trivial thing. A Little Theater play—what did that amount to?

His head ached again; he wouldn't go back to the office. He was stiff from the fall. He drove aimlessly toward the mountains, stopped for a drink at the edge of town. Toward dusk he started back.

And Marta—putting him on the shelf—His foot came hard on the accelerator. He slowed for the crossing, and saw the high-school playing field across the road. The team was out, just leaving the field. A group of girls stood on the side lines. The tallest player called something, and a girl detached herself from the group and went over. They walked slowly toward the lighted building, Elaine and Rusty.

Jimmie drove past. So they'd made it up. And Sally Jane was going to marry Guy Proctor, at the bank. Even the little secretary had a ring now. All the brief, romantic episodes were over. And his life was empty as a deserted barn. He stopped at a restaurant for dinner. Bill was there, eating a roast-beef sandwich. Bill hailed him: "Hello, Jim! Come on over!"

Jimmie sat down. "What's the news?"

Bill laughed. "Swell," he said. "They're all back to normal and the new cook's coming in the morning. This is my last night as a lone man. Do I feel on top of the world?"

Jimmie ordered a steak.

"You know, I was so scared," confided Bill. "I kept worrying about Marge. With an older person, they say it's serious. You know, I couldn't get on if—well, let me buy you a drink!"

Jimmie had a drink. Bill went off happily. Jimmie sat on a while, listening drearily to the mechanical piano. Then he rode around a while.

Something was the matter with him. He couldn't shake himself free of this blackness. Nothing to look forward to, nothing he was responsible for—well, he had always wanted freedom. It was just this affair at the club that gave him such a defeated feeling.

And they wanted some younger man for the lover— There were lights on at the Little Theater. They would be reading the parts tonight, somebody else reading his lines to Marta, the cast sitting around smoking and talking.

No harm to look in; nobody would see him if he used the side entrance. He couldn't resist it; he dimmed the car lights and moved quietly down the alley. The auditorium was dim, and the smell of grease paint and cigarette smoke hung heavy in the air. The lights were on, the blue gelatin flood cast a pale blue glow over the stage.

Marta was giving out the lines.

"Well, look, Marta; you're playing Louise, aren't you?" asked somebody.

Marta laughed. "Heavens, no, Sally! I'm too old. No more ingénue parts for me. I'm going to play the mother. Here—you're still the wicked siren—you come in on page fifteen."

Jimmie stopped short. Marta—playing an older part—Marta as the mother—taking a character part and not minding it—but that was exactly like Marta. Marta wasn't afraid of losing glamour—she was steady and serene—there was nobody like her. His hands were shaking. But they were still talking up front.

"Somebody's missing—who's going to be opposite you, Marta?"

Marta said wistfully, "Well, I had hoped— I asked Jimmie—"

JIMMIE strolled down the aisle. "Well, here I am!" he called. "Am I late?"

Marta said, "Oh, Jimmie—you did come!" Her eyes were shining; her hand trembled, too, as she gave him his part. Under the blue flood he looked at her as if he had never really seen her before.

"Snap out of it," somebody laughed. "Let's get going. My wife wants me in by midnight."

Jimmie and Marta weren't on in the first scene. They stood backstage in the half darkness, with old scenery, broken chairs, paint, and boards around them.

Jimmie said unsteadily, "Marta—" There weren't any fine, romantic phrases. "Marta—you wouldn't—marry me, would you?"

Marta said, "I thought you didn't want to get married. That's what you've been afraid of always."

Jimmy said humbly, "Maybe you could sort of overlook what a fool I've been. You see, I—love you, Marta."

There was just enough light to see her shadowy smile. She said, "Oh, Jimmie, it took you such a long time—you know, I really think this calls for a celebration!"

"Hey, you two—where are you? You're missing your cues!"

"We're practicing our new roles," retorted Jimmie, and he kissed her again.

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They walked behind him

(*Continued from page 45*)

the whole crowd in the hall were yelling Sledge's name. Like sheep. And Sledge grinned and thanked them with a wave of his hand.

The other offices didn't mean much. Sledge finished his last pretzel while the nominations were being made. The meeting was closed, and Sledge walked to the door. The sand hogs crowded around him and followed him to the subway station. They were his friends. Most of them. Morgan whispered, "You'll get yours, Sledge." A miner took a punch at Morgan, but Brubacher stopped the fight. Sledge said good-by and headed for the turnstile with a nickel in his hand. A tough-looking fellow shouldered him out of the way.

"In a hurry?" said the tough-looking fellow.

"No," said Sledge. He walked down the stairs to the platform. Usually he stood near the edge to see the lights of the incoming train. This evening he stood in the center, well back from the edge. The fellow who had pushed him was only a few steps away.

WHEN the train pounded into the station, Sledge slipped one arm around a pillar. Just in case. But nothing happened and he felt ashamed. It was as though he had run up the cellar stairs. He wouldn't do that again. He walked into the train and found a seat. Two men across the aisle stared at him. One said something to the other. Sledge remembered then he hadn't bought a newspaper. He wished he had.

The train slowed to stop at a station. The doors opened and a little fellow came into the car. He glanced up and down, then walked over to Sledge. "How about movin' over, feller?" he said.

Sledge looked up. He didn't like that guy's face. Nasty-looking. Just like the pictures in the newspapers—gangster pictures. He might have come through from another car when the train stopped. Sledge moved over, and the little guy stepped on his foot. Sledge didn't say anything.

THERE were three men standing on the car platform. Sometimes they looked at Sledge. He thought one pointed to him. Might be imagination, though. Funny how a man gets to thinking. But Sledge wasn't a fool. The elections were due in a week and if those crooks wanted Dan Morgan to win they'd have to get Sledge before election. The sooner the better. That would throw a scare into Martin Flynn and the other old-timers. They'd soften up if Sledge got his. They had kids, too.

That made it bad. Kids. A fellow didn't really have a right to take chances when there were kids. Right now, for instance, if anything happened to Sledge, Helen and Marie might get tossed into a home. Perhaps Sarah couldn't support them. There was nothing much she could do but housework—office cleaning, maybe. Not that Sarah would kick. She'd offered to go out and do day's work if Sledge would quit digging tunnels. She was afraid of his trade, but of course she knew a sand hog just sort of kept going until he got too old to work in the tunnels. Or maybe got killed.

Those three fellows on the car platform were still looking at him. There were seats in the car but they hadn't come in to sit down. Just stood there and looked. Sometimes one would grin and say a few words quietly. There was a bulge on the tall one's hip. But Sledge had read that gunmen carried their guns in shoulder holsters nowadays.

Guns. Sledge didn't know much about guns. Never had one in his hand. During the war the government had kept him building tunnels. Maybe those guys on the platform had learned to handle guns during the war. Sledge didn't know. He looked at them. They might be gunmen. They might be anything. That was the trouble with this whole setup. You couldn't tell who was going to get you. Sledge wished he'd asked a few questions before he offered to get this scuttle of coal.

The train rolled to a stop at the last station. Sledge didn't get up until the doors had been open for a minute. Still those three fellows were waiting on the platform. He turned and walked to the other door. It was quite a way from the station steps. Sledge walked slowly. But those three fellows walked slowly, too. They followed him to the street, and Sledge noticed they looked around as though the neighborhood weren't familiar.

It was a half-mile to Sledge Donovan's house. A little frame place on Willow Street. He had to walk along Edmons Avenue to get to Willow. Edmons Avenue had lights. Sledge put his hands in his coat pockets and started to hoof it. His head was bent forward and his shoulders drooped. He tried to figure things out as he walked. It didn't work. Everything was jumbled up. Sledge thought he heard footsteps behind him. He listened. He wasn't sure. Then he turned and looked. Those three fellows weren't there. They might have circled the block, but Sledge didn't think they had. He quickened his steps and turned into Willow Street. No lights here. That was why Sarah had picked Willow

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Dr Scholl's SOLVEX

Street when they'd saved enough to make a down payment on a house. It was like the country. Trees in the front lawns and everything. No trucks or cars to hurt Helen and Marie if they got past the gate.

Sledge would have to fix that gate before long. Helen was big enough to open the latch. He'd have to think up some gadget to fool her, otherwise she might run down the road and go into that vacant lot over there on the left. Tin cans and things in there. Tall grass, too. A man could hide in that grass and pick off anyone who went by. Sledge was glad when he got past the lot. He was almost home now. Almost.

A man certainly does get silly notions when he's been threatened. Sledge had walked this road a thousand times. A thousand nights. Darker nights than this. He'd never noticed how quiet it was. Or, if he had, he was glad. But not now. Sledge wished Dick Richardson was out walking tonight. Dick was a cop who lived next door. Nice fellow, too. He bragged a lot about his Peggy, a four-year-old, but that was natural. Nice youngster, Peggy. Not half as bright as Marie or Helen. Nowhere near as bright. But nice.

ONLY a few more steps now and he'd be home. It would be good to hear the front door slam shut behind him. To hear the latch click. It reminded Sledge again of the times he'd been sent to the cellar for a scuttle of coal. Those were certainly scary trips. The light from the kitchen didn't reach past the bottom of the stairs. Then he had to walk in darkness to the gas jet and strike a match. Sledge remembered the yellow flame with the blue center. It was lopsided and made shadows that looked like men. When he pushed the shovel into the coal some of the lumps rolled down and banged against the wooden sides of the bin. And when the scuttle was full the worst part of the trip was still before him. Then he had to put out the gas and walk in darkness to the stairs. Walk very slowly because he was afraid and knew he was afraid. But when the latch of the kitchen door clicked behind him he was safe. It held back the noises and kept the shadows down in the darkness where they belonged. Nothing to worry about then until he had to go after more coal. Time enough to think of that when the scuttle was empty.

Sledge was frightened now. No use fooling himself. He was walking slowly because he was frightened. Dragging his steps because he wanted to run. And he hadn't looked behind him because he wanted to look. Sledge always did things like that. Always got stubborn when he was afraid. Fought himself. Hard. He wouldn't look back. But there was a car in the street now. He was sure of it. He heard the wheels grinding across the ashes Mr. Bethson had spread in front of his home—the corner house. Half a block back. There was a car there. He had to turn now.

He looked along the street and saw a taxi. It was coming toward him. That didn't make sense. Who'd use a taxi on Willow Street? Not Dick Richardson, unless it was raining and it was payday. It wasn't payday. It wasn't raining, either. And no one lived farther down Willow Street. Sledge Donovan's house was the last on the street. Still the taxi kept coming. Sledge saw a man looking from the window. There were others with him. Not the same three who had been standing on the train platform. Sledge had never seen these men before. But Sledge knew they were following him. They were going to get him.

He wanted to run to the house. Started to, in fact. Then he stopped. If he knocked on the door Sarah would open it. Marie and Helen might be with her. It was late but they might be up. All three of them in the light of the hall. If there was shooting they'd get hurt. No—Sledge couldn't go to the house. He couldn't get to Dick Richardson's house, either. Dick had a gun, of course. But he wouldn't have it in his hand when he came to answer the doorbell. He was a good guy, though. He'd try to help Sledge and he'd get hurt, too.

The taxi pulled ahead and stopped. The door opened and they got out. All three of them. They were big. Bigger than Sledge had expected. And as they came toward him he felt very helpless. Here they were. They were going to give it to him. They'd promised he'd get it, and now they were here to make good.

Sledge set his feet. His legs were weak. His stomach was all watery. He'd fought a hundred fights in the tunnel. He'd fought heavy-chested muckers who were mad with drink. But they were men with names. Now he was up against gangsters. These men had no names. These men were *they*. And they were coming closer all the time. Just as the river had done one day in the tunnel. Sledge had fought it then. He'd stood with others of his gang and fought it with planks and shovels until it swirled about his hips. Some had run. But not Sledge. He'd fought like a fool. And at length, when there was nothing more to do, nothing with which to fight, he'd lifted his sledgehammer and thrown it at the oncoming river.

"Think you're scarin' someone?" he'd cried. And others had heard him as they ran. They'd told the story. When a rescue gang took Sledge from the flooded tunnel he had come out with a new name—Sledgehammer Donovan.

THE name didn't fit him at all. Sledge was a little fellow. He felt like a midget when he looked at these big guys. He didn't say anything. Just waited. One took a piece of iron pipe from a hip pocket. Sledge thought it was pipe. It might have been a blackjack. Another was fitting something over his knuckles. The third had a gun; he nodded to the others. "Get started," he said.

They moved in. Sledge was standing flat-footed. His arms were down. His stomach kept pulling tight. The first one swung, and Sledge ducked. And again the same stubbornness came to him that had made him wait to fill a coal scuttle in a dark cellar, that had made him throw a sledge at a flooding river. It came into his arms. Into his chest. It pulled his chin down and started his hands working. One hard fist connected. It slammed against a man's nose, and bone splintered. Blood splashed on Sledge's coat sleeve. He looked at it. It was on his knuckles, too. The man with the gun lifted his hand.

"Think you're scarin' someone?" said Sledge.

He swung again, and felt his knuckles meet flesh. He stepped forward and put the weight of his thin back into the next punch—rolled his shoulders with the whip-like swing of the miner with a sledge. He heard a man yell. Saw him go down. Then something slammed against Sledge's ear, and blackness came. Pain came with it. But soon this faded. The blackness swallowed the pain. It swallowed Sledge Donovan. It swallowed everything.

HE MUST have stayed in it for quite some time. Every so often he'd try to fight his way clear. Once he thought he saw Sarah looking down at him. Then there were doctors. Sledge knew they were doctors. They were all dressed in white. He was on a bed that hinged in the middle and propped his feet high. The walls were gray and so was the ceiling. That meant his eyes were all right. Finally he pushed the blackness away.

"Easy, Donovan. Don't try to move."

Sledge rolled his eyes and found a doctor at his side. He was all in white.

"Will I get better?" asked Sledge.

"I think so," said the doctor. And he chuckled. "You sand hogs certainly die hard. I've had to set half the bones in your body, old-timer."

A nurse came and whispered to the doctor. He looked at Sledge. Squinted one eye. Nodded. The nurse went out and came in again with Martin Flynn and Tom Brubacher.

"Only about two minutes," said the doctor.

Brubacher nodded, and looked at Sledge. "Are you hurt bad, Sledge?" he asked.

"Pretty bad," said Sledge. "What day is it?"

"Monday."

"This Monday or next Monday?"

"You've been here almost a week," said Brubacher.

"Then election's tomorrow?"

"Yes. But we'll withdraw your name, Sledge. We're not going to let them kill you."

"Tom's right," added Martin Flynn. "They can have the union. We'll withdraw your name."

Sledge tried to sit up. He couldn't. Everything started to hurt when he moved.

"Easy, Donovan," said the doctor.

Sledge waved him aside and turned toward Martin, even though everything hurt. "You ain't going to do any such thing," he said slowly. "You tell the men to elect me, Martin. Do like I ask you. And tell Bill Johnston there won't be any strikes—not while I'm delegate. Tell Continental, too. Tell 'em all."

"Maybe you'll get hurt again," said Martin.

"Maybe I will," said Sledge. "But someone's got to go down and get coal." His voice was tired and not very strong. "Even if it's dark down there and full of shadows—someone's got to get coal."

The doctor motioned to Tom Brubacher and Martin Flynn. "You'll have to leave now," he said quietly. "Too much excitement. I'm afraid it's made him delirious."

The sand hogs left the room and Sledge leaned back against the pillows. He'd heard what the doctor said. Darn' fool! He wasn't delirious. Nowhere near it. Common sense should tell a man that someone had to keep filling the scuttle. Otherwise the fire would go out.

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CHURCHMEN Crusade AGAINST CAPITALISM

(*Continued from page 27*)

people I know. During political campaigns she works actively for the Republican Party. She has been against nearly all the activities and proposals of the New Deal, sending letters and telegrams to congressmen and senators and circulating mass appeals. Certainly she is no Socialist.

"Then you don't consider yourself a good Christian?" I asked her. (She is active in the Episcopal Church.)

She shrugged her shoulders. "Sometimes I wonder," she said.

HERE surely was something new. Twenty years ago, even ten years ago, such a woman would have had no doubt that she was a Christian. But now, because she could not be a Socialist, she wondered about it. The test of Christianity had changed in her church.

I have heard her rector preach several times. The last time I heard him, his subject was, "The Kingdom of God on Earth," and he quoted a bishop of his church as saying:

"There is small chance to nourish a true Christian life for those ground under the wheel of modern industrialism, or for those who must go out to slaughter other children of God in order to open markets or save investments or increase the material power and prestige of a nation. There is small chance for a true Christian life for those who hold wealth without responsibility or for those who see in the present unrest only a menace to privilege. The form which the social order takes must be one which helps rather than hinders the good life.

"Obviously, under the present order we can exalt the principle of service, but it is equally clear that business today must be conducted for profit. The only way out is an economic order which increasingly eliminates the profit motive. There are many hateful and unchristian things in Russian Communism, but there is at least something wholesome in a society in which youth is brought up to serve the community rather than to seek success in the form in which we commonly think of it in America today."

I am able to quote this exactly because it was taken from a leaflet, which I later obtained, written by Bishop Edward L. Parsons, of California, who is the president of the Church League for Industrial Democracy. This league of Episcopalians is in the forefront of the crusade against the profit system, together with the Methodist Federation for Social Service and the United Christian Council for Democracy, drawn from various Protestant denominations, including the Evangelical and Reformed, Baptist, Community, Congregational, Disciples, Presbyterian, Unitarian, and a group of Southern churchmen.

Many conservatives in the churches call these organizations Red. I heard one impassioned layman, in an informal discussion meeting in a Long Island church, charge flatly that they are Communist-inspired groups. "Of course I can't prove it," he said, "but personally I am firmly convinced that there are disguised Communists in all these radical church organizations, boring from within. The rest of the members may be well-meaning, but they are being misled into doing the work of the Communists."

That sounded like a pretty serious charge, and I decided to see what the leaders of the movement had to say about it. So I went to the office of the Methodist Federation for Social Service. The office is on the eighth floor of a building on lower Fifth Avenue, New York. In the same building are the headquarters of various other Methodist organizations—some official; some, like the Federation, unofficial. It is a small office, with one wall given almost completely over to shelves on which are large piles of pamphlets and leaflets. Some of them are labeled by cards: "Crisis Leaflets," "Shopping Guide for Boycotters," "Women, War, and Fascism," "A Christian Program for Social Change."

I talked with the Rev. Charles C. Webber, field secretary of the Federation. A middle-aged man of the executive type, formerly on the faculty of the Union Theological Seminary, he talked easily and freely. So that there might be no misunderstanding about where the Federation now stood, he handed me a leaflet with the official description on it: "An organization which rejects the method of the struggle for profit as the economic base for society; which seeks to replace it with social economic planning in order to develop a society without class distinctions and privileges."

I asked him what was the answer when people called this Communism.

"We believe this is a Christian program," he said. "Of course, we have certain ideas in common with Communists and Socialists. But that does not make us either one or the other. We are Christians, working toward social change. I don't believe there are more than one or two Communist Party members in the organization, if any; and I don't have any personal knowledge of even one."

I GLANCED at the shelves of literature, and my eye stopped on the provocatively named "Crisis Leaflets." I picked up a set of them—single sheets of paper, folded to post-card size. One had printed on its top fold only these words, in big letters: "DO YOU KNOW WHAT HAS HAPPENED?" I opened it to find out, and read:

"Have you lost your job? Have you had to take an income cut? Is your child through high school, through college, and now can't get a job; or a decent kind of a job? Have you lost your savings? Has your farm mortgage been foreclosed? Have none of these things happened to you? DO YOU FEEL CERTAIN THAT IT WON'T? DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT MEANS? Do You Realize that Back of What Has Happened to You, to Millions, is that THE PROFIT SYSTEM HAS BROKEN DOWN?"

There was more, but I skimmed through it, and through several more with such titles as, "Can the Profit System Be Repaired?" "No Way Out," "Do You Want Fascism?" until I came to one called, "A Man-Size Job." In this one, under the sub-heading, "Challenging the Enemy," I read:

"It doesn't take long to write 'Transfer . . . from private property to social ownership.'

"But start to do it! Then you run into laws that were made to stop you. Little laws about disorderly conduct and obstructing traffic.

"Big laws about taking property without reasonable compensation.

"Bigger laws about advocating the overthrow of government by force and violence.

"And behind these laws are policemen, sheriffs, soldiers—with clubs, tear gas, machine guns.

"And behind them are judges who interpret laws and constitutions in terms of the property rights of the people they've grown up with.

"And behind the judges are prisons and electric chairs.

"Yes, it's a man's job to challenge the profit system. . . .

"But when were Americans—pioneers and children of pioneers, in a big land—*afraid of a big job?*"

These and other leaflets, Mr. Webber explained, are sold to members of the Federation for distribution in their churches or wherever they can be used effectively. "The whole organization is financed by the membership," he said. "We don't get one cent from the church body, or from any outside source." He added, grinning, "And that includes Moscow."

"WHO are the members?" I asked. "If I were to go into a Methodist church at random on Sunday morning, what would be my chance of hearing one of your members in the pulpit?"

He glanced at some figures, "Well," he said, "we have about 3,000 members, of whom about 2,500 are ministers." He took down a book and looked at some other figures. "There seem to be 16,065 ordained ministers in the Methodist Episcopal Church," he went on. "You can figure it out from that."

As I figured it, this meant that approximately one out of six Methodist Episcopal ordained ministers was a member.

"Does that mean that they all agree with your program?" I asked.

"Not necessarily," he said, and referred me to one of the first leaflets he had given me. Under the heading, "Who Are Welcome," it said: "Those who want to go in the general direction indicated by our program. Also, those who know that something is seriously wrong, but are not quite sure what, and therefore do not know what to do about it."

The proportion of one out of six ministers—and it is doubtful, informed churchmen tell me, if any other denomination has a greater percentage in favor of outright abolition of the profit system—obviously leaves plenty of room for opposition and for a wide scale of in-between opinions. And that is exactly the situation, though the most active opposition seems

to be among laymen, rather than among the clergy.

One church in the Eastern New York Methodist Conference, which is headed by the president of the Federation, Bishop Francis J. McConnell, refused recently to accept a pastor assigned to it, on the ground that he was too radical. I asked one of the opposing laymen about it, and he said:

"We are primarily afraid of the influence these men will have on our children and young people. A minister is entitled to his own political and social views, like anybody else. If he tells me, in a sermon or in any other way, that the will of God coincides with his particular political notions, I'm tough-minded enough not to feel that I've got to believe him. But most youngsters aren't; and I don't see why I should teach my children that the will of God is all-important, and then have them taught in Sunday school and Epworth League meetings that the will of God is Socialistic.

"I was talking with a young fellow just the other day, a son of a friend of mine, who grew up in one of our churches in a near-by community. He came to me for a job. He was just out of high school, and said he couldn't get anything to do in his own town, that all the businessmen there seemed to think he was a Red because of some speeches he had made before young people's groups.

"'Are you?' I asked him.

"'Well,' he said, 'I'm a Christian—if that makes me a Red.'

"As a matter of fact, it had—or very nearly. I drew him out on his views, and the only difference between what he believed in and Communism, as far as I could see, was that he didn't aim to abolish God. But I knew that he was just parroting his minister, and I gave him a job. He is a good, smart boy, and I have hopes that a little experience in American business will teach him a lot that these ministers don't know about practical Christianity."

WONDERING how much emphasis these church crusaders against capitalism actually put on influencing young people, I looked up a report that Mr. Webber had given me, of field work that he had done in the six months ending last May. I found that out of 170 talks he had given, 35 had been before youth or student groups, including a youth conference, Epworth League rallies and institutes, high-school assemblies, college chapels, and theological seminaries. The president of Oklahoma City University, however, recently refused to allow him to speak in the university chapel; and the dean of an Epworth League institute in the Chicago area canceled one of his speaking engagements, but later allowed him to speak after Federation members had stirred up a storm of protest.

These incidents took place soon after Mr. Webber, talking to some striking automobile workers, had told them that the time would come when the workers would have to take over the motor industry; and not long after the Rev. Dr. Harry F. Ward, executive secretary of the Federation and a professor in the Union Theological Seminary, had accepted re-election as chairman of the American League against War and Fascism, and said of the Communists in that organization that he had "never worked with people who have played squarer or fairer."

Statements like these stirred up many Methodist businessmen, and a Conference of Methodist Laymen was formed, with former Secretary of Agriculture Arthur M. Hyde as one of the leaders, to combat the ideas which the Federation was promoting. These men are grimly in earnest.

One of them, a small manufacturer, told me: "When I first heard about what some of these fellows are preaching I quit going to church, and quit giving anything to it. And I know a lot of other men who did, too. Our pastor came to me, and finally talked me into coming back. He is sound and all right, and I saw that I was wrong in bucking the whole church just because of a few wild-eyed radicals in it. But I can tell you that if they put one of those fellows in our pulpit I wouldn't give the church a cent. Why should I finance somebody to pull my house down?"

So the battle rages among the Methodists; and in the other denominations it is much the same.

I WENT to the office of the Church League for Industrial Democracy, the Episcopalian organization, in a small office building in New York, to see the Rev. William B. Spofford, executive secretary. I found him a youngish-looking man, with an offhand manner, wearing no coat and with his vest unbuttoned. His office, like that of the Methodist Federation, had a lot of pamphlets and leaflets on shelves; and he handed me a bunch of them. Some other men were waiting to talk with him, and he summed up his organization quickly when I told him that I had already talked with Mr. Webber. "Whatever Charlie Webber told you about his outfit will probably go for us, too," he said. "We're the same thing in the Episcopal Church that they are in the Methodist. We stand for the same things."

But these Episcopalian self-styled "radicals" have stirred up strenuous opposition, too. Not long ago Bishop William T. Manning, of New York, publicly disclaimed them, saying they were not representative of the church as a whole; and a Church Laymen's Association was formed to combat them. At present the League has a membership of 2,861, of which 486 are ministers. This is approximately 1 out of every 14 ordained Episcopalian clergymen in this country. There are 29 bishops who are members.

The United Christian Council for Democracy is the newest of these organizations which are warring against the profit system. It is still in the process of being formed in several of its denominational branches. Its creed is virtually the same as those of the Methodist Federation and the C. L. I. D., both of which are allied with it. "We reject," it says, "the profit-seeking economy and the capitalistic way of life, with its private ownership of the things upon which the lives of all depend."

I was in Philadelphia last May when the Presbyterian Church was holding its General Assembly. I went into the convention hall, and noticed posters advertising meetings of the Presbyterian Fellowship for Social Action, one of the affiliated groups in the Council. The posters announced that there would be addresses by Norman Thomas, former Socialist candidate for president; Homer Martin, president of the United Automobile Workers, affiliated with the C. I. O.; Arthur Garfield Hays, counsel for the American Civil Liberties Union, and others.

A few days later I went into the hall again, and the posters were gone. I mentioned this to one of the delegates, a small-town minister from Ohio.

"Sure," he said. "That was a good row."

"Row?" I asked.

He nodded, and explained that Dr. Lewis S. Mudge, the clerk of the General Assembly, had ordered the posters taken down, as unauthorized advertising matter which had no place in the convention hall, and that the Fellowship members had protested vigorously but in vain. The General Assembly had backed up the action.

"Did you vote to back up Dr. Mudge?" I asked.

He nodded again. "But don't get me wrong," he said. "I'm no hidebound reactionary. I'm just an average American minister in an average American town. Sometimes I preach old-fashioned personal religion, and sometimes I preach what they call the Social Gospel. I'm all for any sensible steps that can be taken to make conditions better. I voted for the New Deal, and would again. But when it comes to turning the whole system upside down, I balk; and I hate to see so many other ministers veering off that way."

THE next Sunday, back in my native New England, I went to a small-town church of my own denomination—Congregational. The minister is a young man only a few years out of the seminary, and his sermon was a plain and unsensational one. Afterward I talked with him, and asked him where he stood on this question of the profit system.

"Frankly," he said, looking at me with youthful seriousness, "I'm against it. If that be treason, make the most of it." He waited, with an air of challenge, for me to speak.

I assured him that I was not accusing him of treason, that I was merely seeking information.

"Come to our Young Men's Forum this evening," he invited. "We thresh these questions out there, in relation to current events. I find that the young people are the ones who are interested."

That night I went to the Forum. About a dozen young men were there, and the minister led the discussion on the subject: "What Christians Can Learn from Soviet Russia." Only one man, slightly older than the rest—I later learned that he was a lawyer and representative to the legislature—seemed inclined to condemn the Russian system completely. The others agreed that its anti-religious campaign and its stirring up of class hatred were bad. Most of them deplored Stalin's methods as dictatorial and cruel, though one young fellow insisted that there must be some justification for the recent purges that we in America could not understand. But—still with the exception of the lawyer—all agreed on one point. This, as expressed by the minister, was: "In their social and economic order, the Russians are pointing the way to the realization of the Christian ideal of the Brotherhood of Man."

Said the lawyer-legislator to me, disgustedly, as the meeting broke up: "I don't know what's getting into these fellows. They sound like a bunch of Communists."

And that gave me an idea. I got an appointment with Earl Browder, head of the Communist Party, and went to see him in New York. I asked him what he thought of all this seething in the Protestant churches. He pooh-poohed the idea that there was anything Communistic about it.

"There is a progressive movement," he said, "but I don't think there is a strong Socialist trend yet—no more than in the general population. To be sure, there is a lot of vague socialistic thought—a sort of Christian Socialism on the basis of Christian ethics, recognizing the contradiction between capitalism and the Christian ideal of the brotherhood of man. But there is no clear thought about how to overcome the contradiction. The greatest clarity seems to be about things already achieved; protecting the standard of living, maintaining wages, keeping hours down, and curbing the power of the big capitalists. I am sure that this is the overwhelming sentiment in the Protestant churches—and among the Catholics, too, although their leaders are not responding to it."

I asked him if he didn't think the Methodist Federation for Social Service, the Church League for Industrial Democracy, and the United Christian Council for Democracy were farther advanced than he was indicating, with their downright opposition to the profit system.

"Yes," he said, "but they represent a trend that is not yet dominant."

"What is the attitude of the Communist Party toward them?" I asked.

"We want the closest contact and cooperation with anyone who wants any measure of socialism," he said. "We see no bar in questions of religious differences. We don't make war on religion, as some people think. Part of our fundamental program is complete religious freedom. In the main, our party is not religious, but it does include religious people of all denominations."

It was his impression, Mr. Browder told me, that the anti-capitalistic movement in the churches was particularly strong among the youth. He cited the American Youth Conference, in which Communist youths and Christians co-operate. "The young people seem to take brotherhood more seriously than their elders," he said, with a chuckle.

NOT long afterward I sat at dinner next to one of the most influential Catholic clergymen in this country, one whose views are widely circulated and respected among those of his faith. I told him what Mr. Browder had said about the Catholics.

He smiled. "Mr. Browder is annoyed because we won't play into his hands," he said.

"Do you think that is what the Protestant anti-capitalists are doing?" I asked him.

"Naturally, I couldn't let you quote me on any such subject," he said.

"All right; I won't use your name," I promised.

"Then my answer is yes," he said. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a newspaper clipping. "Here is a further explanation," he said.

I looked at it. It was a dispatch from Kansas City reporting that a fan dancer had occupied the pulpit of a Congregational church during a Sunday morning service, to plead for assistance to the Spanish Loyalists.

"What does that explain?" I asked.

"Why would a clergyman put a fan dancer in his pulpit?" he countered. "Obviously, because he couldn't get people into his church unless he did something 'different.' I put all this radical stuff in the same category. Too many of your Protestant ministers are getting panicky, and they are forgetting that it is religion which holds people to churches. They think they've got to try something 'different.'"

I went to a Protestant clearinghouse, the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, and applied for guidance in getting an appraisal of the movement in the Protestant churches as a whole. I was referred to the Rev. Dr. F. Ernest Johnson, director of research and education.

"I don't know of any way you can get an accurate estimate of how many churchmen are anti-capitalistic," he said. "Most of us look forward to an idealistic Christian order, and try to work toward it; but we know that the church can't move too far ahead of its lay opinion. And I think there is no doubt that the laymen of the Protestant churches today are preponderantly conservative in their economic views."

FROM the Federal Council I went next door to the Council for Social Action of the Congregational Churches. This is an official agency set up in 1934 to keep the church abreast of the social questions which had become so much involved with religion in many minds. I talked with the Rev. Alfred Schmalz, a young minister of the modern, matter-of-fact type.

"You understand," he said, "that this Council takes no official stand on that question. We do look at capitalism critically, and try to encourage discussion and thought on it and all other social questions."

He gave me a number of copies of the monthly magazine put out by the Council, *Social Action*. One issue, devoted to the steel industry, was primarily in support of C. I. O. unionization, and advocated a fact-finding investigation to lead to public control of the industry. Another dealt with a strike in a large automobile plant, another with the question of whether unions should be regulated.

"When the members of the Council decide that an issue is clear," Mr. Schmalz explained, "we take a definite stand. Some reactionaries in the church think we should not be mixing up in these questions at all, that there shouldn't be such a thing as a Council for Social Action. But I think the preponderant thought in the church today—in all the churches—is that we can't keep out of social questions. The religion of Jesus has social implications.

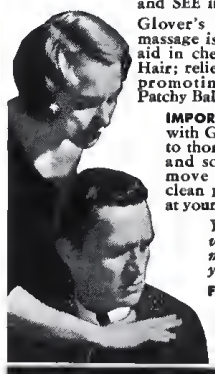
"When it comes to such a fundamental issue as the rights and wrongs of the capitalistic system as a whole, however, it is up to the whole church to speak. That is why our General Council authorized the Economic Plebiscite in November, in which our church members will vote on this and other issues of current economic interest. It is the only way we know to find the answer to your question, as far as our own church membership is concerned."

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THOMAS TERRY STUDIOS, 72 Union Ave., Westfield, Mass.

IF YOU *Want* ME . .



(*Continued from page 19*)

with smooth golden hair instead of tumbled light curls; her features were beautifully regular, while Elly's face was all wrong, really, oddly foreshortened. But it was charming, all the same, with a small nose that started out to be straight and then turned up, dancing gray-green eyes, a wide mouth showing beautiful teeth, a square little chin. She was six years younger than Linda, he remembered, so she must be nineteen now.

"My goodness!" said Elly abruptly. "Aren't you hungry? I am. Shall we take the horses back and eat an enormous breakfast? You can drive me to town, because I came out by tram."

TWENTY minutes later they were at a table loaded with rolls of every kind, pancakes dripping with honey, and huge pots of coffee, eating and talking and finally simply sitting in contented silence.

Elly sighed ecstatically. "How nice to be thin in Budapest! But I won't be, long. More coffee, John?"

He looked at his watch. "Heavens, no! I'm supposed to be at work at ten, and it's quarter of now."

Elly took another roll. "I thought that vice-consuls never worked until afternoon, when they put on their striped trousers and wing collars and went to receptions. Don't you do that?"

"Sometimes," he said, smiling. "But most of the time I write letters, and this morning I'll go to sleep with my head on the desk. I hate to rush you, but if you've finished I really must go."

"Go ahead," Elly said calmly. "I'm going to have some more coffee. You don't have to take me home. Good-by, John. Let's go riding again, shall we?"

"Of course we will." He smiled down at her. "I've had a lovely time, Elly."

As he went back to his apartment, he realized that that was true. He felt refreshed and glowing with exercise, and more than that—warmed with a feeling of friendship which he hadn't known for months. For a wonder, he did not fall asleep at his desk, and when evening came he went to the reception at the Italian Legation feeling more cheerful than he had for weeks. It was not until he met Trudi Verhoef, and she teased him about his rendezvous, that he realized he had rushed away without finding out the name of Elly Hartwell's pension. Would a psychologist say that was indicative of a subconscious desire not to see her again—not to be further reminded of Linda? He wondered. But he decided that was nonsense. He had had a good time with her, and in a day or two he would get hold of her through one of the travel agencies.

BUT, though he intended to look her up, it was ten days before they met, and then it was by accident. One day when the consulate was closed, John breakfasted late and wandered around town in a pleasantly lazy frame of mind, and just before noon he dropped in at the riding school to see the drill horses being put through their paces. He had seen the exhibition before, but it always amused him. The gleaming creatures, heavy but graceful, like chargers in medieval prints, bowing, circling, pacing, and turning, executing their difficult steps; the riders in their white breeches and long, varnished boots; the utter seriousness with which the drama is played in the huge arena.

John started, as someone spoke beside him: "I knew that you didn't work until afternoon!" Elly Hartwell, slim and graceful in a smart little frock, was standing beside him.

"Hello," he said. "I've been wondering where you were."

She smiled, her eyes going back to the tanbark oval. "This is fun, isn't it? Haven't you ever seen it before?"

He nodded. "But I always like it."

"Yes," she said, "but those men can really ride. And think of the training the horses have! Captain von Gruener—the one down by the pillars—has been letting me watch him school a young horse."

"What else have you been doing lately?"

She laughed. "Seeing the town."

"Oh," he said, feeling oddly disappointed. "I thought I was going to show it to you."

"Were you? I don't think you mentioned it."

"Well—you never gave me your address—"

"You never asked for it," Elly retorted.

Suddenly he wanted to get out of this dusty air, out into the spring sunlight. "Elly—"

"Well?" she challenged him. "What were you going to say?"

"That it's better late than never," he said. "If you'll forgive me. It's a holiday, you know. We'll get my car and I'll show you the country—if not the town. Will you come?"

Elly's gray-green eyes danced, but she spoke demurely: "I'd love to."

It was a perfect May day, with the fruit trees in bloom and the fields starred with blue and yellow and white flowers. They drove nearly out to St. Joseph's Mountain before they thought of lunch, and then stopped at an inn to eat and drink so much beer that they were both plunged into delicious drowsiness. It was late afternoon before they drove slowly back to town. "Let's go through the park," Elly said. "If it's a holiday there'll be a crowd, and I love to watch the Hungarians at play. They have such a lot of fun!"

So they stopped near a bandstand and watched the strolling couples and listened to the music. Presently Elly sighed. "It must be late. I ought to go back."

"Why? Have you anything to do?"

"No, but Miss Fiske will be wondering."

"Telephone her," John said, "and tell her you're having dinner with an old friend."

But still she hesitated. "I really ought not to."

"Why not?"

She looked away. Then she said in a small, reluctant voice, "Because—because you don't have to be nice to me because I'm Linda's sister. I know how she treated you, and I—I wouldn't blame you if you refused to have anything to do with me."

"That's ridiculous," said John. He realized, with a little shock, that it was the first time he had thought of Linda that day. "That's absurd, Elly."

"Well, it must be rather upsetting to be reminded of her, just as you'd begun to forget her."

"I shan't forget her," he said quietly. "But that's something else. It hasn't anything to do with us."

"I see," she said. "But I still don't know why you should bother to be nice to me."

"Because I want to."

She shook her head. "It's a crazy idea."

"Maybe," he said lightly. "Don't let's reason about it, Elly." He put his hand over hers. "Let's just have fun; shall we?"

Her hand, small and square, grasped his. "All right," she said. "Let's."

AND, for the next three weeks, they had a great deal of fun. Almost every afternoon John went straight from the consulate to pick her up, and together they explored the city and the surrounding countryside. They did things that John had never found time to do, and other things that he hadn't wanted to do alone.

Elly, he found, was a perfect companion—gay, responsive, completely natural, easy to talk with and to be silent with. She was as unaffected as Trudi Verhoef, but far more amusing. And, compared to Linda—well, he couldn't imagine going to sleep in the middle of a conversation with Linda—as he sometimes did when he and Elly were picnicking—and sleeping for an hour, and then waking up, to smile at her and go on talking where they had left off.

But as the days went on he thought less

and less about Linda. This was only temporary, of course—a brief, pleasant daydream—and presently he would wake up and the old ache would begin again. But for the moment he was supremely content with the present, and he hardly thought about the future at all. Perhaps that was why he was so shocked by Elly's words one night when he took her back to the pension.

It was very late, and the street was deserted. After John stopped the car they both sat for a moment in silence, and then Elly said rather abruptly, "It's been fun, John. The nicest time I've ever had."

"What do you mean? I'll see you tomorrow, won't I?"

"I've got to pack tomorrow."

"Pack? What for?"

"Paris," she said. "This is the fourth of June, and I'm sailing for home on the ninth. Miss Fiske promised the family to put me safely on the boat—"

"But, Elly—" He could scarcely speak. "You don't *have* to go!"

"I do, really." Her face was serious; then she half smiled at him before she turned to open the door of the car. "And I've got to go in now, or the whole house will wake up. Good night, John."

He said quickly, "Let's talk about it tomorrow. I must work late, but let's drive out to some inn for dinner. I'll pick you up at half past seven. Do come, Elly. Please."

She hesitated for a moment; then she nodded. "All right. Half past seven, John. Good night."

She was gone, swallowed up in the old house, and he drove off full of conflicting emotions. Damn it, he didn't want her to go. She was a nice child, a sweet child, and they had had fun together. But it wasn't just that. When she went there would be nothing left. But he told himself that was ridiculous. He lived in Budapest; he had his job, his friends— But he was too tired to think now. It was after two. He left his car at the garage, walked back to his apartment, and fell into bed.

HE OVERSLEPT the next morning and reached the consulate half an hour late. He was attacking his mail, when a blue envelope caught his eye. It was marked "*Personal*," and it was addressed in a familiar square hand. He stared at it, feeling the blood rush to his cheeks. *Linda.* What was Linda writing to him about?

He ripped the envelope open, his heart beating hard. The beautiful handwriting was clear as print:

"My dearest John:

"When you read this you may think I have gone out of my mind, and perhaps I have. But ever since I heard from Elly that she had been seeing you in Budapest, I have been going nearly crazy trying to keep from writing you, cabling you, telephoning you—anything to hear from you. I didn't, only because I knew that it wouldn't be fair to poor Walter—at least, not until I had thought it over. But now—

"John, I am not going to marry Walter."

He hrushed a hand across his eyes, but when he looked back the words were still there.

"I am not going to marry Walter. We were to be married on the eighteenth of June, but now I see that I cannot, I simply *cannot* go through with it. It would be a ghastly mistake, loving you, knowing that you still love me. John, darling, I treated you horribly. I was heartless and cold and cruel and selfish—I know it all now. And I also know that the only sensible thing is to face our mistakes before it is too late. So I have told Walter that I won't marry him—and if you are coming home on leave soon, I shall be waiting for you. If you have no leave this summer, I can sail at a moment's notice to come to you—if you still want me. Oh, John, my dearest—"

There was much more, but though he read it slowly it made no impression on his stunned mind. For he had been perfectly sure that Linda had married Walter last autumn. Of course, no one had actually told him that she had, but he'd thought that his family had avoided the subject as too painful. And all these months she hadn't been married at all! And now she was breaking her engagement to Walter Mayhew to come to him in Budapest to marry him—*if he wanted her!*

John sat perfectly still for a long time looking out the window. The leaves were a deeper green now; spring had slipped into summer. He sat so long that he was stiff when he got up to answer his chief's ring. But as he left the room his mouth was set in firm lines. He knew what he was going to do now.

Somehow he got through the rest of the day, answering letters, going to a staff conference and a reception for a visiting celebrity. He went through it all like an automaton, a well-tailored dummy in a wing collar and striped trousers. Someone had spoken of his trousers—oh, yes, Elly. But he mustn't think about Elly now—not until he could get away and meet her.

She opened the pension door as he drew up before it, and ran down the steps. "Well," she said, "the young vice-consul looks very dapper this evening." She got into the car and they drove off.

He turned to her. "Elly—"

"You almost hit that bus."

"You're not going. I won't have it."

"I'm frightfully hungry," she said, "and you sound as if you were, too. Let's not discuss anything controversial until we've eaten." Her eyes smiled at him in the small mirror. "Let's enjoy ourselves—please, John, dear!"

They dined on the terrace of an old inn, high on a hillside. Elly seemed quieter than usual. Her mood puzzled him, but she had never looked lovelier. And then, when their coffee had been placed before them, he leaned forward across the small table. "Elly—"

"Wait," she said. "I want to talk to you." A flush rose to her cheeks. "It's about Linda. I've been awful, John. I've lied to you. She's—I had a letter from her this morning. She—she wants—"

"I know." He drew the blue envelope from his pocket. "I had a letter, too. Read it, Elly."

SHE gave a little gasp. He saw her hands shake as she unfolded the letter, held it closer to the candle to read it. Her eyes, wide and intent, went down the pages to the end. Then, slowly, she raised them to his. Her voice shook a little: "Well, there's nothing much more to say, is there?"

"Isn't there?" John said gently. "Are you sure, Elly?"

She stared at him for a moment; then her mouth set defiantly. "I see," she said. "You're angry because I didn't tell you that she wasn't married. Well, I'll tell you the truth. I might as well, now, that our little act—whatever you want to call it—is over. We might as well get things straight. I knew that you thought she was married, and I let you go on believing it."

"Why?" he asked gently.

"Because—" She stopped short, hot color flaring in her cheeks. Then her words came tumbling out in a rush: "Because I hoped you'd get over loving her. Because I knew what she'd done to you, and I didn't want her to do it all over again. Because I know that Linda's a spoiled, hateful creature who can't love anyone but herself. She's hurt Mother and Father and Walter Mayhew and a dozen others—everyone she touches—because she's selfish, selfish, *selfish*, and cold as ice!" Her fist struck the table so that the glasses jumped. "Because she made a fool of you for ten years and I wasn't going to let her do it again. Because—because—" She broke off, staring at him in horror. "Oh, my goodness," she whispered. "What have I been saying—when you love her? When you—"

She put her hand over her mouth, choked, and then, before he could stop her, she sprang up, slipped between the tables, and ran off the terrace into the darkness.

HE FOUND her in the car, huddled in the corner of the back seat, sobbing wildly. "Go away," she said. "Leave me alone."

"Elly," he said. "Elly, darling—"

"Don't call me darling!"

"I won't if you don't want me to." But he got in and sat down beside her. "Elly—darling, will you marry me?"

"No!" she cried. "You're going to marry Linda."

"Forget Linda," he said simply. "I know what she is now, and not because of what you said, either. I've been finding it out for weeks." Something was singing in his blood—a deep, throbbing happiness. "I'm alive again, Elly. You've made me come alive. You're right—she made a fool of me, more of a fool than even you know. But I know, now." He broke off. "Oh, Elly, darling, why are we sitting here talking when I love you so terribly?"

She raised her head. Her face was a small, white blur in the darkness. She said slowly, "Are you sure, John? You'd better be sure, because I've adored you since I was eleven. All the while you were in love with Linda, and engaged to her, I used to think I'd die. And the times you came back and went away again"—her hoarse little voice shook—"I almost did die. Then when she threw you over, I hated her for hurting you, but all the same I was frightfully happy. It was too good to be true, and so was coming over here—because I did plan to come, to see you, and they almost didn't let me. Oh, John"—her face swayed nearer—"are you sure that it isn't just the spring, and the music and things? Because spring here is terribly romantic. Do you really love me? Will it—are you sure it will last?"

He said unsteadily, "Yes, darling." And as he put his arms around her, he was sure—surer than he had ever been of anything in his life. Spring in Budapest might be brief and fleeting, but for them it would last. It would last all his life, and hers.

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Does it Pay to be Thrifty?



DRAWING BY THE BALDWINS

MEN and women through the country are just about equally divided on the question whether it really pays to be thrifty today. Just about half of all persons queried about thrift by our correspondents all over the country, think it's a good idea to "put away a little," while the other half hold to the "spend while you can" attitude. Here are some typical replies:

MISS ELWYN KENNEDY, *25, beauty-parlor operator, Miami, Fla.*—Anybody who works for someone else is a fool not to save something. It is the only way, barring luck, to have any independence when you are old. I do not mean to deprive myself of the good things of life, but only to save that unimportant little bit that can so easily slip through your fingers.

BEN SPENCER, *58, railroad worker, St. Louis, Mo.*—I have been saving my money since I was seventeen. Now I have a $3,000 farm and money put away.

JOHN F. NAGY, *law student, New York, N. Y.*—To be thrifty is the art of providing for an uncertain future from the earnings of an uncertain present. The imposing question then is: Shall we plan to build an uncertain structure on an uncertain base?

JOHN KATSAROS, *45, peanut vendor, Seattle, Wash.*—Money is good for anything. Can't do anything without money. Doesn't matter what you are, money counts. So I save it.

NORA SAUNDERS, *29, singer, Detroit, Mich.*—I saved my money. My neighbor spent hers. Then I was taxed to pay for her living. What's the use?

HAROLD F. COLSON, *45, artist, Inglewood, Calif.*—A man must adjust his personal economics to those of the times in which he lives. It looks to me as though the government is living from month to month. Let everyone do the same and forget thrift for the time being.

G. H. DENNISON, *business manager, Pittsburgh, Pa.*—If it were not for the thrifty who would support the shiftless, indigent, and plain lazy? Who would pay city, county, state, and federal taxes? Who would lose life savings and homes during depressions? Thrifty people are the very backbone of the country.

MRS. EARNEST WISEMAN, *businesswoman, Calico Rock, Ark.*—It pays to be thrifty if you invest the proceeds of your thrift in your own business. If you let someone else handle it for you, no.

EDWARD W. CLARK, *28, bond clerk, Falmouth, Maine.*—Spend what you earn. Take things as they come. Maintain a steady earning power, and thrift will take care of itself. Don't worry about the future; have faith in yourself.

ALFRED A. BENESCH, *59, state employee, Cleveland, Ohio*—My father taught me a very valuable lesson: "It's not what you earn but what you save that counts." I've always believed in that.

CAROL PAWSON, *26, planning consultant, Portland, Ore.*—These are some of the most uncertain times in history. Thriftiness is a bet that the future will be stable and calm. People should use their money now while they have it.

W. H. NUGENT, *58, retired, Denver, Colo.*—Thrift has paid me. When I had to retire I had enough to take care of my wife and myself. People who are depending on Uncle Sam are going to find in a few years that Santa Claus has gone out of town.

MRS. ERIN CARBINE BRADY, *30, commercial artist, New Orleans, La.*—Yesterday, today, or tomorrow, thrift is just a word in the dictionary to me. A dollar was made to be spent. I work, and I've always got along. If I go broke when I'm old I'll depend on Elijah's ravens or the poorhouse, but not on the Social Security Act, because I don't see how it can work.

MRS. IRMA MAIER, *housewife, West Roxbury, Mass.*—Thrift is a matter of personal pride and achievement. Children should be taught it is an accomplishment and not something to be ashamed of. A loose spender is apt to be a loose liver.

CARL ESTES, *40, newspaperman, Longview, Texas.*—I, like every other American, learned at my mother's knee to be good, work hard, and be thrifty, but times have changed. The virtue of thrift is no longer a necessity, because the government lets half the people work to support the other half.

MARY DUNIEC, *26, secretary, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.*—I think every unmarried girl should have a bank account in case of illness or other unforeseen circumstances. Thrifty girls are independent.

BILL HAM, *29, wholesale grocer, Shirley, Ark.*—If you save a whole basket of eggs the government may get them. But a little nest egg is safe and hard to beat.

MRS. RUTH WAKEFIELD, *45, florist, Los Angeles, Calif.*—Only the future can tell whether it pays to be thrifty or not, and then it will be too late.

THE AMERICAN QUESTION OF THE MONTH

WILLIAM G. KUHN, *58, baker, Detroit, Mich.*—You hear a lot of smart cracks these days, but the fact still remains that the fellow who spends less than he earns has less trouble than the fellow who spends more than he earns.

What! no SQUARE WHEELS?

(*Continued from page 50*)

organization I was shown a roomful of files on new ideas and devices. There were nearly 100,000 cards catalogued in steel cabinets. To the man who was explaining the filing system I said, "I wonder if I could mention anything in the way of a new device or improvement which you couldn't find on file here?"

"Suppose we try it," he replied. "I'll tell you what I'll do. If you name any suggestion you have read, or any idea you may have yourself, and I can't produce something in the files about it, I'll buy you a new hat."

I recalled something which I firmly felt would be a "sticker" and would bring me a new hat. But I led up to it by mentioning an idea I'd seen expressed in scores of letters: "Why don't they put nonglare lights on automobiles?"

"Is that supposed to be a tough one?"

"No," I replied. "But I'm curious to know how many new ideas you have on file in that classification."

HE LED me to a cabinet and explained that the cards were racked so that there were about 110 to an inch. He pulled out a lower drawer in the cabinet, picked up a ruler and measured two rows.

"See for yourself," he said. "Thirty inches on nonglare ideas. That's well over 3,000 cards—3,000 ideas on that one subject alone."

I was informed that the automobile industry as a whole is contemplating the adoption of standard plans which will eventually be used by all manufacturers to reduce headlight glare to a minimum. One plan, I learned, has already been received favorably. It includes an arrangement whereby the headlight rays are not only dimmed but deflected to the right of the road when an oncoming car approaches.

In this connection, the thousands of ideas and suggestions from the public, which are in the filing cabinets of every large company, are being studied carefully by the engineers. While obviously none of them contains the perfect solution to the problem, they do offer ideas which in the end will be incorporated in the perfected nonglare mechanism.

But, coming back to the hat wager, I posed my "sticker." "Why don't they," I asked, "make a speedometer which will whistle or sound a bell when the needle hits 40 or 50? A driver will then be warned that he is driving faster than the average speed limit."

I felt certain that this one would win me a hat. My man moved down the room and stopped at a cabinet.

"Come here and have a look," he said. He pointed at a tabulating card. It read: "Speedometer warnings." He took his ruler and laid it on the stacked cards. There were 2½ inches of these cards—nearly 300 ideas and devices on how to make a speedometer whistle or ring!

OF COURSE, there are preposterous questions and suggestions that people offer. I read one asking why an umbrella isn't included as standard equipment on cars. It was from a woman who evidently wrote the question right after she'd been caught in the rain when getting out of her car. Sometimes automobile owners feel strongly that the manufacturer has let them down by not including a certain gadget.

"What about those hundreds of letters I read suggesting rear-window wipers?" I asked. "It seems like a good idea."

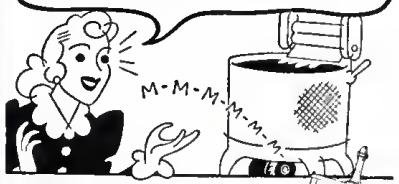
"Sure!" was the reply. "When there is an ice storm, rear-window wipers would be handy. But do ice storms and really heavy rainstorms occur frequently enough in every section of the country to make rear-window wipers a necessity? Would every buyer of a new car feel that such wipers would be worth the cost if included as standard equipment? Any car owner who feels the need strongly enough can have rear-window wipers installed by an accessory dealer. On the other hand, manufacturers may find that the public demand is so insistent within the next few years that they'll have to put them on to satisfy the consumer. Then the problem will be tossed in the laps of our research men.

"A lot of people seem to feel that the only way to improve an automobile is to put new things on it. But how many will stop to figure out some way in which one gadget will do the work of *two* now on the car? When we get *that* kind of idea, then we feel we have something. For example, someone developed an idea for a light bulb with a double set of filaments, so that it could be used in the stop lamp and give two intensities of light. One filament lighted when you turned on your taillight switch. The other filament lighted only when you stepped on the brake pedal, the brighter light signaling that you were going to stop. This brought about an appreciable saving, since one bulb was able to do the work of two. Ideas of this kind which allow the manufacturer to cut pennies in production and at the same time increase the efficiency of the car, thereby saving the consumer money, are the ones we're looking for."

In the research laboratories of the great motor companies, which I visited next, I talked with the engineers who are at work every day to provide what the public wants—more comfort, convenience, and safety, at lower cost.

"What research aims for," one of them said, "is fewer and fewer gadgets. You have seen the elaborate card filing system, have talked with the men who handle that end of our job. It is highly valuable work. But don't carry away the idea that all we do is try to think up cute little things to

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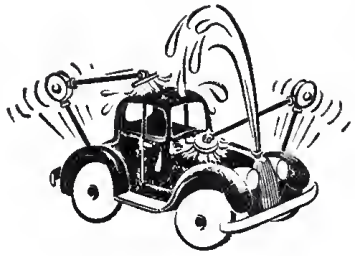
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add to an automobile. Of chief concern to us are such technical problems as better ways of hardening steel, improving piston rings, and connecting rods and valves. What our laboratories are constantly working on is methods for improving the motor and body and chassis. Those are really vital problems, because they make for basic comfort and safety.

"The same is true in the making of tires. As the result of laboratory research, tires today last five times as long as they did a few years ago, and they are even less expensive."

The men I saw at work in the research laboratories are scholars and technologists, serious in mien. They may work thousands of hours on some experiment and spend literally hundreds of thousands of dollars to perfect one small detail of a crankshaft. I saw such an experiment in progress.

"IF WE perfect this mechanism," my guide said, "we shall be able to double the accuracy of crankshaft structure. And when we do that—perhaps three or four years from now—your car will be even a finer thing than it is today, with an even smoother-running motor. What is more, this process will save money in the balancing of the crankshaft, and that saving will be passed along, so that you will have a better car for less money."

I talked with a number of research men. Some were big and heavy-set, some small and wiry, but all gave me the impression that they were looking into far and unknown places. In their workshops there was much activity, many wheels turning, many fumes coming from many crucibles.

Of one of these men I chose to ask, "Why don't they make automobile fenders of some sort of composition, so that the driver won't have to worry about bent and twisted fenders?" I'd read hundreds of similar suggestions sent to THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

Several automobile men had previously told me that composition fenders—possibly made of rubber compounds—wouldn't hold a finish. But this research man's answer was different. "That question is not so far-fetched as it might seem," he said softly. "Just a moment and I'll show you something."

He went to a table in the corner of his office and picked up two oblong plaques, both the same color and both with a lustrous finish. They looked like glove compartment doors without hinges or locks. He handed me one and said, "Feel the weight of that. It's metal." Then he handed me the other and said, "This one is made of composition." It weighed about a third or maybe half as much.

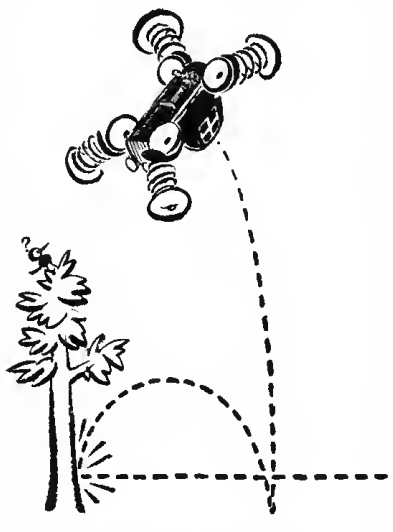
Then he placed the metal oblong on the floor. "Step on it," he said. I stepped on it. "Harder," he ordered. I put all my weight on the metal oblong. It buckled and bent. Then he put the composition oblong on the floor. "Try it with this," he said. The material felt springy under my weight but it didn't bend nor buckle. It gave under my weight and when I picked it up I could see no mark nor disfigurement.

I turned it over, and the back looked as if it might be paper or a variety of wood pulp.

"Some day, maybe not so far away, you'll have fenders on your car made of that material," the man before me said. "You might say that they will be fenders grown on a farm, because that material has resinous substances in it, produced from plants a farmer might learn how to grow. When you have fenders made of that substance, and one of them is smashed by another car, you can simply have a service station unhook the damaged fender and put on a brand-new one. The price will be a fraction of what a new fender on present-day cars costs. After you get fenders of that material, there will come door panels and eventually whole bodies made of the same stuff. A new body might possibly cost you no more than a big car fender costs today. Don't ask me when it will come, but we can visualize the whole thing."

The president of a large automobile corporation, looking into the future, said he believed that the industry would some day reach the ideal—that of giving everyone perfect transportation.

"The gadgets you find on automobiles are details," he said. "The fundamental is transportation and how to make the ideal vehicle which offers this to the consumer. Every new model you drive is the result of tedious work. The basic idea of the automobile was the same thirty years ago. But each year hard work and much research which runs into the millions of dollars is put into automobiles by the industry."



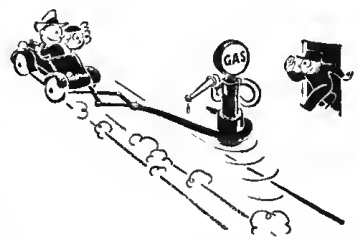
"Or how about a new model Bouncer guaranteed never to let you down hard?"

As a result, he pointed out, you have a car which is almost miraculously free from trouble. Cars perform so perfectly that frequently car owners do not even know where the tool kit in the car is kept. Many of them use the monkey wrench and pair of pliers to fix Junior's bike or velocipede but never on their automobile. Discussing the old-time tool kits which were standard equipment and which included spare nuts and bolts and all varieties of wrenches, I wondered why some automobile makers didn't boldly come out with a car which had no tool kit in its equipment. I mentioned the idea to the automobile company president.

"Maybe someone will do that," he said, "and advertise a car that is so foolproof that you don't need a tool kit."

TWO goals, I found, are paramount in the minds of all automobile makers: 1. They want to make a *better* car. 2. They want to make that better car *cheaper*.

The research laboratories, the proving grounds, the laboratory tests, all aim at those two targets.



"A Fuel Hook might be a handy gadget for the fellow who forgets to tank up"

The chief engineer of one of these experimental laboratories showed me a printed form. On it was listed a proposed change of 1-2000th of an inch in an axle fitting which might save, not a few pennies, but a few mills. On that printed form were spaces for eleven signatures.

"It will take eleven executive signatures to put that change in effect," he said. "Not only must that axle fitting be better than the present fitting, but it must be cheaper without in any way affecting the strength and serviceability of the part. Eleven of our top men will have to study this proposed change. If they all say it's okay, then we'll put that change into production."

That even eleven executives, or twenty, or a hundred, cannot be infallible, however, was pointed out by the official of a company, who used as illustration an incident in his company's experience.

His company had put out a new model. It sold very well throughout the country. Then abusive letters began to arrive from irate buyers of the new car. These customers, in every section of the country, all had the same complaint—that every time the driver leaned down to pull the hand brake the horn would blow. For a while these complaints had the research engineers running in circles, while abuse was being heaped on dealers, salesmen, and sales managers. Then the trouble was spotted. A new brake handle was designed, one a little longer than the handle

originally put on the new model. The complaints ceased. What had been wrong was that when the driver leaned over to pull on the brake some part of his body would come in contact with the new-type horn ring, and a blast was set off.

Although the car had been tested in every conceivable way, that little element had not been discovered. Why? The answer came when the engineers checked the records. The testing had been done by men of medium build. When the complaints came in, each one was from a man or woman of heavy build. The stockier owners of the new car were the only ones who encountered the horn-tooting fault in the car. Thin owners and those of normal build had not a single complaint to make.

BEFORE such complaints filter into the general offices of the automobile manufacturers they are pretty well known to the dealers, who, of course, are in direct contact with the customers. One organization has attached much significance to this point and has done something about it. The general sales manager of this concern said to me, "What the customer wants in an automobile is always bubbling out of him. His ideas and suggestions are always changing."

To catch every facet of public opinion, he explained, he had set up an organization among the men handling his product. The dealers, divided into regional groups, met at stated intervals, talked over what they found was being said among the customers, and then made suggestions directly to general headquarters.

"Within a year more than sixty per cent of those suggestions made by dealers—who directly reflected the trend of thought among their customers—were adopted," the general sales manager said.

Did any usable suggestions come in this way? He led me to a filing system in which were recorded the suggestions and what had been done about them. He let me read some of them. There were, for example, suggestions that the motor number be made more accessible, and that something be done about the springs in the seats, because 200-pound passengers complained that their weight caused the springs to hit bottom. The engineering department replied to the first that a new spot had been found for the motor number. The designing division and research staff reported that additional padding would be put into the seats of the new model.

These, he pointed out, were direct results of people asking "Why don't they?" of their dealers.

"You would think," he said, "that after all these years of development and refinement of body and motor everything would be perfect and every customer so completely satisfied that not a single suggestion would be possible. Let's look over a list I have here of developments in one of this country's standard cars. In 1914, the beginning of the World War, there are listed two improvements: Gas tank placed in rear of car, for greater convenience and safety. Electric head lamps added to car. Here, look. . . ."

I studied the list. In 1915 the electric starting motor, generator, and ignition system had been added. In 1925, only 13 years ago, a great to-do was made by that company about the new motor-driven horn on its new model and also the fact that a pan had been fastened under the engine to protect the motor from dirt and water splashed up from the road. A year later the rear-vision mirror became standard equipment, and a new departure was the steering wheel with walnut finish and notched finger grips. The following year's model carried for the first time a gauge on the gas tank.

In 1929 the horn button was placed on the steering wheel and was greeted as a marvelous new development. The next year the gas gauge went from the tank onto the instrument panel, and the following year one of the developments was a concealed hood hinge. From that year until today the list showed no less than a dozen developments on each new model, including such conveniences as the adjustable cowl ventilator, interior sun-visors, locked glove compartment, instrument-panel ash trays. And in addition there have been added such accessory items as radios, electric clocks, cigar lighters, special steering wheels, safety lights, thermometers, and heaters.

I mentioned the list to another sales manager, and his comment was: "It's an impressive list, but even more impressive, as far as car owners are concerned, is the fact that a car similar to the one on which the list was based would have cost twice as much ten years ago. Our company puts out several lines of cars in different price ranges. Let's take Car A and say it cost $2,000 in 1928. Let's take Car B and say it costs $1,000 today. A, in 1928, ran 60 miles an hour; B runs 80 miles per hour. Car A gave you about 10,000 miles to a set of tires; B gives you at least 25,000 miles on tires. A ran 13 to 14 miles on a gallon of gas. B runs 18 miles to the gallon. And, remember, A cost you twice as much ten years ago as B does now."

I HAD believed myself unique as a motorist when I asked questions about my car which puzzled me. Then I discovered that I was a normal automobile owner, that there were millions more like me. Now, after all I'd seen and heard, I felt that it would be silly ever again to ask another "Why don't they?"

"That's what *you* think," a sales promotion executive replied to that thought. "You'll be popping up with a new question sooner than you expect. If you didn't you wouldn't be human."

A few days later I was in the lobby of a Detroit hotel when I bumped into that same executive.

"Just the fellow I was thinking about," he said, with a chuckle. "You were telling me about some of those 'why don't theys?' you'd read. Now, I'll tell *you* one you can add to your collection. It came the other day from South Africa. One of the tribal chiefs saw an advertisement of our car and liked its looks. He ordered it and we delivered it. Now he's on the warpath for our scalps. He claims we've not delivered our standard product and that we've not sent all the gadgets he saw illustrated. He's written us a letter. Here's an exact copy."

I read it. It said:

"I do not like the automobile. Why don't they send with the car the blond young lady driver I saw in the picture book?"

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣



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AN AMERICAN GUEST EDITORIAL

Expression

ALMOST everyone, et one time or enother, experiences the urge to express himself, or e pert of himself, creetively. Sometimes this urge produces great literature, greet peinting, greet music, greet craftsmenship. But there have been far too few importent eccomplishments in litereture, art, and the fine crefts es compered with the vast numbers of people everywhere in all ages who heve hed within them, weiting to be expressed, gifts that might heve been e source of humen progress end lesting joy to the world.

It has elweys seemed to me thet the impulse to express oneself must be eccompenied by e simple end direct instinct for the medium of expression. Most of the men and women who have given the world its great artistic expressions have known instinctively how they would go ebout it. Michelengelo as a child molded figures out of butter in the kitchen. Dante, eeger to unburden his greet love for Beetrice, turned instinctively to poetry. Mozert et six knew he would give his life to music. There was never eny doubt in their minds.

My grendfether founded the femous Melchior School for Boys, in Copenhegen. My fether followed him es its mester. Everyone expected me, too, to follow in this distinguished educetional treditiion. And yet, by the time I wes ten yeers old, I knew that I was going to be e singer, en opera singer, a Wegnerian opere singer. I used to accompeny my blind sister Agnes to the Royel Opere House, to the speciel box reserved for blind students under the stege. At nine I hed heerd (but never seen) almost ell of the world's great operes end could hum their scores by heert. Then one dey, when I hed just turned ten, we went to heer a performence of "Siegfried." The tenor wes singing the femous sword-forging erie. I could control my curiosity no longer. Steelthily I sneaked out of the blind students' box end somehow found my way up into the wings. I heard the tenor singing, "Nothung, Nothung, neidliches Schwert," and I sew him, in his heroic beerskin treppings, forging the song-hellowed sword on the anvil. Some day, I told myself, I wes going to pley the role of Siegfried, sing Siegfried's erie, weer Siegfried's beerskin, end forge Siegfried's sword. From thet moment on, there were never eny doubts in my mind es to how I would express myself.



Lauritz Melchior, world-famed tenor of the Metropolitan Opera
Guest Editorial Writer

I tell you ebout my own experience only beceuse it is the experience I know the best. But ask the singer, or dencer, or sculptor, or writer you consider outstending in his field how he discovered the medium in which he hes expressed himself so setisfactorily end I think you will find his story not unsimilar.

Beceuse great ert is essentielly sincere, the greetest ert is ept to be that which is the truest expression of the ertist's self in e medium to which he turns intuitively end in which he continues to work with ebiding faith.

Perheps you show en eptitude for wood cerving. Perheps you heve e knack for gerdening. Or maybe you ere e talented cook. Don't persuade yourself to try e hend et too meny other things. Instead, believe steedfestly in whet you ere doing. Enjoy your wood carving, end try to perfect your work until you heve feshioned something of which you are genuinely proud. Heve feith in your gerden, end eim to meke it the best gerden enywhere eround. Apply yourself diligently to your cooking, until your pies end cekes cen't be beet. Above all, don't have eny doubts ebout whet you ere doing. You will find, in the end, I think, thet your feith in end devotion to what you are doing will help you, more then enything else, to the most rewerding self-expression.

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Along the Way

➔ John Dungan, 31-year-old director of The American Youth Forum, which in this issue announces $8,000 in awards to 108 high-school and preparatory-school students, probably has corresponded with more students and teachers than any man his age in America. To date the number of letters, post cards, and telegrams he has handled in connection with the 1937–38 Youth Forum activities has run into the hundreds of thousands. He is, by the way, a graduate of Central High School in Kansas City, Mo., and of the University of North Carolina, where he received his A. B. degree in 1932. He tells us that the program of entertainment planned for the four winners of the $1,000 awards and their sponsors during their New York visit runs the gamut from A to Z—aquarium to zoo. We thought we had him stumped when we asked what he had in mind for Q. "That's easy," he assured us. "We'll show them how the ocean liners go through Quarantine." . . .

➔ With high schools in the limelight, we found ourselves caught up in a veritable swirl of youthful exuberance. On the day the judges reached their decision on the Youth Forum awards our editorial rooms were filled with chatter closely resembling the hullabaloo of the afternoon before the Senior Ball. Recollections of our own high-school days formed the chief topic of conversation, and we discovered that the members of our staff represent the product of high schools clear across the land. Among our editors are graduates of Westport High School, Kansas City, Mo.; Montclair High School, Montclair, N. J.; Stevens High School, Claremont, N. H.; Lowell High School, San Francisco, Calif.; Phillips Andover Academy, Andover, Mass.; Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, N. H.; Sidney Lanier High School, Montgomery, Ala.; Andrew Jackson High School, Jacksonville, Fla.; Morris High School, New York, N. Y., and—just for that extra fillip—Stockwell College, Clapham, London, England.

➔ While writing *Firebrand*, the romance of the redwoods, which begins in this issue, Tom Gill, who used to be a forester himself, went to live in California in the heart of the Big Tree country.



When we received the typescript of this exciting new novel, we wanted to get in touch with him immediately to discuss its publication. From his home in Rock Creek Park, Washington, D. C., came the message: "Mr. Gill is en route home from California." Patiently we waited for word from him. Some six weeks later a letter arrived. "Your communication at hand," it informed us. When we pointed out to him that, six weeks before, we had been told that he was en route home from California, he drawled, "That's so. Very true. I went home by way of Honolulu." . . .

➔ *Rebuttal:* Voicing the wail of a rebel husband, *Berton Braley* in our June issue started with the lines: "Must we, darling, every night, dine by fitful candle-

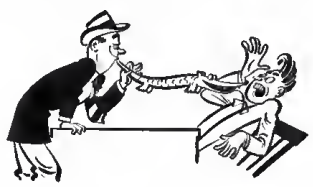


light . . . ?" His sentiments were roundly applauded by a number of readers who wrote to us offering to enlist in an anti-candle campaign. But not so *Anne Heywood Reid*, who wrote us from her home in Germantown, Pa.:

> "Yes, my darling, every night
> We must dine by candlelight.
> We have silver that is worn,
> Napkins that are getting torn,
> Chinaware that doesn't match,
> Tablecloths that wear a patch.
> If you dined in brighter light,
> You would lose your appetite.
> Sweetheart, may I press the point?—
> Things ain't perfect in this joint."

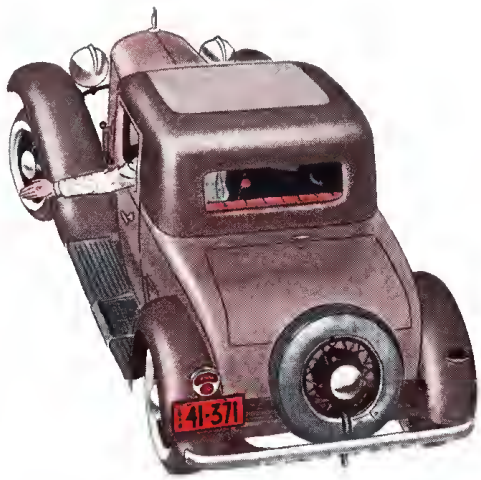
➔ *Meet the Authors:* Budapest is famed for its goulash and romance, so when *Natalie Shipman* set her story in the Hungarian capital she was torn between paprika and love. But the latter won, and she compromised by using the former in the kitchen of her home at Cape Ann, Mass., during the writing of her story. We were tempted, in mentioning the title of Miss Shipman's tale, to write it thus: *If You Want Me* add a dash of paprika. ➔ *Beverly Smith*, always the reporter, just couldn't help it when he found his nose for a news-worthy personality twitching while visiting Dublin, Ireland, recently. So he sat down for a long talk with Prime Minister Eamon de Valera, and the result was *The Kid from 43rd Street*. Beverly toured England, Ireland, and France in one of those midget French autos, but one thing he failed to clear up for us. We've wondered for years about the magic qualities of the Blarney Stone. We don't want to kiss it. What we want to do is put our ten fingers on it—then wait and see what happens when we sit down to a typewriter after that. ➔ Parents who quail at the thought of Jimmy playing center on the school football team and shudder when they contemplate his coming home with cleat marks all over his snub nose will probably take great pains to see that Jimmy, too, reads *Six Men in Sneakers*. The discussion at the dinner table ought to be as animated as a last-minute touchdown. *Stanley Frank* tried to impress on us that he's only a sports writer on the staff of a New York newspaper and not a fellow who's trying to take all the fun out of football for American youths. ➔ The *Albert Treynor* tradition goes on. Nothing he's ever written for the movies has ever been bought by them. Everything he's ever written for THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE has afterward been bought by Hollywood. Including his latest short novel, *Dancing Co-Ed*, in this issue.

➔ *Detours:* A post card which brought us up with a jolting reminder of the fleeting season came from *Lynn Grobel*, of Minneapolis, Minn. He writes: "Why don't they make cookie jars with noiseless covers? I would buy my mother one for Christmas." And, to round out the theme, in the same mail came a request from a woman reader in Lorain, Ohio: "Please send me your recipes as mentioned in your story *Too Many Cookies*"! ➔ *Luella M. Bulman*, a registered nurse of Akron, Ohio, tells us she firmly believes the answer to Beverly Smith's article, *Diagnosing the Doctors*, in our June issue, "is through the channel of eight-hour duty for all doctors." In presenting her concluding arguments for the case she asks: "Why shouldn't doctors live like other people?" ➔ We recall the day when the *It Takes All Kinds* department was thrown into a veritable dither as a short, chunky man walked into Albert Benjamin's office, looked him in the



eye steadily while holding one hand in his coat pocket, whipped out a wriggling baby alligator and sent it crawling across our associate editor's desk. He had been mentioned in the *It Takes All Kinds* section as the fellow who carried an alligator as a pet. Now we have a letter received by our *House Detective, Roger B. Whitman*, from *Mrs. Elnora M. Heroy*, of Cranford, N. J. The letter started off: "Will you tell me, please, what the enclosed insect is. Is it a termite . . . ? I wish I could tell you what your column has done for us and our friends. You seem to be the only absolutely reliable source of information for householders to be found anywhere." We quote from the letter, not to put the idea in people's heads that we adore wriggling livestock, but just to keep the records straight. Oh, yes, we nearly forgot to mention it. It wasn't a termite. It was a wasp!

—*jqr*



"THERE HE GOES AGAIN FOR SOME MORE OIL"

"MAYBE WE'D BETTER TELL HIM ABOUT THAT NEW TEXACO MOTOR OIL"



You can't get a better oil at 25¢

REASON *(for the technically minded)* . . .

New Texaco Motor Oil puts you ahead two ways. Your crankcase stays FULL longer . . . your engine gets FULL protection. Fur-fur-al refining makes it possible. Removes all harmful impurities. Leaves pure lubricant. Get this oil . . . at Texaco Dealers.

Stays FULL longer



Prices Higher in Canada.

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The Texas Company

FREE

EVERY DAY FOR 30 DAYS

TEN $100 Bills

Plus 15 LONGINES INCLINEX WRIST WATCHES EVERY DAY!

17-JEWEL $70.00 VALUE



JUST COMPLETE THIS SENTENCE IN 25 WORDS OR LESS:—

"I find Oxydol the ideal laundry soap because _____ "

First contest closes midnight, August 15, with another daily contest every day except Saturday and Sunday, through September 23.

ENTER NOW!

Purpose of Contest:—To introduce more women to the amazing new, "no-scrub, no-boil" laundry soap—OXYDOL

HERE'S ALL YOU DO TO ENTER:

HERE'S the contest you've been waiting for! It gives you twenty-five chances to win each day—a new contest *every day* for 6 weeks (except Saturdays and Sundays)—750 prizes that *must* be given away!

Think of it! $1,000 in cash (in the form of *ten $100 bills*) given each day for 6 weeks! With *additional* prizes of 15 Longines Wrist Watches awarded every 24 hours!

What you do is as easy as A, B, C. Just complete the sentence about OXYDOL as shown in entry blank below. It takes only 5 minutes of your time—and may bring you as much as $100 in cash!

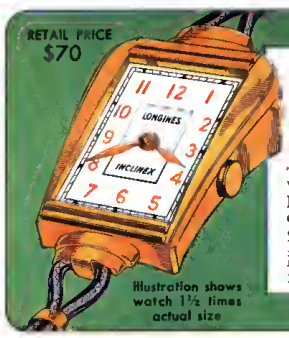


Illustration shows watch 1½ times actual size

450 WRIST WATCHES

Longines Inclinex Model

GIVEN FREE

The world's most honored watch! Winner of 10 World's Fair Grand Prizes and 28 Gold Medals. De Luxe Inclinex model, curved to fit wrist. Newest classic design. 17 jewel movement in 14 karat natural gold-filled case. Guaranteed retail value $70. NOTE:—If preferred, winners may choose *man's* Longines Wrist Watch—also valued at $70. Send your entry today.

In finishing the sentence, remember that Oxydol is the new "no-scrub, no-boil" soap that does these 4 amazing things:—

(1) Soaks dirt loose in 15 minutes without scrubbing or boiling. (2) Gets white clothes 4 to 5 shades whiter, proved by scientific tests. (3) Cuts washing time 25% to 40%, in tub or machine. (4) Yet so *safe* that every washable color comes out sparkling, fresh!

Get Busy Right NOW!

Remember, you have 25 chances to win each day for 30 days. A new contest every day—each with prizes of ten $100 bills and fifteen beautiful Longines Wrist Watches.

Start now—and enter as many times as you wish! Ask for OXYDOL at your dealer's. Mail your entry today! Procter & Gamble.

TESTED AND APPROVED BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE

WINNERS ANNOUNCED DAILY OVER RADIO—For further details of the OXYDOL $1,000-A-Day Contest, tune in "Ma Perkins" or "The Goldbergs." Winners will be announced daily on both programs beginning Monday, Aug. 22. See local paper for time of broadcast.



ENTRY BLANK

FIVE MINUTES OF YOUR TIME MAY BRING YOU $100 CASH! ACT NOW!

"I find Oxydol the ideal laundry soap because _____ "

(Complete the above sentence in 25 additional words or less.)

OXYDOL, Dept. A. M., Box 28, Cincinnati, Ohio

Gentlemen: Here is my entry. I am also enclosing an OXYDOL box-top (or facsimile).

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

HINTS ON HOW TO WIN:

First decide what you like best about OXYDOL. Then complete your statement to include these points. For example, if you like the way OXYDOL gets clothes *whiter* and *saves work*, you might say, "I find OXYDOL the ideal laundry soap because *it not only gets things whiter so they sparkle more, but it also saves me lots of hard work, too.*"

Or, if you like the way OXYDOL *saves time* and makes *clothes last longer*, you might say: —"I find OXYDOL the ideal laundry soap because *it soaks dirt loose so fast and saves my clothes from washboard wear and tear, besides being easy on my hands.*"

Remember, simple, original statements are what the judges want. No fancy writing—no high-flown language. Enter NOW!

FOLLOW THESE EASY RULES:

1 Finish the sentence, "I find OXYDOL the ideal laundry soap because . . ." writing 25 additional words or less. Write your sentence on entry blank shown on this advertisement or on one side of a plain sheet of paper. Print or write your name and address. Send no extra letters, drawings, or photographs with your entry.

2 Enclose one box-top from any size package of OXYDOL (or facsimile) with each entry. Mail to OXYDOL, *Department A. M., Box 28, Cincinnati, Ohio*, making sure to use sufficient postage.

3 There are 30 separate contests, a new contest every day (except Saturdays and Sundays) from August 15th through September 23rd, inclusive.

4 Entries received any time before August 15th will be entered in the first day's contest. All entries received on any contest day will be entered in that day's contest. Entries received on Saturdays and Sundays will automatically be entered in the contest for the following Monday. The final (30th) contest on September 23rd will include all entries received on that day and all entries postmarked not later than midnight of that day.

5 All entries will be judged for originality, sincerity, and aptness of thought. The decision of the judges will be final. Fancy entries will not count extra. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. No entries returned. Entries, contents and ideas therein become the property of Procter & Gamble.

6 Anyone may enter these contests except employees of Procter & Gamble, the Longines-Wittnauer Company, Inc., their advertising agencies and the families of these employees. These contests apply only to the United States, Canada, and Hawaii and are subject to all Federal, State, and Local laws and regulations. You can enter each day's contest and enter as often each day as you choose. But be sure to enclose the top of any size OXYDOL package (or facsimile) with each entry.

7 The winners of each day's ten $100 cash prizes will be announced each day starting August 22nd over OXYDOL's "Ma Perkins" and "The Goldbergs" radio programs from coast to coast. Cash prizes will be delivered by fast *Western Union* Telegraphic Money Order. The 15 daily prize winners receiving Longines Wrist Watches will be notified by mail approximately one week after the close of each day's contest.

Cash Prizes delivered by Fast* WESTERN UNION *Telegraphic Money Order.